



P. O. angl. 96 ^{mt} - 2 Dryden

POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN DRYDEN, ESQ.

ORIGINAL POEMS,
DIALOGUES, AND TRANSLATIONS.

REV. JOSEPH WARTON, D.D.

REV. JOHN WARTON, M.A.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN DRYDEN, ESQ.

CONTAINING
ORIGINAL POEMS,
TALES, AND TRANSLATIONS,
WITH NOTES,
BY THE LATE
REV. JOSEPH WARTON, D.D.

THE
REV. JOHN WARTON, M.A.

AND OTHERS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON; T. PAYNE; J. NUNN; R. LEA;
LACKINGTON AND CO; J. RICHARDSON; LONGMAN AND CO.; CADELL
AND DAVIES; AND S. BAGSTER;

By Law and Gilbert, St. John's-Square, Clerkenwell.

1811.



REV. JOSHUA D.D.
D.D.

REGIA
MONARCHIA

CONTENTS

to

VOL. II.

	PAGE
THE Hind and the Panther, a Poem, in three Parts	1
Britannia Rediviva; a Poem on the Birth of the Prince	147
Mac Flecknoe	169
Epistle the First. To my honoured Friend Sir Robert Howard, on his excellent Poems	185
Epistle the Second. To my honoured Friend, Dr. Charleton, on his learned and useful Works; but more particularly his Treatise of Stonehenge, by him restored to the true Founder	192
Epistle the Third. To the Lady Castlemain, upon her encouraging his first Play	199
Epistle the Fourth. To Mr. Lee, on his Alexander	202
Epistle the Fifth. To the Earl of Roscommon, on his excellent Essay on translated Verse	206
Epistle the Sixth. To the Dutchess of York, on her Return from Scotland in the Year 1682	211
Epistle the Seventh. A Letter to Sir George Ethredge	214

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Epistle the Eighth. To Mr. Southerne, on his Comedy called, The Wives Excuse - -	213
Epistle the Ninth. To Henry Higden, Esq. on his Translation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal -	221
Epistle the Tenth. To my dear Friend, Mr. Con- greve, on his Comedy, called, The Double Dealer	224
Epistle the Eleventh. To Mr. Granville, on his excellent Tragedy, called, Heroic Love - -	229
Epistle the Twelfth. To my Friend, Mr. Motteux, on his Tragedy, called, Beauty in Distress -	232
Epistle the Thirteenth. To my honoured Kinsman, John Dryden, of Chesterton, in the County of Huntingdon, Esq. - - - - -	236
Epistle the Fourteenth. To Sir Godfrey Kneller, principal Painter to his Majesty - - -	247
Elegies and Epitaphs - - - - -	255
To the Memory of Mr. Oldham - - -	257
To the pious Memory of the accomplished young Lady, Mrs. Anne Killigrew, excellent in the two Sister Arts of Poetry and Painting. An Ode -	259
Upon the Death of the Earl of Dundee - -	270
Eleonora; a Panegyric Poem, dedicated to the Memory of the late Countess of Abingdon -	271
On the Death of Amyntas; a Pastoral Elegy -	296
On the Death of a very young Gentleman -	300
Upon young Mr. Rogers, of Gloucestershire -	303
On the Death of Mr. Purcell, set to Music by Dr. Blow - - - - -	304
Epitaph on the Lady Whitmore - - -	306
Epitaph on Sir Palmes Fairbone's Tomb in West- minster-Abbey - - - - -	307
Under Mr. Milton's Picture, before his Paradise Loft - - - - -	309
On the Monument of a fair Maiden Lady, who died at Bath, and is there interred - - -	311

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Epitaph on Mrs. Margaret Paston, of Burningham, in Norfolk - - - - -	314
On the Monument of the Marquis of Winchester - - - - -	315
Songs, Odes, and a Masque - - - - -	317
The Fair Stranger, a Song - - - - -	319
On the young Statesmen - - - - -	321
A Song for St. Cecilia's Day, 1687 - - - - -	323
Song. Farewell, fair Armida - - - - -	327
The Lady's Song - - - - -	329
Songs - - - - -	331, 332, 333
A Song to a fair young Lady, going out of the Town in the Spring - - - - -	334
Alexander's Feast; or, the Power of Music; an Ode, in Honour of St. Cecilia's Day - - - - -	336
Veni Creator Spiritus, paraphrased - - - - -	347
The Secular Masque - - - - -	349
Song of a Scholar and his Mistress, who being crossed by their Friends, fell mad for one another, and now first meet in Bedlam - - - - -	356
Songs in the Indian Emperor - - - - -	359, 360
Song in the Maiden Queen - - - - -	361
Song in the first Part of the Conquest of Granada - - - - -	362
Song, in two Parts, in the second Part of the Conquest of Granada - - - - -	364
Song of the Sea-Fight, in Amboyna - - - - -	366
Incantation in Œdipus - - - - -	368
Songs in Albion and Albanus - - - - -	369, 370, 371, 372, 373
King Arthur - - - - -	374, 375, 376
to Britannia, in King Arthur - - - - -	377
Song of Jealousy, in Love Triumphant - - - - -	380
Prologue to the Rival Ladies - - - - -	385
Indian Queen - - - - -	388
Epilogue to ditto, spoken by Montezuma - - - - -	390
the Indian Emperour, by a Mercury - - - - -	391
Prologue to Sir Martin Mar-All - - - - -	393

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Prologue to the Tempest - - - - -	394
Tyrannick Love - - - - -	396
Epilogue to the Wild Gallant, when revived -	398
Prologue, spoken the first Day of the King's House	
of acting after the Fire - - - - -	401
Epilogue to the second Part of the Conquest of	
Granada - - - - -	403
Prologue to Amboyna - - - - -	405
Epilogue to ditto - - - - -	407
Prologue spoken at the Opening of the New House,	
March 26, 1674 - - - - -	409
Prologue to the University of Oxford, 1674; spoken	
by Mr. Hart - - - - -	413
Prologue to Circe. By Dr. Davenant, 1675 -	416
Epilogue, intended to have been spoken by the Lady	
Hen. Mar. Wentworth, when Calisto was acted	
at Court - - - - -	418
Prologue to Aurenzebe - - - - -	420
Epilogue to the Man of Mode: or, Sir Fopling	
Flutter. By Sir George Etheridge, 1676 -	422
Epilogue to All for Love - - - - -	424
Prologue to Limberham - - - - -	426
Epilogue to Mithridates, King of Pontus. By Mr.	
N. Lee, 1678 - - - - -	428
Prologue to Œdipus - - - - -	430
Epilogue to ditto - - - - -	432
Prologue to Troilus and Cressida, spoken by Mr.	
Betterton, representing the Ghost of Shakspeare	434
Prologue to Cæsar Borgia. By Mr. N. Lee, 1680	436
Sophonisba, at Oxford, 1680 -	439
A Prologue - - - - -	442
Prologue to the University of Oxford, 1681 -	444
his Royal Highness, upon his first Ap-	
pearance at the Duke's Theatre, after his Return	
from Scotland, 1682 - - - - -	446

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Prologue to the Earl of Effex. By Mr. J. Banks, 1682. Spoken to the King and the Queen at their coming to the House - - - -	449
An Epilogue for the King's House - - -	451
Prologue to the Loyal Brother; or, the Persian Prince. By Mr. Southerne, 1682 - - -	453
Prologue to the King and Queen, upon the Union of the two Companies in 1682 - - -	457
Prologue to the University of Oxford; spoken by Mr. Hart, at the acting of the Silent Woman -	460
Epilogue, spoken by the same - - - -	463
at Oxford, by Mrs. Marshall -	466
Prologues to the University of Oxford -	468, 470
Prologue to Albion and Albanus - - -	473
Epilogue to ditto - - - -	476
Prologue to Arviragus and Philicia revived. By Lodowick Carlell, Esq. Spoken by Mr. Hart	478
Prologue to Don Sebastian. Spoken by a Woman the Prophetess; by Beaumont and Fletcher, revived by Mr. Dryden. Spoken by Mr. Betterton - - - -	483
Prologue to the Mistakes - - - -	486
King Arthur. Spoken by Mr. Betterton	489
Epilogue to Henry II. By Mr. Montfort, 1693. Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle - - -	492
Prologue to Albumazar - - - -	494
An Epilogue - - - -	497
Epilogue to the Husband his own Cuckold - -	499
Prologue to the Pilgrim. Revived for our Author's Benefit, anno 1700 - - - -	502
Epilogue to the Pilgrim - - - -	505
Translations from Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace Amaryllis; or, the third Idyllium of Theocritus, paraphrased - - - -	509
The Epithalamium of Helen and Menelaus, from the eighteenth Idyllium of Theocritus - -	535
	541

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Despairing Lover; from the twenty-third Idyl- lium of Theocritus	546
The Beginning of the first Book of Lucretius	555
second ditto	558
The latter Part of the third ditto, against the Fear of Death	562
From the fifth Book of ditto	576
The third Ode of the first Book of Horace; inscribed to the Earl of Roscommon, on his intended Voy- age to Ireland	581
The ninth Ode of the first Book of Horace	584
The twenty-ninth ditto; paraphrased in Pindaric Verse, and inscribed to the Right Hon. Laurence, Earl of Rochester	587
The second Epode of Horace	593

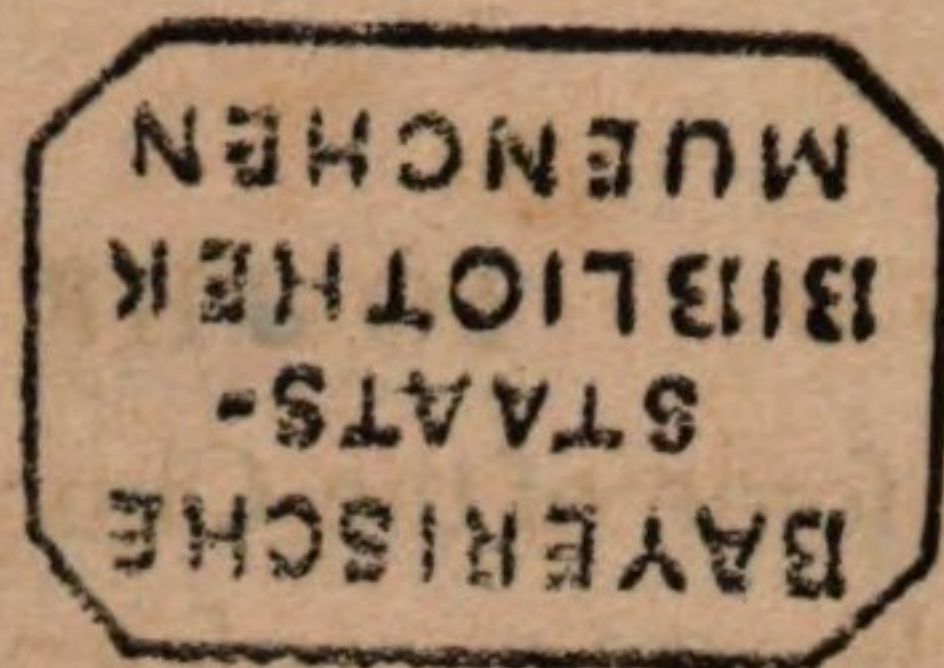
THE
HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A POEM.

IN THREE PARTS.

— Antiquam exquirite matrem.
Et vera, incessu, patuit Dea.

VIRG.



THE
P R E F A C E
TO THE
READER.

THE nation is in too high a ferment for me to expect either fair war, or even so much as fair quarter, from a reader of the opposite party. All men are engaged either on this side or that; and though Conscience is the common *Word*, which is given by both, yet if a writer fall among enemies, and cannot give the marks of *their* conscience, he is knocked down before the reasons of his own are heard. A preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of favour, is altogether useless. What I desire the reader should know concerning me, he will find in the body of the poem, if he have but the patience to peruse it. Only this advertisement let him take beforehand, which relates to the merits of the cause. No general characters of parties (call them either Sects or Churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn, as to comprehend all the several members of them; at least all such as are received under that denomination. For example:

there are some of the Church by law established, who envy not liberty of conscience to Dissenters; as being well satisfied that, according to their own principles, they ought not to persecute them. Yet these, by reason of their fewness, I could not distinguish from the numbers of the rest, with whom they are embodied in one common name. On the other side, there are many of our Sects, and more indeed than I could reasonably have hoped, who have withdrawn themselves from the communion of the Panther, and embraced this gracious indulgence of his Majesty in point of Toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of these is this satire any way intended: it is aimed only at the refractory and disobedient on either side. For those, who are come over to the royal party, are consequently supposed to be out of gunshot. Our physicians have observed, that, in process of time, some diseases have abated of their virulence, and have in a manner worn out their malignity, so as to be no longer mortal; and why may not I suppose the same concerning some of those, who have formerly been enemies to Kingly Government, as well as Catholic Religion? I hope they have now another notion of both, as having found, by comfortable experience, that the doctrine of persecution is far from being an article of our faith.

It is not for any private man to censure the proceedings of a foreign prince; but, without suspicion of flattery, I may praise our own, who has taken contrary measures, and those more suitable to the spirit of Christianity. Some of the Dissenters, in their addresses to his Majesty, have said, "That he has

“restored God to his empire over conscience.” I confess, I dare not stretch the figure to so great a boldness; but I may safely say, that conscience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man. He is absolute in his own breast, and accountable to no earthly power, for that which passes only betwixt God and him. Those who are driven into the fold are, generally speaking, rather made hypocrites than converts.

This indulgence being granted to all the sects, it ought in reason to be expected, that they should both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For, at this time of day, to refuse the benefit, and adhere to those, whom they have esteemed their persecutors, what is it else, but publicly to own, that they suffered not before for conscience sake, but only out of pride and obstinacy, to separate from a Church for those impositions, which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have so long contended for their classical ordination (not to speak of rites and ceremonies) will they at length submit to an episcopal? If they can go so far out of complaisance to their old enemies, methinks a little reason should persuade them to take another step, and see whither that would lead them.

Of the receiving this toleration thankfully I shall say no more, than that they ought, and I doubt not they will consider from what hands they received it. It is not from a Cyrus, a heathen prince, and a foreigner, but from a Christian King, their native sovereign; who expects a return in specie from them, that the kindness, which he has graciously shewn

them, may be retaliated on those of his own persuasion.

As for the poem in general, I will only thus far satisfy the reader, that it was neither imposed on me, nor so much as the subject given me by any man. It was written during the last winter and the beginning of this spring, though with long interruptions of ill health and other hindrances. About a fortnight before I had finished it, his Majesty's declaration for liberty of conscience came abroad: which, if I had so soon expected, I might have spared myself the labour of writing many things which are contained in the third part of it. But I was always in some hope, that the Church of England might have been persuaded to have taken off the Penal Laws and the Test, which was one design of the poem, when I proposed to myself the writing of it.

It is evident that some part of it was only occasional, and not first intended: I mean that defence of myself, to which every honest man is bound, when he is injuriously attacked in print; and I refer myself to the judgment of those who have read the Answer to the Defence of the late King's Papers, and that of the Dutchess (in which last I was concerned) how charitably I have been represented there. I am now informed both of the author and supervisors of his pamphlet, and will reply, when I think he can affront me: for I am of Socrates's opinion, that all creatures cannot. In the mean time let him consider, whether he deserved not a more severe reprehension, than I gave him formerly, for using so little respect to the memory of those whom he pretended to answer; and

at his leifure, look out for some original treatife of Humility, written by any Protestant in English, (I believe I may fay in any other tongue :) for the magnified piece of Duncomb on that fubject, which either he muft mean, or none, and with which another of his fellows has upbraided me, was tranflated from the Spanifh of Rodriguez ; though with the omiffion of the feventeenth, the twenty-fourth, the twenty-fifth, and the laft chapter, which will be found in comparing of the books.

He would have infinuated to the world, that her late Highnefs died not a Roman Catholic. He declares himfelf to be now fatisfied to the contrary, in which he has given up the caufe : for matter of fact was the principal debate betwixt us. In the mean time, he would difpute the motives of her change ; how prepofteroufly, let all men judge, when he feemed to deny the fubject of the controverfy, the change itfelf. And becaufe I would not take up this ridiculous challenge, he tells the world I cannot argue : but he may as well infer, that a Catholic cannot faft, becaufe he will not take up the cudgels againft Mrs. James, to confute the Protestant religion.

I have but one word more to fay concerning the poem as fuch, and abfttracting from the matters, either religious or civil, which are handled in it. The firft part, confifting moft in general characters and narration, I have endeavoured to raife, and give it the majestic turn of heroic poefy. The fecond, being matter of difpute, and chiefly concerning Church Authority, I was obliged to make as plain and perfpicuous as poffibly I could ; yet not wholly

neglecting the numbers, though I had not frequent occasions for the magnificence of verse. The third, which has more of the nature of domestic conversation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two Episodes, or Fables, which are interwoven with the main design; so that they are properly parts of it, though they are also distinct stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the common places of Satire, whether true or false, which are urged by the members of the one Church against the other: at which I hope no reader of either party will be scandalized, because they are not of my invention, but as old, to my knowledge, as the times of Boccace and Chaucer on the one side, and as those of the Reformation on the other.

THE
HIND AND THE PANTHER*.

A MILK-WHITE Hind, immortal and un-
chang'd,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest rang'd;

* This piece is a defence of the Roman Catholic Church, by way of dialogue between a Hind, who represents the Church of Rome, and a Panther, who sustains the character of the Church of England. These two beasts very learnedly debate the principal points controverted between the two Churches, as transubstantiation, infallibility, church-authority, &c. This poem was immediately attacked by the wits; particularly by Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, and Prior, who joined in writing *The Hind and Panther, parodied in the Story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse*. DERRICK.

* There is a pointed allusion to this poem, in a satire entitled *Ecebolius Britannicus, or A Memento to the Jacobites of the higher order*; in which, indeed, many of Dryden's phrases and sentiments are introduced, and printed in the Italic character.—This satire is worthy of perusal. It occurs in "The loyal and impartial Satyrist, containing eight Miscellany Poems, 4to. Lond. 1694."

ECEBOLIUS BRITANNICUS, &c.

You, whom Religion *sits so loose about*,
That you *want* charity to *fill it out*;
You that can't swear, (that might consist with Love)
Yet curse and damn like the great Lateran Jove;
Remember him who lately seem'd to say,
What is Religion but a Solemn Play?
We do but act a while, and then give o'er;
And, when we quit this stage, we are no more.

Without unspotted, innocent within,
 She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.

In vain men hope *th'abyss of light* to see,
 No spirits wait in *hollow trees* beneath,
 Nor is there any *bellowing* after death,
 'Tis all but vain and senseless poetry :
 Death shuts the comick scene ; when parted hence
 None ever cry'd, *What am I, or from whence ?*
 No dæmons walk ; no glaring *eye-balls* rowl ;
 But *horrid stillness* then invades the soul.
Great souls discern not when the leap's too wide ;
Heroes will be for ever changing side :
 And since religions vary like the wind,
 Who would to one be *cursedly confin'd ?*
 He that can servilely *creep after one,*
 Is safe, but *ne'er shall reach* promotion.
 Sell Plays for Legends, (that's the way to prosper,)
 I'll part with scenes for a more costly shrine ;
Phillis for Bridget, or Saint Katherine,
Bizarre and Escapade for Pater Noster ;
 My *Maximin* for *Lewis* ; and I hope
 To find a new *Almanzor* in the Pope.
 Rome's Church, tho' once a whore, now cannot be ;
She must be chaste, because she's lov'd by me.
 How dear is Mother-Church, how *charming fair,*
 To a distressed sinner in despair !
 The world shall see I'll turn, *because I dare.*
 As once Empedocles to get a name,
 Wing'd with ambition to be thought a god,
 O'er unfrequented hills, and peaks untrod,
 Pass'd into scorching *Ætna's liquid flame :*
 So to be dubb'd a saint, and fill a story,
 From *fairy land,* and dark *enchanted isle,*
 From *mountains of the moon,* and *head of Nile,*
 Immortal Bays will pass to Purgatory.

2.

But ha ! what strange new project here is shewn,
 So long kept secret, and so lately known ?
 As if our old plot modestly withdrew,
 And here in private were brought forth anew.
 New almanacks foretel some change at hand,
 When *bear-skin'd men* in *floating castles land ;*
 And all our hopes, like old men's children, be
 Blasted and wither'd in their infancy.

Yet had she oft been chas'd with horns and
hounds,
And Scythian shafts; and many winged
wounds

Parsons and Curates *careless of their charge,*
And safe in holy ease, now *live at large;*
Unguarded leave their posts, away they flie;
And all dissolv'd in New Allegiance lie.

The Prelates are protected by the Bar,
Dull heroes fatten still with spoils of war;
Ah! why should a worse fortune be design'd
For him that wrote the *Panther* and the *Hind*!

Is this the state his Holiness has giv'n?
Is this our Cape of Hope, and promis'd hav'n?
This province my Unhappy Change has got,
This portion is the losing Convert's lot.
This region my false wandering steps have found,
And fortune *flies me like enchanted ground.*

Best take th' occasion, and this clime forsake,
While time is given; Ho, *Brother Teague* awake,
If thou art he; *but ah! how sunk in tone!*

How chang'd from proud *Bullero* to O *Hone!*

How faded all thy laurels are! I see
My fate too soon, and *my own change in thee.*

Into what wild distraction am I brought!

I'm lost, and caught in *my own web of thought:*

I burn, I'm all on fire, I more than burn:

Stand off, *I have not leisure yet to turn.*

What have these bears, these boars, and dirty swine,

These heretick dogs, *to do with me or mine?*

I'll ne'er repent of such a gallant crime:

When Wits are down, dull Fops *will watch their time.*

Our fame is hush't, as hope itself lay dead,

And *Rome* begins to nod her drooping head:

The little *Teagues* in dreams their howls repeat,

And weeping laurels with the night-dew sweat:

Panthers are now at rest, but fear denies

Sleep to my *Hind*, and to her Poet's eyes.

This spirited poem, I should add, is in the title-page only of
the Miscellany inscribed, *To the truly Orthodox Critic and Poet,*
J. D——n, Esq.

Aim'd at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doom'd to death though fated not to die.

Ver. 1. *A milk-white Hind,*] It is impossible to add any thing to the just criticism, the true wit, and well-pointed ridicule, with which Mr. Montague and Mr. Prior attacked and exposed the matchless absurdity of the plan of this poem in the following words:—

“The favourers of the Hind and Panther will be apt to say in its defence, that the best things are capable of being turned to ridicule; that Homer has been burlesqued, and Virgil travestied, without suffering any thing in their reputation from that buffoonery; and that in like manner, the Hind and the Panther may be an exact poem, though 'tis the subject of our raillery. But there is this difference, that those authors are wrested from their true sense, and this naturally falls into ridicule; there is nothing represented here as monstrous and unnatural, which is not so equally in the original. First as to the general design, is it not as easy to imagine two mice bilking coachmen, and supping at the Devil, as to suppose a hind entertaining the panther at a hermit's cell, discussing the greatest mysteries of religion, and telling you her son Rodriguez writ very good Spanish? What can be more improbable and contradictory to the rules and examples of all fables, and to the very design and use of them? They were first began and raised to the highest perfection in the eastern countries, where they wrote in signs, and spoke in parables, and delivered the most useful precepts in delightful stories; which for their aptness were entertaining to the most judicious, and led the vulgar into understanding by surprising them with their novelty, and fixing their attention. All their fables carry a double meaning; the story is one and entire; the characters the same throughout, not broken or changed, and always conformable to the nature of the creatures they introduce. They never tell you, that the dog which snapt at a shadow lost his troop of horse—that would be unintelligible—a piece of flesh is proper for him to drop, and the reader will apply it to mankind. They would not say that the daw, who was so proud of her borrowed plumes, looked very ridiculous when Rodriguez came and took away all the book but the 17th, 24th, and 25th chapters, which she stole from him. But this is his new way of telling a story, and confounding the moral and the fable together.

Before the word was written, said the hind,
Our Saviour preach'd the faith to all mankind.

Not so her young ; for their unequal line
 Was hero's make, half human, half divine. 10
 Their earthly mold obnoxious was to fate,
 The immortal part assum'd immortal state.
 Of these a slaughter'd army lay in blood,
 Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
 Their native walk ; whose vocal blood arose, 15
 And cry'd for pardon on their perjur'd foes.
 Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine feed,
 Endu'd with souls, increas'd the sacred breed.

What relation has the hind to our Saviour ? Or what notion have we of a panther's bible ? If you say he means the Church, how does the Church feed on lawns, or range the forest ? Let it be always a Church, or always the cloven-footed beast, for we cannot bear his shifting the scene every line. If it is absurd in comedies to make a peasant talk in the strain of a hero, or a country wench use the language of a court, how monstrous is it to make a priest of a hind, and a parson of a panther ! To bring them in disputing with all the formalities and terms of the school ! Though, as to the arguments themselves, those, we confess, are suited to the capacity of the beasts ; and if we would suppose a hind expressing herself about these matters, she would talk at that rate."

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 1. — *Hind,*] It is singular, that in the most curious account of old *Sanskreet* Fables, given to us by Mr. *Wilkins*, entitled *Heeto-pades*, or Amicable Instruction, animals, like our hind and panther, are sometimes absurdly introduced as arguing on subjects of theology ; a tyger is described as devout, and praising charity and religious duties ; an old mouse is well versed in *Neetee Sastras*, or System of Policy and Ethics ; and a cat reads religious books. Mr. *Wilkins* translated the *Mahabarat*, an Epic Poem, and Sir William Jones the *Sacontala*, a Drama of a surprising early date, and an invaluable curiosity on account of the manners described in it.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 14. — *the Caledonian wood,*] The ravages and disorders committed by the Scotch covenanters gave occasion to these lines.

DERRICK.

14 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

So captive Ifrael multiply'd in chains,
 A numerous exile, and enjoy'd her pains. 20
 With grief and gladness mix'd, the mother
 view'd
 Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd;
 Their corpse to perish, but their kind to last,
 So much the deathless plant the dying fruit
 surpass'd.

Panting and penfive now she rang'd alone, 25
 And wander'd in the kingdoms, once her own.
 The common hunt, though from their rage re-
 strain'd

By fovereign power, her company disdain'd;
 Grinn'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring eye
 Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity. 30
 'Tis true, she bounded by, and trip'd so light,
 They had not time to take a steady fight.
 For truth has such a face and such a mein,
 As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.

The bloody Bear, an independent beast, 35
 Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate exprest.

Ver. 21. ——— the mother view'd] Original edition,
 their mother. TODD.

Ver. 29. Grinn'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring eye
 Gave gloomy signs &c.]

Dryden here, I think, had Milton in his mind. See Par.
 Lost, x. 713.

——— or, with countenance grim,
 Glar'd on him passing.—— TODD.

Ver. 35. The bloody Bear, an independent beast,] The Inde-
 pendants were a sect of Protestants, who held, that "each
 " church, within itself, had sufficient power to do every thing

Among the timorous kind the quaking Hare
 Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear.
 Next her the buffoon Ape, as atheists use,
 Mimick'd all sects, and had his own to chuse: 40

"relative to church-government." They sprung up amidst the confusions of Charles the First's reign, about the year 1643. Walker calls them a composition of Jews, Christians, and Turks. See his History of Independency, p. 1, 27; for which he was committed by Cromwell to the Tower. See Echard's History of England, vol. ii. p. 435, for an account of their rise. Butler calls them,

"The maggots of corrupted texts."

Hud. p. 3. v. 10.

And our author, in his Religio Laici, says,

"The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood,

"And turns to maggots what was meant for food."

Because that, in order to infuse into people a notion that they had a right to chuse their own pastors, they corrupted this text: *Wherefore, brethren, look you out from among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost, whom ye (instead of we) may appoint over this business.* Acts vi. 3. Field is said to have been the first printer of this forgery, and to have received for it 1500l. Be that as it may, it is certainly to be found in several of his editions of the Bible, particularly in his fine folio of 1659-60, and his octavo of 1661. DERRICK.

Ver. 37. ——— *the quaking Hare*

Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear.]

The Quakers: so called from certain tremblings and convulsions, with which they appear to be seized at their religious meetings. They decline all military employments; reject the use of arms, which they call profane and carnal weapons; and refuse the oaths. Their affirmation is now admitted, by Act of Parliament, in our justiciary courts, as of equal force to an oath taken by a person of any other persuasion upon the gospel.

DERRICK.

Ver. 39. *Next her the buffoon Ape]* No particular sect is meant by the buffoon ape, but libertines and latitudinarians, persons ready to conform to any thing to serve their turn.

DERRICK.

Still when the Lion look'd, his knees he bent,
 And paid at church a courtier's compliment.
 The bristled Baptist Boar, impure as he,
 (But whiten'd with the foam of sanctity,)

Ver. 43. *The bristled Baptist Boar,*] The unexampled absurdities of the principles and practices of the Anabaptists were too inviting and copious a subject for Swift not to seize, and enabled him to give some of the finest touches of ridicule in his *Tale of a Tub*.

“ Having, from his manner of living, frequent occasions to *wash* himself, he would often leap over head and ears into the water, though it were in the midst of the winter, but was always observed to come out again much *dirtier*, if possible, than when he went in.

“ He was the first that ever found out the secret of contriving a *soporiferous* medicine to be conveyed in at the *ears*: it was a compound of *sulphur* and *balm of Gilead*, with a little *Pilgrim's Progress salve*.

“ He wore a large plaister of artificial *caustics* on his stomach, with the fervour of which he could set himself a *groaning*, like the famous *board*, upon application of a red hot iron.

“ He would stand in the turning of a street, and calling to those who passed by, would cry to one, *Worthy Sir, do me the honour of a good slap in the chops*: to another, *Honest friend, pray favour me with a handsome kick on the arse*: *Madam, shall I entreat a small box on the ear from your ladyship's fair hand*? *Noble captain, lend a reasonable thwack, for the love of God, with that cane of your's, over these poor shoulders*. And when he had, by such earnest solicitations, made a shift to procure a basting sufficient to swell up his fancy and his sides, he would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible accounts of what he had undergone for the *public good*. *Observe this stroke*, (said he, shewing his bare shoulders) *a plaguy janisary gave it me this very morning at seven o'clock, as with much ado I was driving off the great Turk*. *Neighbours of mine, this broken head deserves a plaister*; *had poor Jack been tender of his noddle, you would have seen the Pope and the French King long before this time of day among your wives and your warehouses*. *Dear Christians, the Great Mogul was come as far as Whitechapel, and you may thank these poor sides, that he hath not (God bless us) already swallowed up man, woman, and child.*”

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ibid. *The bristled Baptist Boar, &c.*] The Anabaptists, who reject infant baptism, and baptize only adults by immersion.

DERRICK.

With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred place, 45 }
 And mountains levell'd in his furious race ; }
 So first rebellion founded was in grace.

But since the mighty ravage, which he made
 In German forests, had his guilt betray'd,
 With broken tusks, and with a borrow'd name, 50
 He shunn'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the
 shame ;

So lurk'd in sects unseen. With greater guile
 False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil :
 The graceless beast by Athanasius first
 Was chas'd from Nice ; then, by Socinus
 nurs'd, 55

His impious race their blasphemy renew'd,
 And nature's King through nature's optics
 view'd.

Revers'd they view'd him lessen'd to their eye,
 Nor in an infant could a God descry :
 New swarming sects to this obliquely tend, 60
 Hence they began, and here they all will end.

What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
 If private reason hold the public scale ?

Ver. 49. *In German forests, had his guilt betray'd,]* They succeeded to the rise of Lutheranism in Germany about the year 1521, and committed innumerable acts of violence, particularly in Munster. DERRICK.

Ver. 53. *False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil :
 The graceless beast &c.]*

This alludes to the persecution of the Arians, and the rise of the Socinians. DERRICK.

But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide
 For erring judgments an unerring guide ! 65
 Thy throne is darknefs in the abyfs of light,
 A blaze of glory that forbids the fight.
 O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
 And fearch no farther than thyfelf reveal'd ;
 But her alone for my director take, 70
 Whom thou haft promis'd never to forfake !
 My thoughtlefs youth was wing'd with vain de-
 fires,
 My manhood, long miffed by wandering fires,
 Follow'd false lights ; and, when their glimpfe
 was gone,
 My pride ftruck out new fparkles of her own. 75
 Such was I; fuch by nature ftill I am ;
 Be thine the glory, and be mine the fhame.
 Good life be now my task : my doubts are done :
 What more could fright my faith, than three in
 one ?
 Can I believe eternal God could lie 80
 Disguis'd in mortal mold and infancy ?
 That the great Maker of the world could die ? }

Ver. 64. ——— *how well dost thou provide*
For erring judgments an unerring guide !]

Here our author allows of the infallibility of the Pope, and
 the authority of the Church, contrary to his position in *Religio*
Laici, Vol. i. p. 403.

“ Such an omniscient Church we wish, &c.”

And then proceeds to thank God for his own conversion !

DERRICK.

Ver. 82. ——— *Maker of the world could die ?]* Of all the
 numerous artists who have exercis'd their talents on this subject,

And after that trust my imperfect sense,
 Which calls in question his omnipotence?
 Can I my reason to my faith compel, 85
 And shall my sight, and touch, and taste rebel?
 Superior faculties are set aside;
 Shall their subservient organs be my guide?
 'Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
 And winking tapers shew the sun his way; 90
 For what my senses can themselves perceive,
 I need no revelation to believe.
 Can they who say the Host should be descry'd
 By sense, define a body glorify'd?
 Impassable, and penetrating parts? 95
 Let them declare by what mysterious arts
 He shot that body through the opposing might
 Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,
 And stood before his train confess'd in open
 fight.

M. Angelo seems to have treated it in the most skilful and striking manner. In a picture of the Passion, he has represented the Virgin looking at her crucified Son, without grief, without regret, without tears. He supposes her interested in this great mystery, and therefore makes her bear this view of his death with a kind of sublime tranquillity and unmovedness. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 85. *Can I my reason to my faith compel,*] Dryden here advances the doctrine of transubstantiation, which he reconciles to the Divine Omnipotence, and entirely disclaims the use of reason in discussing it. DERRICK.

Ver. 95. *Impassable,*] *Impassible.* Original edition. TODD.

Ver. 99. *And stood before his train confess'd in open sight.*]

—— purâ per noctem in luce refulsit

Alma parens, confessa Deam.

For since thus wonderously he pass'd, 'tis plain,
One single place two bodies did contain. 101

And sure the same Omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.

Let reason then at her own quarry fly,
But how can finite grasp infinity? 105

'Tis urg'd again, that faith did first commence
By miracles, which are appeals to sense,
And thence concluded, that our sense must be
The motive still of credibility.

For latter ages must on former wait, 110
And what began belief, must propagate.

But winnow well this thought, and you shall
find

'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.

His mind was so thoroughly imbued with Virgil, that he fell into perpetual and involuntary imitations of him.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 100. — *thus wonderously he pass'd,*] This is urged as an irresistible defence of the doctrine of transubstantiation. But how different the two cases! Our Saviour, by his own power, could miraculously enter the room where his disciples were assembled. But the priest himself makes this Saviour just before he swallows him. The disciples saw with their own eyes the figure and body of Christ, but in the *wafer* surely Christ is not seen.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 101. *One single place*] The doctrine of transubstantiation is so singularly absurd (perhaps blasphemous) as hardly to deserve a serious refutation. Mr. Pope told Mr. Richardson, that Gay, going to Mr. Titcum, (who was the intimate friend of himself, Swift, Craggs, and Addison) to ask him, when he was dying, as he was a papist, if he would have a priest, "No," said he, "what should I do with them? But I would rather have one of them than one of your's, of the two. Our fools (continued Titcum) write great books to prove that *bread* is *God*; but your booby (meaning Tillotson) has wrote a long argument to prove that *bread* is *bread*."

Dr. J. WARTON.

Were all those wonders wrought by power di-
vine,

As means or ends of some more deep design? 115

Most sure as means, whose end was this alone,

To prove the Godhead of the eternal Son.

God thus asserted, man is to believe

Beyond what sense and reason can conceive,

And for mysterious things of faith rely 120

On the proponent, Heaven's authority.

If then our faith we for our guide admit,

Vain is the farther search of human wit,

As when the building gains a surer stay,

We take the unuseful scaffolding away. 125

Reason by sense no more can understand;

The game is play'd into another hand.

Why chuse we then like bilanders to creep

Along the coast, and land in view to keep,

When safely we may launch into the deep? 130

In the same vessel, which our Saviour bore,

Himself the pilot, let us leave the shore,

And with a better guide a better world explore. }

Could he his Godhead veil with flesh and blood,

And not veil these again to be our food? 135

His grace in both is equal in extent,

The first affords us life, the second nourishment.

And if he can, why all this frantic pain

To construe what his clearest words contain, }

And make a riddle what he made so plain? 140 }

To take up half on trust, and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.

Both knave and fool the merchant we may call,
To pay great sums, and to compound the small:
For who would break with heaven, and would
not break for all? 145

Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish freed:
Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.
Faith is the best ensurer of thy bliss;
The bank above must fail, before the venture
miss.

But heaven and heaven-born faith are far from
thee, 150

Thou first apostate to divinity.
Unkennell'd range in thy Polonian plains;
A fiercer foe the insatiate Wolf remains.

Ver. 153. ——— *the insatiate Wolf &c.*] Butler, in the first canto of *Hudibras*, says, that the Presbyterians

“ ——— prove their doctrine orthodox,

“ By apostolic blows and knocks.”

The general description given of them here is very severe: they hold the doctrine of predestination, or a decree of God from all eternity, to save a certain number of persons, from thence called the Elect.

“ A sect (of whom *Hudibras* says a little lower) whose chief devotion lies

“ In odd perverse antipathies.”

Such as reputed the eating of Christmas-pies and plumb-porridge sinful; nay, they prohibited all sorts of merriment at that holy festival, and not only abolished it by order of council, dated Dec. 22, 1657, but changed it into a fast. They wore, during the confusions about Oliver's time, black caps, that left their ears bare, their hair being cropped round quite close; wherefore the *wolf*, the emblem of Presbytery, is here said to

“ Prick up his predestinating ears.”

DERRICK.

Too boastful Britain, please thyself no more.
 That beasts of prey are banish'd from thy shore :
 The Bear, the Boar, and every savage name, 156
 Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,
 Lay waste thy woods, destroy thy blissful bower,
 And, muzzled though they seem, the mutes de-
 vour. 159

More haughty than the rest, the wolfish race
 Appear with belly gaunt, and famish'd face :
 Never was so deform'd a beast of grace. }

His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
 Close clap'd for shame ; but his rough crest
 he rears, }

And pricks up his predestinating ears. 165 }

His wild disorder'd walk, his haggard eyes,
 Did all the bestial citizens surprize.

Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd awhile,
 As captain or companion of the spoil.

Full many a year his hateful head had been 170

For tribute paid, nor since in Cambria seen ;

The last of all the litter scap'd by chance,

And from Geneva first infested France,

Ver. 172. *The last of all the litter*] Calvin, the person here pointed at, was, it must be allowed, a man of very extensive genius, much learning, industry, penetration, and piety, and the most persuasive eloquence. He was born at Noyon, in Picardy, in July, 1509. To escape the threats of Francis the First, he retired to Basil, where he published his Christian Institutions, and prefixed to them his famous dedication to Francis I. Calvin was asthmatical, and delivered his sermons slowly: a man at Geneva got his livelihood by writing them down as he pro-

Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,
 But others write him of an upstart race ; 175
 Because of Wickliff's brood no mark he brings,
 But his innate antipathy to Kings.

nounced them. " Sapit Calvinus (says Scaliger) quod in apocalypsim non scripsit." We might have expected that Dryden would have here censured the strong Calvinistical turn of some of the articles of the Church of England. Burnet has defended the article concerning predestination. The greatest part of the first English reformers were, says Mosheim, absolute Sublapsarians. James I. censured a preacher, Ed. Symson, for advancing some Arminian tenets, 1616, and he was forced to make a public recantation before the king. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 176. *Because of Wickliff's brood*] Wickliff flourished about the year 1384. John Hufs, 1415. Jerom of Prague, 1415. This great triumvirate, we should remember, sowed the first seeds of that reformation, of which Luther and Calvin have alone reaped the glory, and of which our countryman had the honour of being the first. To whom justice is done by the learned and candid Mosheim, in his excellent Ecclesiastical History, much improved by the translation of the learned Mr. Maclain.

Among all the enemies of the Mendicant orders, none has been transmitted to posterity with more exalted encomiums on the one hand, or blacker calumnies on the other, than John Wickliff, professor of divinity at Oxford, and afterwards rector of Lutterworth ; who, according to the testimony of the writers of these times, was a man of an enterprising genius, and extraordinary learning. In the year 1360, animated by the example of Richard, archbishop of Armagh, he first of all defended the statutes and privileges of the university of Oxford against all the orders of the mendicants, and had the courage to throw out some slight reproofs against the popes, their principal patrons, which no true Briton ever imputed to him as a crime. After this, in the year 1367, he was deprived of the wardenship of Canterbury-hall, in the university of Oxford, by Simon Langham, archbishop of Canterbury, who substituted a monk in his place ; upon which he appealed to pope Urban V. who confirmed the sentence of the archbishop against him, on account of the freedom with which he had inveighed against the monastic orders. Highly exasperated at this treatment, he threw off all restraint, and not only attacked all the monks, and their scandalous irregularities, but even the pontifical power itself, and other ecclesiastical abuses, both in his sermons and writings. From

These last deduce him from the Helvetian kind,
Who near the Leman lake his comfort lin'd :

hence he proceeded to yet greater lengths, and, detesting the wretched superstition of the times, refuted, with great acuteness and spirit, the absurd notions that were generally received in religious matters, and not only exhorted the laity to study the scriptures, but also translated into English these divine books, in order to render the perusal of them more universal.

Though neither the doctrine of Wickliff was void of error, nor his life without reproach, yet it must be confessed, that the changes he attempted to introduce, both in the faith and discipline of the church, were, in many respects, wise, useful, and salutary.

The monks, whom Wickliff had principally exasperated, commenced a violent prosecution against him at the court of Gregory XI. who, in the year 1377, ordered Simon Sudbury, archbishop of Canterbury, to take cognizance of the affair, in a council held at London. Imminent as this danger evidently was, Wickliff escaped it by the interest of the Duke of Lancaster, and some other peers, who had a high regard for him. And soon after the death of Gregory XI. the fatal schism of the Romish church commenced, during which there was one pope at Rome, and another at Avignon ; so that, of course, this controversy lay dormant a long time. But no sooner was this embroiled state of affairs tolerably settled, than the process against him was revived by William de Courtenay, archbishop of Canterbury, in the year 1385, and was carried on with great vehemence in two councils held at London and Oxford. The event was, that of the twenty-three opinions, for which Wickliff had been prosecuted by the Monks, ten were condemned as heresies, and thirteen as errors. He himself, however, returned in safety to Lutterworth, where he died peaceably in the year 1387. This latter attack was much more dangerous than the former ; but by what means he got safely through it, whether by interest of the court, or by denying or abjuring his opinions, is to this day a secret. He left many followers in England, and other countries, who were styled Wickliffites and Lollards, which last was a term of popular reproach, translated from the Flemish tongue into English. Wherever they could be found, they were terribly persecuted by the inquisitors, and other instruments of papal vengeance ; and, in the council of Constance, in the year 1415, the memory and opinions of Wickliff were condemned by a solemn decree ; and about thirteen years after, his bones were dug up, and publicly burnt.

That fiery Zuinglius first the affection bred, 180
And meagre Calvin blest the nuptial bed.

Of all the reformers, Melancthon appears to have been the most elegant scholar, and to have had the best taste. His Latin translation of Euripides was excellent. Father Paul valued Occam above all the schoolmen. Luther objected to preaching on the Apocalypse.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 180. *That fiery Zuinglius*] His conduct and share in the Reformation is thus impartially stated by Mosheim:—

“ While the credit and authority of the Roman pontiff was thus upon the decline in Germany, they received a mortal wound in Switzerland from Ulric Zuingle, a canon of Zurich, whose extensive learning and uncommon sagacity were accompanied with the most heroic intrepidity and resolution. It must even be acknowledged, that this eminent man had perceived some rays of the truth before Luther came to an open rupture with the church of Rome. He was however afterwards still farther animated by the example, and instructed by the writings of the Saxon reformer; and thus his zeal for the good cause acquired new strength and vigour. For he not only explained the sacred writings in his public discourses to the people, but also gave, in the year 1519, a signal proof of his courage, by opposing, with the greatest resolution and success, the ministry of a certain Italian monk, whose name was Samson, and who was carrying on, in Switzerland, the impious traffic of indulgences, with the same impudence that Tetzel had done in Germany. This was the first remarkable event that prepared the way for the reformation among the Helvetic cantons. In process of time, Zuingle pursued, with steadiness and resolution, the design that he had begun with such courage and success. His noble efforts were seconded by some other learned men, educated in Germany, who became his colleagues, and the companions of his labours, and who, jointly with him, succeeded so far in removing the credulity of a deluded people, that the pope’s supremacy was rejected and denied in the greatest part of Switzerland. It is indeed to be observed, that Zuingle did not always use the same methods of conversion that were employed by Luther; nor, upon particular occasions, did he discountenance the use of violent measures against such as adhered with obstinacy to the superstitions of their ancestors. He is also said to have attributed to the civil magistrate such an extensive power in ecclesiastical affairs, as is quite inconsistent with the essence and genius of religion. But, upon the whole, even envy must acknowledge, that his intentions were upright, and his designs worthy of the highest approbation.”

Dr. J. WARTON.

In Israel some believe him whelp'd long since,
 When the proud Sanhedrim oppress'd the prince,
 Or, since he will be Jew, derive him higher,
 When Corah with his brethren did conspire 185
 From Moses' hand the sovereign sway to wrest,
 And Aaron of his ephod to devest:

'Till opening earth made way for all to pass,
 And could not bear the burden of a class.

The Fox and he came shuffled in the dark, 190
 If ever they were stow'd in Noah's ark:

Perhaps not made; for all their barking train
 The Dog (a common species) will contain.

And some wild curs, who from their masters
 ran,

Abhorring the supremacy of man, 195
 In woods and caves the rebel-race began.

O happy pair, how well have you increas'd!
 What ills in Church and State have you redress'd!

With teeth untry'd, and rudiments of claws,
 Your first essay was on your native laws: 200
 Those having torn with ease, and trampled
 down,

Your fangs you fasten'd on the mitred crown,
 And freed from God and monarchy your town.

Ver. 183. *When the proud Sanhedrim &c.*] On this line, in the original edition, the following marginal note occurs:—
 “*Vid. Pref. to Heyl. Hist. of Presb.*” TODD.

Ver. 187. ——— *of his ephod to devest:*] Thus the orig. edit. and rightly. TODD.

What though your native kennel still be small,
 Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall ; 205
 Yet your victorious colonies are sent
 Where the north ocean girds the continent.
 Quicken'd with fire below, your monsters breed
 In fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed :
 And, like the first, the last affects to be 210
 Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
 As, where in fields the fairy rounds are seen,
 A rank four herbage rises on the green ;
 So, springing where those midnight elves ad-
 vance,
 Rebellion prints the footsteps of the dance. 215
 Such are their doctrines, such contempt they
 show
 To heaven above, and to their prince below, }
 As none but traitors and blasphemers know. }
 God, like the tyrant of the skies, is plac'd,
 And kings, like slaves, beneath the crowd de-
 bas'd, 220

Ver. 216. *Such are their doctrines,*] He does not mention John Hufs and Jerom of Prague, two chief promoters of the Reformation. L'Enfant, in his History of the War of the Hufsites, says, that two English students becoming acquainted with John Hufs at Prague, having painted, in the porch of their house, a representation of our Saviour entering into Jerusalem upon an ass, with crowds following him on foot, and on the other side the pope riding a horse magnificently caparisoned, and attended with guards, drums, and hautboys, Hufs was so delighted with this picture, that he mentioned and commended it in his sermons, and the whole city crowded to see it. This was the beginning of John Hufs's attachment to the opinions of Wickliff,

Dr. J. WARTON.

So fulsome is their food, that flocks refuse
To bite, and only dogs for phyfic use.

As, where the lightning runs along the ground,
No husbandry can heal the blasting wound ;

Nor bladed grafs, nor bearded corn fucceeds, 225

But fcales of fcurf and putrefaction breeds :

Such wars, fuch wafte, fuch fiery tracks of
dearth

Their zeal has left, and fuch a teemlefs earth.

But, as the poifons of the deadlieft kind

Are to their own unhappy coafis confin'd ; 230

As only Indian fhades of fight deprive,

And magic plants will but in Colchos thrive ;

So Prefbytery and peftilential zeal

Can only flourish in a commonweal.

From Celtic woods is chas'd the wolfifh crew ;

But ah ! fome pity e'en to brutes is due : 236

Their native walks, methinks, they might en-
joy,

Curb'd of their native malice to deftroy.

Of all the tyrannies on human kind,

The worft is that which perfecutes the mind. 240

Let us but weigh at what offence we ftrike ;

'Tis but becaufe we cannot think alike.

Ver. 235. *From Celtic woods is chas'd the wolfifh crew ;*] This paffage alludes to the revocation of the edict of Nantz, by which two millions of the Reformed Church were proſcribed, and two hundred thouſand drove into foreign countries : a proceeding that muſt throw an eternal blemifh on the reign of Louis XIV. The remainder of this paragraph does great honour to Dryden, as it manifefts, that whatever faults he had, a perfecuting ſpirit was not one of them.

DERRICK.

80 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

In punishing of this, we overthrow
 The laws of nations and of nature too.
 Beasts are the subjects of tyrannic sway, 245
 Where still the stronger on the weaker prey.
 Man only of a softer mold is made,
 Not for his fellow's ruin, but their aid:
 Created kind, beneficent and free,
 The noble image of the Deity. 250

One portion of informing fire was given
 To brutes, the inferior family of heaven:
 The smith divine, as with a careless beat,
 Struck out the mute creation at a heat:
 But, when arriv'd at last to human race, 255
 The Godhead took a deep considering space;
 And, to distinguish man from all the rest,
 Unlock'd the sacred treasures of his breast;
 And mercy mixt with reason did impart,
 One to his head, the other to his heart: 260
 Reason to rule, but mercy to forgive:
 The first is law, the last prerogative.

And like his mind his outward form appear'd,
 When, issuing naked, to the wondering herd,
 He charm'd their eyes; and, for they lov'd,
 they fear'd: 265

Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,
 Or claws to seize their furry spoils in fight,
 Or with increase of feet to o'ertake them in
 their flight:

Of easy shape, and pliant every way;
 Confessing still the softness of his clay, 270
 And kind as kings upon their coronation
 day :

With open hands, and with extended space
 Of arms, to satisfy a large embrace.

Thus kneaded up with milk, the new-made man
 His kingdom o'er his kindred world began : 275

Till knowledge misapply'd, misunderstood,
 And pride of empire sour'd his balmy blood.

Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he coins ;
 The murderer Cain was latent in his loins :

And blood began its first and loudest cry, 280
 For differing worship of the Deity.

Thus persecution rose, and farther space
 Produc'd the mighty hunter of his race.

Not so the blessed Pan his flock increas'd,
 Content to fold them from the famish'd beast:
 Mild were his laws ; the Sheep and harmless

Hind 286

Were never of the persecuting kind.

Such pity now the pious pastor shows,
 Such mercy from the British Lion flows,
 That both provide protection from their foes. }

Oh happy regions, Italy and Spain, 291
 Which never did those monsters entertain !

Ver. 290. ——— protection from *their* foes.] The original
 edition has, protection *for* their foes. TODD.

The Wolf, the Bear, the Boar, can there advance

No native claim of just inheritance.

And self-preserving laws, severe in show, 295

May guard their fences from the invading foe.

Where birth has plac'd them, let them safely share

The common benefit of vital air.

Themselves unharmed, let them live un-
harm'd ;

Their jaws disabled, and their claws disarm'd :

Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold, 301

They dare not seize the Hind, nor leap the fold.

More powerful, and as vigilant as they,

The Lion awfully forbids the prey.

Their rage repress'd, though pinch'd with fa-
mine fore, 305

They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar :

Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.

These are the chief : to number o'er the rest,

And stand, like Adam, naming every beast,

Were weary work : nor will the Muse describe

A slimy-born and fun-begotten tribe ; 311

Who, far from steeples and their sacred fount,

In fields their sullen conventicles found.

These gross, half-animated, lumps I leave ;

Nor can I think what thoughts they can con-
ceive. 315

But if they think at all, 'tis sure no higher
 Than matter, put in motion, may aspire :
 Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of
 clay :

So droffy, so divisible are they,
 As would but serve pure bodies for allay : 320
 Such souls as shards produce, such beetle
 things

As only buz to heaven with evening wings ;
 Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
 Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance. 324
 They know not beings, and but hate a name ;
 To them the Hind and Panther are the same.

The Panther, sure the noblest, next the
 Hind,

And fairest creature of the spotted kind ;
 Oh, could her in-born stains be wash'd away,
 She were too good to be a beast of prey ! 330
 How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,
 Or how divide the frailty from the friend ?
 Her faults and virtues lie so mix'd, that she
 Nor wholly stands condemn'd, nor wholly
 free.

Then, like her injur'd Lion, let me speak ; 335
 He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
 Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,
 The Wolf begins to share her wandering
 heart.

Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
 She half commits, who sins but in her will. 340
 If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
 There could be spirits of a middle sort,
 Too black for heaven, and yet too white for
 hell,

Who just dropt half way down, nor lower fell ;
 So pois'd, so gently she descends from high, 345
 It seems a soft dismissal from the sky.

Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence
 Her clergy heralds make in her defence.

A second century not half-way run,
 Since the new honors of her blood begun. 350

A lion, old, obscene, and furious made
 By lust, compress'd her mother in a shade ;
 Then, by a left-hand marriage, weds the dame,
 Covering adultery with a specious name :

So Schism begot ; and Sacrilege and she, 355
 A well match'd pair, got graceless Herefy.
 God's and kings' rebels have the same good
 cause,

To trample down divine and human laws :

Ver. 339. *Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
 She half commits, who sins but in her will.]*

So the energetic moralist Juvenal.

Nam scelus intra se tacitum qui cogitet ullum

Facti crimen habet —————

Sat. 13, 209.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 354. *Covering adultery with a specious name :] Conju-
 gium vocat, hoc prætexit nomine culpam.* Virgil. *Æneid.* 4.

JOHN WARTON.

Both would be call'd reformers, and their hate
Alike destructive both to Church and State : 360

The fruit proclaims the plant ; a lawless
prince

By luxury reform'd incontinence ;

By ruins, charity ; by riots, abstinence.

Confessions, fasts, and penance set aside ;

Oh with what ease we follow such a guide, 365

Where souls are starv'd, and senses gratify'd !

Where marriage-pleasures midnight prayer
supply

And matten bells, (a melancholy cry,)

Are tun'd to merrier notes, Increase and
multiply.

Religion shews a rosy-colour'd face ; 370

Not hatter'd out with drudging works of
grace :

A down-hill reformation rolls apace.

What flesh and blood would crowd the nar-
row gate,

Or, till they waste their pamper'd paunches,
wait ?

All would be happy at the cheapest rate. 375

Though our lean faith these rigid laws has
given,

The full-fed Mussulman goes fat to heaven ;

For his Arabian prophet with delights

Of sense allur'd his eastern profelytes.

The jolly Luther, reading him, began 380
 To interpret Scriptures by his Alcoran ;
 To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,
 And make the paths of Paradise more sweet :
 Bethought him of a wife ere half way gone,
 For 'twas uneasy travelling alone ; 385

Ver. 380. *The jolly Luther,*] This is a very undeserved and depreciating epithet applied to this great reformer. In the judicious reflections which my learned and ingenious friend Dr. Sturges has made, on what Mr. Milner calls a history of Winchester, but which ought to have been entitled, an Apology for Popery, with hints and hopes of its re-establishment in this country, there is a character of Luther drawn with such truth, and so masterly a pencil, that I shall here give the reader the pleasure of considering it, as an antidote to the severe sarcasms scattered up and down in this poem by Dryden against this extraordinary man.

“ It required a degree of perseverance and intrepidity not less than that of which Luther was possessed, to make him engage in the arduous contest, to support him throughout its continuance, and finally to give him such success in it, as to carry off from the allegiance of Rome, either under his own immediate standard, or that of the allies connected with him by a common cause, so large a proportion of her subjects. For to him must be in great measure attributed all the branches of the reformation, which spread over the different parts of Europe, after he had planted it in Germany. A wonderful achievement this, for a private German monk ; and an instance amongst many others, with what inconsiderable and apparently inadequate instruments the most important purposes of Providence are accomplished. Luther was in his manners and writings, coarse, presuming, and impetuous ; but these were qualities allied to those, which alone made him capable of supporting well the extraordinary character in which he appeared. I have always been struck with his translating the whole bible into German, which is a classical book in that language, and has, I believe, as a translation, maintained high credit down to later times, as a singular proof of learning and ability. Whoever well considers the difficulty of *one man's* executing such a work at a period when the knowledge of the original language was rare, and the assistances of sacred criticism and literature (which have been since so much multiplied) were inconsiderable and scanty, will probably be inclined to agree with me in this opinion.”

Dr. J. WARTON.

And, in this masquerade of mirth and love,
Mistook the blifs of heaven for Bacchanals
above.

Sure he presum'd of praise, who came to stock
The etherial pastures with so fair a flock,
Burnish'd, and battenning on their food, to
show

Their diligence of careful herds below. 391

Our Panther, though like these she chang'd
her head,

Yet, as the mistress of a monarch's bed,
Her front erect with majesty she bore,
The crozier weilded, and the mitre wore. 395

Her upper part of decent discipline
Shewed affectation of an ancient line ;
And Fathers, Councils, Church and churches
head,

Were on her reverend phylacteries read.
But what disgrac'd and disavow'd the rest, 400
Was Calvin's brand, that stigmatiz'd the beast.

Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labyrinth she lives confin'd.
To foreign lands no sound of her is come,
Humbly content to be despis'd at home. 405

Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
At least she leaves the refuse of the bad :

Nice in her choice of ill, though not of best,
 And least deform'd, because reform'd the least.
 In doubtful points betwixt her differing friends,
 Where one for substance, one for sign contends,
 Their contradicting terms she strives to join;
 Sign shall be substance, substance shall be sign.

A real presence all her sons allow,
 And yet 'tis flat idolatry to bow, 415
 Because the Godhead's there they know not
 how.

Her novices are taught, that bread and wine
 Are but the visible and outward sign,
 Receiv'd by those who in communion join.

But the inward grace, or the thing signify'd, 420
 His blood and body, who to save us dy'd;
 The faithful this thing signify'd receive:

What is't those faithful then partake or leave?
 For what is signify'd and understood,
 Is, by her own confession, flesh and blood. 425
 Then, by the same acknowledgment, we know
 They take the sign, and take the substance too.

Ver. 409. *And least deform'd, because reform'd the least.*
 Original edition. Derrick has, because *deform'd* the least.

TODD.

Ver. 411. ——— *one for substance, one for sign contends,*
 Luther asserted the real presence under the different substances of bread and of wine; but this only in the act of receiving the sacrament: whereas Zuinglius affirmed, that the bread and wine, or the elements, were only types, the figure and representation of the body and blood of Christ.

DERRICK.

The literal sense is hard to flesh and blood,
But nonsense never can be understood.

Her wild belief on every wave is tost ; 430
But sure no Church can better morals boast :
True to her King her principles are found ;
Oh that her practice were but half so found !
Stedfast in various turns of state she stood,
And seal'd her vow'd affection with her blood :
Nor will I meanly tax her constancy, 436 }
That interest or obligation made the tye, }
Bound to the fate of murder'd monarchy. }
Before the founding ax so falls the vine,
Whose tender branches round the poplar
twine. 440

Ver. 429. *But nonsense*] The unparalleled absurdity and impiety of some questions proposed to be discussed in the schools, makes one shudder to read them, and improper to translate.—They are to be found in the third volume of Henry Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, p. 127. *Utrum Deus potuerit suppositare mulierem, vel Diabolum, vel asinum, vel filicem, vel cucurbitam : et si suppositasset cucurbitam, quemadmodum fuerit concionatura, editura miracula, et quonam modo fuisset fixa cruci.*

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 430. *Her wild belief on every wave is tost ;*] St. Paul, Eph. iv. 14. St. James, 1. 6.—“He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed.”

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 436. *Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,*] No King ! no Bishop ! was a common saying in King Charles the 1st's time, and sufficiently verified during the inter-regnum. This whole passage is a real compliment to the church, as by law established ; and shews that Dryden could speak impartially even of a cause that he had deserted ; which cause he handsomely compares to

She chose her ruin, and resign'd her life,
 In death undaunted as an Indian wife :
 A rare example ! but some souls we see
 Grow hard, and stiffen with adversity :
 Yet these by fortune's favours are undone ; 445
 Resolv'd, into a baser form they run,
 And bore the wind, but cannot bear the sun. }
 Let this be nature's frailty, or her fate,
 Or * Ifgrim's counsel, her new-chosen mate ;
 Still she's the fairest of the fallen crew, 450
 No mother more indulgent, but the true.

Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
 Because she wants innate authority ;
 For how can she constrain them to obey,
 Who has herself cast off the lawful sway ? 455
 Rebellion equals all, and those, who toil
 In common theft, will share the common spoil.
 Let her produce the title and the right
 Against her old superiors first to fight ;

ver. 442. ——— *an Indian wife :*] Whose constancy is
 become a proverb : since when their deceased husbands are ei-
 ther to be buried or burned, to manifest their affection, they
 throw themselves either into the same grave, or on the funeral
 pile. DERRICK.

Ibid. *In death undaunted as an Indian wife :*] This barbarous
 custom has perhaps never been so well described as in the fol-
 lowing lines of Propertius, 10th Elegy, 15 v. 3 lib.

Felix Eois lex funeris una maritis, &c. &c.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 447. *And bore the wind, but cannot bear the sun.*] An
 allusion to an Æsopic fable, to which he alludes again with more
 force and elegance in his character of the Good Person, where
 see the note. JOHN WARTON.

* The wolf. Orig. edit.

If she reform by text, e'en that's as plain 460
 For her own rebels to reform again.

As long as words a different sense will bear,
 And each may be his own interpreter,
 Our airy faith will no foundation find :

The word's a weathercock for every wind: 465
 The Bear, the Fox, the Wolf, by turns pre-
 vail ;

The most in power supplies the present gale.
 The wretched Panther cries aloud for aid
 To Church and Councils, whom she first be-
 tray'd ;

No help from Fathers or Tradition's train : 470
 Those ancient guides she taught us to disdain,
 And by that Scripture, which she once abus'd
 To reformation, stands herself accus'd.

What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,
 Expounding which she owns herself may err?
 And, after all her winding ways are try'd, 476
 If doubts arise, she slips herself aside,
 And leaves the private conscience for the
 guide. }

If then that conscience set the offender free,
 It bars her claim to Church authority. 480
 How can she censure, or what crime pretend,
 But Scripture may be construed to defend ?
 E'en those, whom for rebellion she transmits
 To civil power, her doctrine first acquits ;

Because no disobedience can ensue, 485
Where no submission to a judge is due ;
Each judging for himself, by her consent,
Whom thus absolv'd she sends to punishment.

Suppose the magistrate revenge her cause,
'Tis only for transgressing human laws. 490

How answering to its end a Church is made,
Whose power is but to counsel and persuade ?

O solid rock, on which secure she stands !

Eternal house, not built with mortal hands !

O sure defence against the infernal gate, 495

A patent during pleasure of the state !

Thus is the Panther neither lov'd nor fear'd,
A meer mock queen of a divided herd ;

Whom soon by lawful power she might controul,

Herself a part submitted to the whole. 500

Then, as the moon who first receives the light

By which she makes our nether regions bright,

So might she shine, reflecting from afar

The rays she borrowed from a better star ;

Big with the beams, which from her mother
flow, 505

And reigning o'er the rising tides below :

Now, mixing with a savage crowd, she goes,

And meanly flatters her inveterate foes,

Rul'd while she rules, and losing every hour

Her wretched remnants of precarious power. 510

One evening, while the cooler shade she
 fought,
 Revolving many a melancholy thought,
 Alone she walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
 With rueful visage, for her vanish'd train :
 None of her sylvan subjects made their court ;
 Levées and couchées pass'd without resort. 516
 So hardly can usurpers manage well
 Those, whom they first instructed to rebel.
 More liberty begets desire of more ;
 The hunger still increases with the store. 520
 Without respect they brush'd along the wood,
 Each in his clan, and, fill'd with loathsome
 food,
 Ask'd no permission to the neighbouring flood. }
 The Panther, full of inward discontent,
 Since they would go, before them wisely went ;
 Supplying want of power by drinking first, 526
 As if she gave them leave to quench their thirst.
 Among the rest, the Hind, with fearful face,
 Beheld from far the common watering place,
 Nor durst approach ; 'till with an awful roar 530
 The sovereign Lion bad her fear no more.
 Encourag'd thus she brought her younglings
 nigh,
 Watching the motions of her patron's eye,
 And drank a sober draught ; the rest amaz'd
 Stood mutely still, and on the stranger gaz'd ; 535

Survey'd her part by part, and fought to find
 The ten-horn'd monster in the harmless
 Hind,
 Such as the Wolf and Panther had design'd.
 They thought at first they dream'd; for 'twas
 offence

With them, to question certitude of sense, 540
 Their guide in faith: but nearer when they
 drew,
 And had the faultless object full in view,
 Lord, how they all admir'd her heavenly hue!
 Some, who before her fellowship disdain'd,
 Scarce, and but scarce, from in-born rage
 restrain'd, 545

Now frisk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.
 Whether for love or interest, every sect
 Of all the savage nation shewed respect.
 The viceroy Panther could not awe the herd;
 The more the company, the less they fear'd.
 The furlly Wolf with secret envy burst, 551
 Yet could not howl; the Hind had seen him
 first:
 But what he durst not speak, the Panther
 durst.

For when the herd, suffic'd, did late repair
 To ferny heaths, and to their forest lair, 555
 She made a mannerly excuse to stay,
 Proffering the Hind to wait her half the way:

That, since the sky was clear, an hour of talk
 Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
 With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,
 To chat a while on their adventures pass'd : 561
 Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot
 Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the plot.
 Yet wondring how of late she grew estrang'd,
 Her forehead cloudy, and her countenance
 chang'd, 565

She thought this hour the occasion would pre-
 sent

To learn her secret cause of discontent,
 Which well she hop'd, might be with ease re-
 drefs'd,

Considering her a well-bred civil beast,
 And more a gentlewoman than the rest. 570

After some common talk what rumours ran,
 The lady of the spotted-muff began.

Ver. 562. *Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot
 Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the plot.]*

The Popish plot; the contrivers of which were Presbyterians, Latitudinarians, and Republicans, who had before shewn themselves enemies to the Protestant, as well as the Popish Church. This explanation is farther confirmed in our notes on Absalom and Achitophel, and those on the Medal. DERRICK.

SECOND PART.

DAME, said the Panther, times are mended
well,

Since late among the Philistines you fell.

The toils were pitch'd, a spacious tract of
ground

575

With expert huntsmen was encompass'd round;

The inclosure narrow'd; the sagacious power

Of hounds and death drew nearer every hour.

'Tis true, the younger lion 'scap'd the snare,

But all your priestly calves lay struggling
there;

580

As sacrifices on their altars laid;

While you their careful mother wisely fled,

Not trusting destiny to save your head.

For, whate'er promises you have apply'd

To your unfailing Church, the surer side

585

Is four fair legs in danger to provide.

And whate'er tales of Peter's chair you tell,

Yet, saving reverence of the miracle,

The better luck was yours to 'scape so well.

As I remember, said the sober Hind, 590
 These toils were for your own dear self design'd,
 As well as me ; and with the self-same throw,
 To catch the quarry and the vermin too.
 (Forgive the slanderous tongues that call'd you
 fo.)

Howe'er you take it now, the common cry 595
 Then ran you down for your rank loyalty.
 Besides, in Popery they thought you nurs'd,
 (As evil tongues will ever speak the worst,)
 Because some forms, and ceremonies some
 You kept, and stood in the main question dumb.
 Dumb you were born indeed ; but thinking
 long 601

The Test it seems at last has loos'd your tongue:
 And to explain what your forefathers meant,
 By real presence in the sacrament,
 After long fencing push'd against a wall, 605
 Your salvo comes, that he's not there at all :
 There chang'd your faith, and what may
 change may fall.

Who can believe what varies every day,
 Nor ever was, nor will be at a stay ?

Ver. 602. *The Test it seems at last has loos'd your tongue.*] The Test-act passed in 1672-3, enjoined the abjuration of the real presence in the sacrament. DERRICK.

Ver. 609. *Nor ever was, nor will be at a stay ?*] "And never continueth in one stay." Burial Service.

JOHN WARTON.

Tortures may force the tongue untruths to
tell, 610

And I ne'er own'd myself infallible,
Reply'd the Panther: grant such presence
were,

Yet in your sense I never own'd it there.

A real virtue we by faith receive,
And that we in the sacrament believe. 615

Then, said the Hind, as you the matter state,
Not only Jesuits can equivocate ;

Ver. 617. *Not only Jesuits*] It is worth remarking that many years before the French Revolution, the greatest blow the Church of Rome ever received, was by the expulsion of the large, and opulent, and able body of the Jesuits; effected on the very same day in conjunction by the crowns of Spain, Portugal, and France, and authorized by the Pope himself. It is marvellous that this society could continue so long, after it had been so irresistibly exposed and satirized by the wit, the eloquence, and the piety of Pascal. This perhaps is the most capital piece of controversy that ever was written. The Jesuits, when they were expelled, had long lost their character for literature. For near fifty years before this event, they had produced no extraordinary work, and had turned all their thoughts and abilities to mean court intrigues, and to various branches of commerce. It is well if they do not turn this very disposition to some unforeseen advantage, and disseminate principles, and form sects, injurious to the peace of society, and the liberty and prosperity of Europe. I beg leave to add, that among this learned body, I have always looked up to one with particular regard and respect, I mean, the great father Petau, of whom it is painful to add that he died in the Jesuit's College at Paris, abandoned and in want, for having said, that before the council of Nice, the Church had not made any decision about the divinity of the *Word*. When Petau's physician told him on his death-bed he could not live two hours longer, Then, said the father, I beg you to accept of this book, giving him his *Rationarium temporum*, for the messenger of good news should always be rewarded.

The Abbé Boileau used to say of the Jesuits, These gentlemen lengthen the creed, and shorten the decalogue. And in some

For real, as you now the word expound,
 From solid substance dwindles to a found.
 Methinks an Æsop's fable you repeat; 620
 You know who took the shadow for the meat:
 Your Church's substance thus you change at
 will,
 And yet retain your former figure still.
 I freely grant you spoke to save your life;
 For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife. 625
 Long time you fought, redoubled battery bore,
 But, after all, against yourself you swore;
 Your former self: for every hour your form
 Is chopp'd and chang'd, like winds before a
 storm.

Thus fear and interest will prevail with some;
 For all have not the gift of martyrdom. 631
 The Panther grin'd at this, and thus reply'd:
 That men may err was never yet deny'd.
 But, if that common principle be true,
 The canon, dame, is levell'd full at you. 635

MS. letters of Cardinal Fleury, he says, "The Jesuits are excellent valets, but sad masters." "If the Jesuits," said Montequieu, "had lived before Luther and Calvin, they would have been masters of the world."

There was a college of Ex-jesuits still left at Rome, 1793, who were often consulted by Pope Pius the VIth, and the cardinals, particularly father Zacchariah, who was intimate with the jacobin Mamuchi. Charles III. King of Spain, never forgave the Jesuits for spreading the report that he was the son of Cardinal Alberoni, and not of Philip the Vth. These Jesuits at Rome attributed the French revolution to their expulsion: saying, they were the only order that kept alive and propagated the principles of the Christian religion.

Dr. J. WARTON.

But, shunning long disputes, I fain would see
 That wonderous wight Infallibility.
 Is he from heaven, this mighty champion,
 come?

Or lodg'd below in subterranean Rome?
 First, feat him somewhere, and derive his
 race, 640

Or else conclude that nothing has no place.

Suppose, (though I disown it) said the
 Hind,

The certain mansion were not yet assign'd;
 The doubtful residence no proof can bring
 Against the plain existence of the thing. 645

Because philosophers may disagree,
 If sight by emission or reception be,
 Shall it be thence inferr'd, I do not see?

But you require an answer positive,
 Which yet, when I demand, you dare not
 give; 650

For fallacies in universals live.

I then affirm that this unfailing guide
 In Pope and General Councils must reside;

Ver. 652. ——— *this unfailing guide*] When a Cardinal came to pay his usual compliments of congratulation on the day of the anniversary, and to wish Pope Benedict the XIVth many years to enjoy his high dignity, his holiness said to him, "You are just returned from saying mass, and dare you utter such a falshood, as to wish I may not soon make a vacancy in the papal chair!" knowing how earnestly the death of a Pope is always wished for and expected.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Both lawful, both combin'd : what one de-
crees

By numerous votes, the other ratifies : 655
On this undoubted sense the Church relies.

'Tis true, some doctors in a scantier space,
I mean, in each apart, contract the place.

Some, who to greater length extend the line,
The Church's after-acceptation join. 660

This last circumference appears too wide ;

The Church diffus'd is by the Council ty'd ;

As members by their representatives

Oblig'd to laws, which Prince and Senate
gives.

Thus some contract, and some enlarge the
space : 665

In Pope and Council, who denies the place,
Assisted from above with God's unfailing
grace ?

Those canons all the needful points contain ;

Their sense so obvious, and their words so
plain,

That no disputes about the doubtful text 670

Have hitherto the labouring world perplex'd.

If any should in after-times appear,

New Councils must be call'd, to make the
meaning clear :

Because in them the power supreme resides ;

And all the promises are to the guides. 675

This may be taught with found and safe defence :

But mark how sandy is your own pretence,
Who, setting Councils, Pope and Church
aside,

Are every man his own presuming guide.
The sacred books, you say, are full and plain,
And every needful point of truth contain : 681

All, who can read, interpreters may be :
Thus, though your several Churches disagree,
Yet every saint has to himself alone
The secret of this philosophic stone. 685

These principles your jarring sects unite,
When differing doctors and disciples fight.
Though Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, holy chiefs,
Have made a battle-royal of beliefs ;

Or, like wild horses, several ways have whirl'd
The tortur'd text about the Christian world ; 691
Each Jehu lashing on with furious force,
That Turk or Jew could not have us'd it worse ;
No matter what dissension leaders make,

Where every private man may save a stake : 695
Rul'd by the Scripture and his own advice,
Each has a blind bye-path to Paradise ;
Where, driving in a circle, slow or fast,
Opposing sects are sure to meet at last.

Ver. 699. *Opposing sects*] A great physician told Sir W. Temple, that in the fanatic times he found most of his patients so disturbed by troubles of conscience, and religious scruples

A wonderous charity you have in store 700 }
 For all reform'd to pass the narrow door : }
 So much, that Mahomet had scarcely more.
 For he, kind prophet, was for damning none;
 But Christ and Moses were to save their own :
 Himself was to secure his chosen race, 705
 Though reason good for Turks to take the place,
 And he allow'd to be the better man,
 In virtue of his holier Alcoran.

True, said the Panther, I shall ne'er deny
 My brethren may be sav'd as well as I : 710
 Though Huguenots condemn our ordination,
 Succession, ministerial vocation ;

and fears, that he was forced to play the divine with them before he could begin the physician. Old Mr. Richardson informs us that a cavalier physician made his puritan patient, who consulted him in a stubborn bloody flux, drink up the common prayer-book, boiled to a pulp, which he had found torn to pieces and scattered about the hall as he came in ; swearing he would not prescribe for him till he had done so ; when indeed he would otherwise have prescribed him boiled paper.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 702. *So much, that Mahomet*] It is worth remarking, because it is a fact, not very well known and allowed, that Mahomet the II^d, when he had taken Constantinople, addressed the patriarch in the mildest and most benevolent terms, and installed him in his office with much ceremony. See page 229, Codini Antiquitat. Constant. ; an extraordinary example of toleration. Bayle has taken great pains to prove that we ought not to ascribe the wide and rapid progress of Mahometism, to its being a religion flattering the passions and corruptions, and agreeable, as is vulgarly said, to flesh and blood, for that in reality its moral precepts are very strict, rational, useful, and severe, and that it is burthened with many severe and troublesome prohibitions and ceremonies, such as drinking no wine, very frequent bathings, and repetitions of prayers, abstinence, and fastings, circumcision, and long and fatiguing pilgrimages.

Dr. J. WARTON.

And Luther, more mistaking what he read,
 Misjoins the sacred body with the bread:
 Yet, lady, still remember I maintain, 713
 The word in needful points is only plain.

Needless, or needful, I not now contend,
 For still you have a loop-hole for a friend;

Ver. 713. *And Luther,*] When Atterbury was a young man at Christ Church, he published in the year 1687, an excellent pamphlet in defence of Luther, entitled, "An Answer to some Considerations on the Spirit of Martin Luther, and the original of the Reformation." It is written with spirit and strength of argument, and deserves to be more attended to than I think it has been. He has particularly defended Luther for his marriage with Catherine Bora, and for his condemning the absurd vows of celibacy, which occasioned some of the most enormous impurities and lewdness among unmarried priests; referring for proofs to Damianus's letter to Pope Nicholas the Second, in the eleventh century, and particularly to two remarkable passages, one in Erasmus, and the other in Cofter; the former of whom says, in his Annotations on Timothy, "*Quam innumeri sunt monachi publicè incesti et impudici:*" and the latter, "*Sacerdos si fornicetur, aut domi concubinam habeat, tametsi gravi sacrilegio se obstringat, gravius tamen peccat, si matrimonium contrahat.* Cofter. Ench. cap. 15. To this I add, that Zuinglius, writing to the Swiss cantons, reminds them of an edict issued by their ancestors, which enjoined every priest to keep a concubine, to prevent their attacking their neighbours' wives. See Father Paul, Book 1.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 714. *Misjoins the sacred*] Transubstantiation is a doctrine so marvellously absurd, that it deserves not to be treated in a serious, but only in a ludicrous way. When Anne Askew was put to the torture in the Tower, for being a Protestant, during the tyranny of Henry VIII, she exclaimed, I have taken pains to believe in God who made the world, and all men in it; but cannot be easily persuaded, that *man was quits, and made God again.* Christianity will never make any progress in the East Indies, wherever any missionary preaches this doctrine. A gentleman who had resided at Benares told me, that a sensible Bramin said one day to him, "You see I abstain from all animal food, but you, dreadful and blasphemous idea! say you eat your own God."

Dr. J. WARTON.

(Rejoin'd the matron): but the rule you lay
 Has led whole flocks, and leads them still
 astray, 720

In weighty points, and full damnation's way.

For did not Arius first, Socinus now,
 The Son's eternal Godhead disavow?

And did not these by gospel texts alone
 Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their
 own? 725

Have not all hereticks the same pretence
 To plead the Scriptures in their own defence?
 How did the Nicene Council then decide
 That strong debate? was it by Scripture
 try'd?

No, sure; to that the rebel would not yield; 730
 Squadrons of texts he marshall'd in the field:
 That was but civil war, an equal set,
 Where piles with piles, and eagles eagles met.
 With texts point-blank and plain he fac'd the
 foe,

And did not Satan tempt our Saviour so? 735
 The good old bishops took a simpler way;
 Each ask'd but what he heard his father say,
 Or how he was instructed in his youth,
 And by tradition's force upheld the truth.

Ver. 730. ——— to that *the rebel* &c.] To *those* the rebel
 &c. Orig. edit. TODD.

The Panther smil'd at this ; And when, said
she, 740

Were those first councils disallow'd by me ?
Or where did I at sure tradition strike,
Provided still it were apostolic ?

Friend, said the Hind, you quit your for-
mer ground,
Where all your faith you did on Scripture
found : 745

Now 'tis tradition join'd with holy writ ;
But thus your memory betrays your wit.

No, said the Panther, for in that I view,
When your tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis
true.

I set them by the rule, and, as they square, 750
Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there,
This oral fiction, that old faith declare. }

HIND. The Council steer'd, it seems, a
different course ;

They try'd the Scripture by tradition's force :
But you tradition by the Scripture try ; 755
Pursu'd by sects, from this to that you fly, }
Nor dare on one foundation to rely.

The word is then depos'd, and in this view,
You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you.
Thus said the dame, and, smiling, thus pursu'd :
I see, tradition then is disallow'd, 761
When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true,
And Scripture, as interpreted by you.

But here you tread upon unfaithful ground ;
Unless you could infallibly expound : 765
Which you reject as odious Popery,
And throw that doctrine back with scorn on me.
Suppose we on things traditive divide,
And both appeal to Scripture to decide ;
By various texts we both uphold our claim, 770
Nay, often, ground our titles on the same :
After long labour lost, and time's expence,
Both grant the words, and quarrel for the sense,
Thus all disputes for ever must depend ;
For no dumb rule can controversies end, 775
Thus, when you said, Tradition must be try'd
By sacred writ, whose sense yourselves decide,
You said no more, but that yourselves must be
The judges of the Scripture sense, not we.
Against our Church-tradition you declare, 780
And yet your clerks would sit in Moses' chair :
At least 'tis prov'd against your argument,
The rule is far from plain, where all dissent.

If not by Scriptures, how can we be sure,
Reply'd the Panther, what tradition's pure ?
For you may palm upon us new for old : 786
All, as they say, that glitters, is not gold.

How but by following her, reply'd the dame,
To whom deriv'd from fire to son they came ;
Where every age does on another move, 790
And trusts no farther than the next above ;

Where all the rounds like Jacob's ladder rise,
The lowest hid in earth, the topmost in the
skies.

Sternly the savage did her answer mark, 794
Her glowing eye-balls glittering in the dark,
And said but this: Since lucre was your trade,
Succeeding times such dreadful gaps have
made,

'Tis dangerous climbing: To your sons and you
I leave the ladder, and its omen too.

HIND. The Panther's breath was ever fam'd
for sweet; 800
But from the Wolf such wishes oft I meet:
You learn'd this language from the Blatant
Beast,
Or rather did not speak, but were possess'd.
As for your answer, 'tis but barely urg'd:
You must evince tradition to be forg'd; 805
Produce plain proofs; unblemish'd authors use,
As ancient as those ages they accuse;

Ver. 802. *You learn'd this language from the Blatant Beast,*] Spenser, in his excellent poem, called "The Fairy Queen," shadows the moral virtues under the fictitious names of gallant heroes; and some of the worst vices, (in regard they are most opposite to rational nature) under the counterfeit names of certain monstrous brutes; particularly he represents that pernicious vice of calumny or slander, by a deformed creature, which he calls *The Blatant Beast*; whose property it was to defame all states and sorts of mankind, not sparing even princes, nor leaving the clearest honour untainted, that came within the steam of its contagious breath.

DERRICK.

'Till when, 'tis not sufficient to defame :
 An old possession stands, 'till elder quits the
 claim.

Then for our interest, which is nam'd alone 810
 To load with envy, we retort your own.

For when traditions in your faces fly,
 Resolving not to yield, you must decry.

As, when the cause goes hard, the guilty man
 Excepts, and thins his jury all he can ; 815

So, when you stand of other aid bereft,
 You to the twelve apostles would be left.

Your friend the Wolf did with more craft pro-
 vide

To set those toys, traditions, quite aside ;
 And Fathers too, unless when, reason spent,

He cites them but sometimes for ornament. 821

But, madam Panther, you, though more sincere,
 Are not so wise as your adulterer :

The private spirit is a better blind, 824

Than all the dodging tricks your authors find.

For they, who left the Scripture to the crowd,
 Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd ;

The way to please them was to make them
 proud.

Thus, with full sails, they ran upon the shelf ;

Who could suspect a cozenage from himself ?

On his own reason safer 'tis to stand, 831

Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at second hand.

But you, who Fathers and traditions take,
 And garble some, and some you quite forsake,
 Pretending Church-authority to fix, 835

And yet some grains of private spirit mix,
 Are, like a mule, made up of differing feed,
 And that's the reason why you never breed ;
 At least not propagate your kind abroad,
 For home-dissenters are by statutes aw'd, 840

And yet they grow upon you every day,
 While you, to speak the best, are at a stay,
 For sects, that are extremes, abhor a middle
 way, }

Like tricks of state, to stop a raging flood,
 Or mollify a mad-brain'd senate's mood : 845
 Of all expedients never one was good. }

Well may they argue, (nor can you deny)
 If we must fix on Church-authority,
 Best on the best, the fountain, not the flood ;
 That must be better still, if this be good. 850

Shall she command, who has herself rebell'd ?
 Is Antichrist by Antichrist expell'd ?

Did we a lawful tyranny displace,
 To set aloft a bastard of the race ?

Why all these wars to win the book, if we 855
 Must not interpret for ourselves, but she ?
 Either be wholly slaves, or wholly free. }

Ver. 840. ——— *home-dissenters are by statutes aw'd.*] When Dryden wrote this, the penal statutes against dissenters were not repealed. DERRICK,

For purging fires traditions must not fight ;
 But they must prove episcopacy's right.
 Thus those led horses are from service freed ;
 You never mount them but in time of need. 861

Like mercenaries, hir'd for home defence,
 They will not serve against their native prince.
 Against domestic foes of hierarchy 864

These are drawn forth, to make fanatics fly ;
 But, when they see their countrymen at hand,
 Marching against them under Church-com-
 mand,
 Straight they forsake their colours, and dis-
 band. }

Thus she, nor could the Panther well en-
 large

With weak defence against so strong a charge ;
 But said : For what did Christ his word pro-
 vide, 871

If still his Church must want a living guide ?
 And if all saving doctrines are not there,
 Or sacred penmen could not make them clear,
 From after-ages we should hope in vain 875
 For truths, which men inspir'd could not ex-
 plain.

Before the word was written, said the Hind,
 Our Saviour preach'd his faith to human kind :

Ver. 868. ——— *forsake their colours, &c.*] Orig. edit.
 Derrick reads, *forsake their color.* TODD.

From his apostles the first age receiv'd
Eternal truth, and what they taught believ'd.
Thus by tradition faith was planted first ; 881
Succeeding flocks succeeding pastors nurs'd.
This was the way our wise Redeemer chose,
(Who sure could all things for the best dispose) }
To fence his fold from their encroaching foes. }
He could have writ himself, but well foresaw 886
The event would be like that of Moses' law ;
Some difference would arise, some doubts remain,

Like those which yet the jarring Jews maintain.
No written laws can be so plain, so pure, 890
But wit may gloss, and malice may obscure ;
Not those indited by his first command,
A prophet grav'd the text, an angel held his
hand.

Thus faith was ere the written word appear'd,
And men believ'd, not what they read, but
heard. 895

But since the apostles could not be confin'd
To these, or those, but severally design'd
Their large commission round the world to
blow,

To spread their faith, they spread their labours
too.

Yet still their absent flock their pains did share ;
They hearken'd still, for love produces care. 901

And, as mistakes arofe, or difcords fell,
Or bold feducers taught them to rebel,
As charity grew cold, or faction hot,
Or long neglect their leffons had forgot, 905
For all their wants they wifely did provide,
And preaching by epiftles was fupply'd:
So great phyficians cannot all attend,
But fome they vifit, and to fome they fend.
Yet all thofe letters were not writ to all; 910
Nor firft intended but occafional,
Their abfent fermons; nor if they contain
All needful doctrines, are thofe doctrines plain.
Clearnefs by frequent preaching muft be
wrought;

They writ but feldom, but they daily taught.
And what one faint has faid of holy Paul, 916
“ He darkly writ,” is true apply'd to all.
For this obfcurity could Heaven provide
More prudently than by a living guide, }
As doubts arofe, the difference to decide? 920 }
A guide was therefore needful, therefore made;
And, if appointed, fure to be obey'd.
Thus, with due reverence to the apoftles' writ,
By which my fons are taught, to which fubmit;
I think, thofe truths, their facred works contain,
The Church alone can certainly explain; 926
That following ages, leaning on the paft,
May reft upon the primitive at laft.

Nor would I thence the word no rule infer,
 But none without the Church-interpreter. 930
 Because, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute,
 And is itself the subject of dispute.

But what the apostles their successors taught,
 They to the next, from them to us is brought,
 The undoubted sense which is in Scripture
 fought. 935

From hence the Church is arm'd, when errors
 rise
 To stop their entrance, and prevent surprise ;
 And, safe entrench'd within, her foes without
 defies.

By these all festering sores her Councils heal,
 Which time or has disclos'd, or shall reveal; 940
 For discord cannot end without a last appeal.

Nor can a Council national decide,
 But with subordination to her guide :
 (I wish the cause were on that issue try'd.)
 Much less the Scripture ; for suppose debate
 Betwixt pretenders to a fair estate, 946

Bequeath'd by some legator's last intent ;
 (Such is our dying Saviour's testament :)
 The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read ;
 The doubtful heirs their differing titles plead :
 All vouch the words their interest to main-
 tain, 951

And each pretends by those his cause is plain.

Shall then the Testament award the right?
 No, that's the Hungary for which they fight;
 The field of battle, subject of debate; 955
 The thing contended for, the fair estate.
 The sense is intricate, 'tis only clear
 What vowels and what consonants are there.
 Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning must be try'd
 Before some judge appointed to decide. 960
 Suppose, the fair apostate said, I grant,
 The faithful flock some living guide should
 want,
 Your arguments an endless chace pursue:
 Produce this vaunted leader to our view,
 This mighty Moses of the chosen crew. 965
 The dame, who saw her fainting foe re-
 tir'd,
 With force renew'd, to victory aspir'd;

Ver. 957. *The sense is intricate,*] In denying the use of the Bible to the bulk of the people, the followers of the Church of Rome exactly copy the conduct of the Brahmins in India. As their order had an exclusive right to read the sacred books, (says Robertson) to cultivate and to teach science, they could more effectually prevent all who were not members of it from acquiring any portion of information beyond what they were pleased to impart. When the free circulation of knowledge is not circumscribed by such restrictions, the whole community derives benefit from every new acquisition in science, the influence of which, both upon sentiment and conduct, extends insensibly from the few to the many, from the learned to the ignorant. But wherever the dominion of false religion is completely established, the body of the people gain nothing by the improvements in knowledge.

Dr. J. WARTON.

And, looking upward to her kindred sky,
 As once our Saviour own'd his Deity,
 Pronounc'd his words—"She whom ye seek
 am I." 970

Nor less amaz'd this voice the Panther heard,
 Than were those Jews to hear a God declar'd.
 Then thus the matron modestly renew'd:
 Let all your prophets and their sects be view'd,
 And see to which of them yourselves think fit
 The conduct of your conscience to submit: 976
 Each profelyte would vote his doctor best,
 With absolute exclusion to the rest:
 Thus would your Polish diet disagree,
 And end, as it began, in anarchy: 980
 Yourself the fairest for election stand,
 Because you seem crown-general of the land:
 But soon against your superstitious lawn
 Some Presbyterian sabre would be drawn:
 In your establish'd laws of sovereignty 985
 The rest some fundamental flaw would see,
 And call rebellion gospel-liberty.
 To Church-decrees your articles require
 Submission modify'd, if not entire.
 Homage deny'd, to censures you proceed: 990
 But when Curtana will not do the deed,

Ver. 981. *Submission* modify'd,] So the original edition.
 Derrick has *mollify'd*. TODD.

Ver. 991. ——— *Curtana*] The name of King Edward
 the Confessor's sword without a point, an emblem of mercy,
 which is carried before our king and queen at their coronation.
 DERRICK.

You lay that pointless clergy-weapon by,
 And to the laws, your sword of justice, fly.
 Now this your sects the more unkindly take,
 (Those prying varlets hit the blots you make)
 Because some ancient friends of yours declare,
 Your only rule of faith the Scriptures are, 997
 Interpreted by men of judgment found,
 Which every sect will for themselves expound;
 Nor think less reverence to their doctors due
 For sound interpretation, than to you. 1001

If then, by able heads, are understood
 Your brother prophets, who reform'd abroad;
 Those able heads expound a wiser way,
 That their own sheep their shepherd should obey.
 But if you mean yourselves are only found, 1006
 That doctrine turns the Reformation round, }
 And all the rest are false reformers found; }
 Because in sundry points you stand alone, }
 Not in communion join'd with any one; 1010 }
 And therefore must be all the Church, or }
 none.

Then, 'till you have agreed whose judge is best,
 Against this forc'd submission they protest:
 While found and found a different sense explains,
 Both play at hardhead till they break their
 brains; 1015

And from their chairs each other's force defy,
 While unregarded thunders vainly fly.

I pass the rest, because your Church alone
Of all usurpers best could fill the throne.

But neither you, nor any sect beside, 1020
For this high office can be qualify'd,
With necessary gifts requir'd in such a guide. }

For that, which must direct the whole, must be
Bound in one bond of faith and unity: }

But all your several Churches disagree. 1025 }

The consubstantiating Church and priest
Refuse communion to the Calvinist:

The French reform'd from preaching you re-
strain, }

Because you judge their ordination vain; }

And so they judge of yours, but donors must
ordain. 1030 }

In short, in doctrine, or in discipline,

Not one reform'd can with another join:

But all from each, as from damnation, fly;

No union they pretend, but in Non-Popery.

Nor, should their members in a synod meet,

Could any Church presume to mount the seat,

Above the rest, their discords to decide; 1037

None would obey, but each would be the
guide:

And face to face dissensions would increase;

For only distance now preserves the peace.

All in their turns accusers, and accus'd: 1041

Babel was never half so much confus'd:

What one can plead, the rest can plead as well ; }
 For amongst equals lies no last appeal, }
 And all confess themselves are fallible. 1045 }
 Now since you grant some necessary guide,
 All who can err are justly laid aside :
 Because a trust so sacred to confer }
 Shews want of such a sure interpreter ; }
 And how can he be needful who can err ? }
 Then, granting that unerring guide we want, 1051
 That such there is you stand oblig'd to grant :
 Our Saviour else were wanting to supply
 Our needs, and obviate that necessity.
 It then remains, that Church can only be 1055
 The guide, which owns unfailing certainty ;
 Or else you slip your hold, and change your side,
 Relapsing from a necessary guide.
 But this annex'd condition of the crown, }
 Immunity from errors, you disown ; 1060 }
 Here then you shrink, and lay your weak pre- }
 tences down.

Ver. 1056. ——— *unfailing certainty ;*] Our author's
 humanity would not suffer him, in his general defence of popery,
 to justify the abominable institution of the Inquisition. In the
 cathedral church of Saragossa, there is a tomb of a famous in-
 quisitor. Six very magnificent columns stand on his tomb, and
 to each of these columns is a Moor chained, ready to be burned.
 A fit model for the mausoleum of any hangman that died rich.
 How much are the fine tragedies of Polieucte and Athaliah ble-
 mished by strokes of the most intemperate zeal, and absurd su-
 perstition, and abhorrence of heretics. “ Does the daughter of
 David,” says Joab to Josabet, “ speak to this priest of Baal ?
 Are you not afraid lest the earth should instantly open, and
 pour out flames to devour you both ? Or that these holy walls
 should suddenly fall, and crush you together ?” Dr. J. WARTON.

For petty royalties you raise debate ;
 But this unfailing universal state
 You shun ; nor dare succeed to such a glorious
 weight ;

And for that cause those promises detest, 1065
 With which our Saviour did his Church invest ;

But strive to evade, and fear to find them true,
 As conscious they were never meant to you :
 All which the Mother-Church asserts her own,
 And with unrivall'd claim ascends the throne.
 So when of old the almighty Father fate 1071
 In council, to redeem our ruin'd state,

Ver. 1071. *So when of old*] The following next sixteen lines are perhaps the most splendid and sublime our author ever wrote. But the idea of them is manifestly taken from Milton, Book iii. where God is represented sitting on his throne, surrounded by all the sanctities of heaven, and speaking thus of the fate of Adam just after his fall :—

Die he, or Justice must, unless for him
 Some other able, and as willing, pay
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
 Say, heavenly Powers ; where shall we find such love ?
 Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
 Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save ?
 Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear ?
 He ask'd, but all the heav'nly quire stood mute,
 And silence was in Heaven : on Man's behalf
 Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
 And now without redemption all mankind
 Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
 In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
 His dearest mediation thus renew'd :
 Father, thy word is past, Man shall find grace ;

Millions of millions, at a distance round,
 Silent the sacred consistory crown'd,
 To hear what mercy, mixt with justice, could
 propound : 1075

All prompt, with eager pity, to fulfil
 The full extent of their Creator's will.
 But when the stern conditions were declar'd,
 A mournful whisper through the host was heard,
 And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung
 down, 1080
 Submissively declin'd the ponderous proffer'd
 crown.

And shall grace not find means, that finds her way
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all
 Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unfought ?
 Happy for man, so coming ; he her aid
 Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost ;
 Atonement for himself or offering meet,
 Indebted and undone, hath none to bring :
 Behold me then ; me for him, life for life
 I offer ; on me let thine anger fall ;
 Account me Man ;——

Butler, in his *Analogy*, a book which every rational Christian should read and meditate upon day and night, has, with the deepest penetration and acuteness, exhausted all the arguments that can be urged for the doctrine of redemption, of mediatorship, and vicarious punishment.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 1078. *But when the stern conditions were declar'd,
 A mournful whisper through the host was heard,
 And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down,
 Submissively declin'd the ponderous proffer'd crown.
 Then, not till then, &c. &c.]*

This is an imitation, but a very feeble one, of Milton's impressive description, *Par. Lost*, iii. 216.

Dwells in all heaven charity so dear ?
 He ask'd, but all the heavenly quire stood mute,
 And silence was in Heaven : on Man's behalf
 Patron or intercessor none appear'd, &c. TODD.

Then, not till then, the eternal Son from high
 Rose in the strength of all the Deity ;
 Stood forth to accept the terms, and under-
 went

A weight which all the frame of heaven had
 bent, 1085

Nor he himself could bear, but as Omnipotent.

Now, to remove the least remaining doubt,
 That e'en the blear-ey'd sects may find her out,
 Behold what heavenly rays adorn her brows,
 What from his wardrobe her belov'd allows
 To deck the wedding-day of his unspotted
 spouse. 1091

Behold what marks of majesty she brings ;
 Richer than ancient heirs of eastern kings :
 Her right hand holds the sceptre and the keys,
 To shew whom she commands, and who obeys :
 With these to bind, or set the sinner free, 1096
 With that to assert spiritual royalty.

* One in herself, not rent by schism, but sound,
 Entire, one solid shining diamond ;
 Not sparkles shatter'd into sects like you : 1100
 One is the Church, and must be to be true :
 One central principle of unity.

As undivided, so from errors free,
 As one in faith, so one in sanctity.

* Marks of the Catholic Church from the Nicene Creed,
 Original edition.

Thus she, and none but she, the insulting rage
Of heretics oppos'd from age to age : 1106

Still when the giant-brood invades her throne,
She stoops from heaven, and meets them half
way down,
And with paternal thunder vindicates her
crown.

But like Egyptian forcerers you stand, 1110
And vainly lift aloft your magic wand,
To sweep away the swarms of vermin from the
land :

You could, like them, with like infernal force,
Produce the plague, but not arrest the course.
But when the boils and blotches, with disgrace
And public scandal, fat upon the face, 1116
Themselves attack'd, the Magi strove no more,
They saw God's finger, and their fate deplore;
Themselves they could not cure of the disho-
nest fore.

Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely
spread, 1120

Like the fair ocean from her mother-bed ;
From east to west triumphantly she rides,
All shores are water'd by her wealthy tides.
The gospel's sound, diffus'd from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, and where waves can
roll, 1125

Ver. 1115. ——— *boils and blotches,*] The original edi-
tion has *botches*. TODD.

The self-same doctrine of the sacred page
Convey'd to every clime, in every age.

Here let my sorrow give my satire place,
To raise new blushes on my British race;
Our sailing ships like common shoars we use,
And through our distant colonies diffuse 1131
The draught of dungeons, and the stench of
stews.

Whom, when their home-bred honesty is lost,
We disembogue on some far Indian coast:
Thieves, pandars, paillards, fins of every sort;
Those are the manufactures we export; 1136
And these the missionaries our zeal has made:
For, with my country's pardon be it said,
Religion is the least of all our trade.

Yet some improve their traffic more than
we; 1140
For they on gain, their only god, rely;
And set a public price on piety.

Ver. 1130. ——— like common shoars &c.] Original
edition. TODD.

Ver. 1138. *For, with my country's pardon be it said,
Religion is the least of all our trade.*]

The same train of thought appears in Cowper's pathetic Apop-
trophe to Omai, Task, book i. p. 36.

Alas! expect it not. We found no bait
To tempt us in thy country. Doing good,
Disinterested good, is not our trade.
We travel far, 'tis true, but not for nought;
And must be brib'd to compass earth again,
By other hopes and richer fruits than yours.

JOHN WARTON.

Industrious of the needle and the chart,
 They run full sail to their Japonian mart;
 Prevention fear, and, prodigal of fame, 1145
 Sell all of Christian to the very name;
 Nor leave enough of that to hide their naked
 shame.

Thus, of three marks, which in the Creed we
 view,

Not one of all can be apply'd to you:
 Much less the fourth; in vain, alas! you seek
 The ambitious title of Apostolic: 1151
 God-like descent! 'tis well your blood can be
 Prov'd noble in the third or fourth degree:
 For all of ancient that you had before,
 (I mean what is not borrow'd from our store)
 Was error fulminated o'er and o'er; 1156
 Old heresies condemn'd in ages past,
 By care and time recover'd from the blast.

'Tis said with ease, but never can be prov'd,
 The Church her old foundations has remov'd,

Ver. 1159. *'Tis said with ease,*] Dryden never seems to have read the incomparable and unanswerable History of the Council of Trent, which of itself, if no other treatise remained, would alone be a complete refutation of the absurdities and errors of popery. Instead of answering the treatise which the court of Rome was supposed to write against the republic of Venice, entitled, *Squittinio della Liberta Veneta*, Father Paul thought it more effectual to imitate the conduct of the Romans, who to drive the Carthaginians out of Italy, carried the war into Africa itself, and then attacked their enemies, and therefore he wrote the history of the Council of Trent, and attacked the court of Rome itself in its head-quarters. Father Paul valued Occam above all the schoolmen. Father Paul was acquainted with the

And built new doctrines on unstable sands: 1161
 Judge that, ye winds and rains: you prov'd
 her, yet she stands.

Those ancient doctrines charg'd on her for new,
 Shew, when, and how, and from what hands
 they grew.

We claim no power, when heresies grow bold,
 To coin new faith, but still declare the old. 1166

doctrine of the circulation of the blood, but borrowed the idea from Servetus. Wootton affirms, that Servetus first discovered it. Pallavicini has enumerated 360 mistakes in father Paul's history of the Council of Trent; but what are these mistakes? only trivial, unimportant errors of dates and names.

Cardinal Perron says, "I visited Fra. Paolo at Venice. He appeared to be a sensible man—nothing more:" a judgment worthy of a Cardinal.

Sir Henry Wotton assured King Charles, that Father Paul, though naturally of a reserved temper, which was heightened by the suspicions of his countrymen, yet opened his inmost soul, and disclosed his secret opinions to Bishop Bedell, with whom he contracted the strictest intimacy. Sir Nathaniel Brent was privately sent to Venice to get a copy of his history of the Council of Trent, which he secretly, and with great personal danger, communicated, twelve sheets at a time, to archbishop Abbot, who employed him in this transaction.

Giannone, in his admirable history of the Civil Government of Naples, in forty books, has clearly proved, that the boasted donation of all Italy, supposed to have been made by Constantine in the year 324, to Sylvester, Pope of Rome, is a gross and shameful forgery. No wonder this able, curious, and candid historian was afterwards seized by the inquisition, and died in prison.

Clement VII. gave to his nephew Cardinal Hippolite, in 1537, the possession of all the benefices on the whole earth, that should become vacant in six months.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 1161. *And built new doctrines on unstable sands:*

*Judge that, ye winds and rains: you prov'd her,
 yet she stands.]*

A scriptural allusion.

JOHN WARTON.

How else could that obscene disease be purg'd,
When controverted texts are vainly urg'd?

To prove tradition new, there's somewhat more
Requir'd, than saying, 'Twas not us'd before. 1170

Those monumental arms are never stirr'd,
Till schism or heresy call down Goliath's sword.

Thus, what you call corruptions, are, in
truth,

The first plantations of the gospel's youth;
Old standard faith: but cast your eyes again,
And view those errors which new sects main-
tain, 1176

Or which of old disturb'd the Church's peace-
ful reign;

And we can point each period of the time,
When they began, and who begot the crime;

Can calculate how long the eclipse endur'd, 1180
Who interpos'd, what digits were obscur'd:

Of all which are already pass'd away,
We know the rise, the progress, and decay.

Despair at our foundations then to strike,
Till you can prove your faith apostolic; 1185

A limpid stream drawn from the native source;
Succession lawful in a lineal course.

Prove any Church, oppos'd to this our head,
So one, so pure, so unconfinedly spread,

Under one chief of the spiritual state, 1190
The members all combin'd, and all subordi-

nate.

Shew such a seamless coat, from schism so free,
In no communion join'd with heresy.

If such a one you find, let truth prevail :
Till when your weights will in the balance
fail : 1195

A Church unprincipled kicks up the scale.

But if you cannot think (nor sure you can
Suppose in God what were unjust in man)

That He, the fountain of eternal grace,
Should suffer falsehood, for so long a space, 1200
To banish truth, and to usurp her place :
That seven successive ages should be lost,
And preach damnation at their proper cost ;
That all your erring ancestors should die,
Drown'd in the abyss of deep idolatry : 1205

If piety forbid such thoughts to rise,

Awake, and open your unwilling eyes :

God hath left nothing for each age undone,

From this to that wherein he sent his Son :

Then think but well of him, and half your
work is done. 1210

See how his Church, adorn'd with every
grace,

With open arms, a kind forgiving face,

Stands ready to prevent her long-lost son's
embrace.

Ver. 1202. *That seven successive ages*] *Nine successive ages,*
orig. edit. TODD.

Ver. 1208. *God hath left &c.*] *Has left.* Orig. edit.

TODD.

Not more did Joseph o'er his brethren weep,
 Nor less himself could from discovery keep, 1215
 When in the crowd of suppliants they were
 seen,

And in their crew his best-loved Benjamin.
 That pious Joseph in the Church behold*,
 To feed your famine, and refuse your gold ;
 The Joseph you exil'd, the Joseph whom you }
 fold. 1220

Thus, while with heavenly charity she
 spoke,
 A streaming blaze the silent shadows broke ;
 Shot from the skies a chearful azure light:
 The birds obscene to forests wing'd their }
 flight,
 And gaping graves receiv'd the wand'ring }
 guilty spright. 1225

Such were the pleasing triumphs of the sky,
 For James his late nocturnal victory ;
 The pledge of his almighty Patron's love,
 The fireworks which his angels made above.
 I saw myself the lambent easy light † 1230
 Gild the brown horror, and dispel the night:

Ver. 1214. *Not more did Joseph o'er his brethren weep,*] The very expression used in the pathetic and simple story of Joseph and his brethren. JOHN WARRON.

* The renunciation of the Benedictines to the Abbey Lands. Orig. edit.

† *Poëta loquitur*, Orig. edit.

The messenger with speed the tidings bore ;
 News, which three labouring nations did re-
 store ;
 But heaven's own Nuntius was arriv'd be-
 fore.

By this, the Hind had reach'd her lonely
 cell, 1235

And vapours rose, and dews unwholsom fell.
 When she, by frequent observation wise,
 As one who long on heaven had fix'd her eyes,
 Discern'd a change of weather in the skies.
 The western borders were with crimson spread,
 The moon descending look'd all flaming red ;
 She thought good manners bound her to invite
 The stranger dame to be her guest that night.

'Tis true, coarse diet, and a short repast,
 (She said) were weak inducements to the
 taste 1245

Of one so nicely bred, and so unus'd to fast :
 But what plain fare her cottage could afford,
 A hearty welcome at a homely board,
 Was freely hers ; and, to supply the rest,
 An honest meaning, and an open breast : 1250
 Last, with content of mind, the poor man's
 wealth,

A grace-cup to their common patron's health.
 This she desir'd her to accept, and stay,
 For fear she might be wilder'd in her way,

Because she wanted an unerring guide, 1255
 And then the dew drops on her filken hide
 Her tender constitution did declare,
 Too lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
 And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.
 But most she fear'd that, travelling so late, 1260
 Some evil-minded beasts might lie in wait,
 And without witness wreak their hidden hate.

The Panther, though she lent a listening ear,
 Had more of lion in her than to fear :
 Yet wisely weighing, since she had to deal 1265
 With many foes, their numbers might prevail,
 Return'd her all the thanks she could afford ;
 And took her friendly hostess at her word :
 Who, entering first her lowly roof, a shed
 With hoary moss, and winding ivy spread, 1270
 Honest enough to hide an humble hermit's
 head,
 Thus graciously bespoke her welcome guest :
 So might these walls, with your fair presence
 blest,
 Become your dwelling-place of everlasting
 rest ;

Not for a night, or quick revolving year, 1275
 Welcome an owner, not a sojourner.

This peaceful feat my poverty secures ;
 War seldom enters but where wealth allures :
 Nor yet despise it ; for this poor abode
 Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives a God ; 1280

A God, victorious of the Stygian race,
Here laid his sacred limbs, and sanctify'd the
place.

This mean retreat did mighty Pan contain: }
Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain, }
And dare not to debase your soul to gain. 1285 }

The silent stranger stood amaz'd to see
Contempt of wealth, and wilful poverty;
And, though ill habits are not soon controul'd,
Awhile suspended her desire of gold.

But civilly drew in her sharpen'd paws, 1290 }
Not violating hospitable laws, }
And pacify'd her tail, and lick'd her frothy }
jaws. }

The Hind did first her country cates pro-
vide;
Then couch'd herself securely by her side.

Ver. 1285. *And dare not to debase your soul to gain.*]

Aude, hospes, contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum

Finge deo ———

In the whole passage he has an eye to the reception of Æneas
by Evander.

JOHN WARTON.

THE

THIRD PART.

MUCH malice mingled with a little wit, 1295
Perhaps, may censure this mysterious writ :
Because the muse has peopled Caledon
With Panthers, Bears, and Wolves, and beasts }
unknown, }
As if we were not stock'd with monsters of our
own. }

Let Æsop answer, who has set to view 1300
Such kinds as Greece and Phrygia never
knew ;

And mother Hubbard, in her homely dress,
Has sharply blam'd a British Lionsess ;
That queen, whose feast the factious rabble keep,
Expos'd obscenely naked and asleep. 1305

Led by those great examples, may not I
The wanted organs of their words supply ?
If men transact like brutes, 'tis equal then
For brutes to claim the privilege of men.

Others our Hind of folly will indite, 1310
To entertain a dangerous guest by night.

Let those remember, that she cannot die
 'Till rolling time is lost in round eternity;
 Nor need she fear the Panther, though un-
 tam'd, 1314

Because the Lion's peace was now proclaim'd:
 The wary savage would not give offence,
 To forfeit the protection of her Prince;
 But watch'd the time her vengeance to com-
 plete,

When all her furry sons in frequent Senate
 met;

Mean while she quench'd her fury at the flood,
 And with a lenten fallad cool'd her blood. 1321
 Their commons, though but coarse, were no-
 thing scant,

Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.

For now the Hind, whose noble nature strove,
 To express her plain simplicity of love, 1325
 Did all the honours of her house so well,
 No sharp debates disturb'd the friendly meal.
 She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
 To common dangers past, a sadly-pleasing
 theme;

Remembring every storm which tofs'd the
 state, 1330
 When both were objects of the public hate,
 And dropt a tear betwixt for her own chil-
 dren's fate.

Nor fail'd she then a full review to make
 Of what the Panther suffer'd for her sake :
 Her lost esteem, her truth, her loyal care, 1335
 Her faith unshaken to an exil'd heir,
 Her strength to endure, her courage to defy;
 Her choice of honourable infamy.
 On these, proluxly thankful, she enlarg'd ; 1339
 Then with acknowledgment herself she charg'd ;
 For friendship, of itself an holy tie,
 Is made more sacred by adversity.
 Now should they part, malicious tongues would
 say,
 They met like chance companions on the way,
 Whom mutual fear of robbers had possess'd ; 1345
 While danger lasted, kindness was profess'd ;
 But that once o'er the short-liv'd union ends :
 The road divides, and there divide the friends.
 The Panther nodded when her speech was
 done,
 And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone : 1350
 But said her gratitude had gone too far
 For common offices of Christian care.
 If to the lawful heir she had been true,
 She paid but Cæsar what was Cæsar's due. 1354

Ver. 1346. *While danger lasted, kindness was profess'd ;
 But that once o'er the short-liv'd union ends :]*

“ Metus et terror imprime vincula caritatis, quæ ubi remo-
 veris timere incipias.”

Sallust, I believe.

JOHN WARTON.

I might, she added, with like praise describe
 Your suffering sons, and so return your bribe ;
 But incense from my hands is poorly priz'd ;
 For gifts are scorn'd where givers are despis'd.
 I serv'd a turn, and then was cast away ;
 You, like the gaudy fly, your wings display,
 And sip the sweets, and bask in your great
 patron's day. 1361

This heard, the matron was not slow to find
 What sort of malady had seiz'd her mind :
 Disdain, with gnawing envy, fell despight,
 And canker'd malice stood in open fight: 1365
 Ambition, interest, pride without controul,
 And jealousy, the jaundice of the soul ;
 Revenge, the bloody minister of ill,
 With all the lean tormentors of the will.
 'Twas easy now to guess from whence arose 1370
 Her new-made union with her ancient foes,
 Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,
 Affected kindness with an alter'd face :
 Yet durst she not too deeply probe the wound,
 As hoping still the nobler parts were found: 1375
 But strove with anodynes to assuage the smart,
 And mildly thus her med'cine did impart.

Complaints of lovers help to ease their pain ;
 It shows a rest of kindness to complain ;

Ver. 1373. *Affected kindness with an alter'd face :*] “ And harsh
 unkindness' alter'd eye.” Gray. JOHN WARTON.

A friendship loth to quit its former hold ; 1380
 And conscious merit may be justly bold.
 But much more just your jealousy would shew,
 If other's good were injury to you :
 Witness, ye heavens, how I rejoice to see
 Rewarded worth and rising loyalty. 1385
 Your warrior offspring that upheld the crown,
 The scarlet honor of your peaceful gown,
 Are the most pleasing objects I can find,
 Charms to my sight, and cordials to my mind :
 When virtue spooms before a prosperous gale,
 My heaving wishes help to fill the sail ; 1391
 And if my prayers for all the brave were
 heard,
 Cæsar should still have such, and such should
 still reward.

The labour'd earth your pains have sow'd
 and till'd ;
 'Tis just you reap the product of the field : 1395
 Your's be the harvest, 'tis the beggar's gain
 To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.
 Such scatter'd ears as are not worth your care,
 Your charity, for alms, may safely spare,
 For alms are but the vehicles of prayer. 1400
 My daily bread is literally implor'd ;
 I have no barns nor granaries to hoard,

If Cæsar to his own his hand extends,
 Say which of yours his charity offends:
 You know he largely gives to more than are
 his friends. 1405

Are you defrauded, when he feeds the poor?
 Our mite decreases nothing of your store.
 I am but few, and by your fare you see
 My crying sins are not of luxury. 1409
 Some juster motive sure your mind withdraws,
 And makes you break our friendship's holy
 laws;

For barefac'd envy is too base a cause.
 Shew more occasion for your discontent;
 Your love, the Wolf, would help you to in-
 vent: 1414

Some German quarrel, or, as times go now,
 Some French, where force is uppermost, will do.
 When at the fountain's head, as merit ought
 To claim the place, you take a swilling draught,
 How easy 'tis an envious eye to throw, 1419
 And tax the sheep for troubling streams below;
 Or call her (when no farther cause you find)
 An enemy profess'd of all your kind.
 But then, perhaps, the wicked world would
 think,

The Wolf design'd to eat as well as drink.

This last allusion gall'd the Panther more, 1425
 Because indeed it rubb'd upon the fore,

Yet seem'd she not to winch, though shrewdly
pain'd :

But thus her passive character maintain'd.

I never grudg'd, whate'er my foes report,
Your flaunting fortune in the Lion's court. 1430

You have your day, or you are much bely'd,
But I am always on the suffering side :

You know my doctrine, and I need not say
I will not, but I cannot disobey.

On this firm principle I ever stood ; 1435

He of my sons who fails to make it good,

By one rebellious act renounces to my blood. }

Ah, said the Hind, how many sons have you
Who call you mother, whom you never knew !

But most of them who that relation plead, 1440

Are such ungracious youths as wish you dead.

They gape at rich revenues which you hold,

And fain would nibble at your grandame gold ;

Enquire into your years, and laugh to find

Your crazy temper shews you much declin'd. 1445

Were you not dim and doted, you might see

A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree, }

No more of kin to you, than you to me. }

Do you not know, that, for a little coin,

Heralds can foist a name into the line : 1450

They ask you blessing but for what you have, }

But once possess'd of what with care you save, }

The wanton boys would piss upon your }

grave.

Your sons of latitude that court your
 grace,
 Though most resembling you in form and
 face, 1455
 Are far the worst of your pretended race.
 And, but I blush your honesty to blot,
 Pray God you prove them lawfully begot :
 For in some Popish libels I have read,
 The Wolf has been too busy in your bed ; 1460
 At least their hinder parts, the belly-piece,
 The paunch, and all that Scorpio claims, are
 his.
 Their malice too a fore suspicion brings ;
 For though they dare not bark, they snarl at
 kings : 1464
 Nor blame them for intruding in your line ;
 Fat bishoprics are still of right divine.
 Think you your new French profelytes are
 come
 To starve abroad, because they starv'd at
 home ?
 Your benefices twinkled from afar ;
 They found the new Messiah by the star : 1470
 Those Swisses fight on any side for pay,
 And 'tis the living that conforms, not they,

Ver. 1467. ——— *your new French profelytes &c.*] The re-
 fugees that came over to England after the revocation of the
 edict of Nantz. DERRICK,

Mark with what management their tribes di-
 vide,
 Some flick to you, and some to t'other side,
 That many churches may for many mouths
 provide. 1475

More vacant pulpits would more converts make;
 All would have latitude enough to take;
 The rest unbenefic'd your sects maintain;
 For ordinations without cures are vain,
 And chamber practice is a silent gain. 1480
 Your sons of breadth at home are much like
 these;

Their soft and yielding metals run with ease;
 They melt, and take the figure of the mould;
 But harden and preserve it best in gold.

Your Delphic sword, the Panther then re-
 ply'd, 1485

Is double-edg'd, and cuts on either side.
 Some sons of mine, who bear upon their shield
 Three steeples argent in a fable field,
 Have sharply tax'd your converts, who, unfed,
 Have followed you for miracles of bread; 1490
 Such who themselves of no religion are,
 Allur'd with gain, for any will declare.
 Bare lies with bold assertions they can face;
 But dint of argument is out of place.

The grim logician puts them in a fright; 1495
 'Tis easier far to flourish than to fight.

Thus our eighth Henry's marriage they de-
fame ;

They say the schism of beds began the game,
Divorcing from the Church to wed the dame :
Though largely prov'd, and by himself pro-
fess'd, 1500

That conscience, conscience would not let him
rest ;

I mean, not till possess'd of her he lov'd,
And old, uncharming Catherine was remov'd.
For fundry years before he did complain,
And told his ghostly confessor his pain. 1505

With the same impudence, without a ground,
They say, that look the Reformation round,
No Treatise of Humility is found.

But if none were, the gospel does not want ;
Our Saviour preach'd it, and I hope you
grant, 1510

The Sermon on the Mount was Protestant.

No doubt, reply'd the Hind, as sure as all
The writings of Saint Peter and Saint Paul :
On that decision let it stand or fall.

Now for my converts, who, you say, unfed, 1515
Have follow'd me for miracles of bread ;
Judge not by hearsay, but observe at least,
If since their change their loaves have been in-
creas'd.

The Lion buys no converts ; if he did, 1519
Beasts would be sold as fast as he could bid.

Tax those of interest who conform for gain,
 Or stay the market of another reign :
 Your broad-way sons would never be too nice
 To close with Calvin, if he paid their price ;
 But, rais'd three steeples higher, would change
 their note, 1525

And quit the cassock for the canting-coat.
 Now, if you damn this censure, as too bold,
 Judge by yourselves, and think not others fold.

Mean time my sons accus'd, by fame's re-
 port,

Pay small attendance at the Lion's court, 1530
 Nor rise with early crowds, nor flatter late ;
 (For silently they beg, who daily wait.)

Preferment is bestow'd, that comes unfought ;
 Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.
 How they should speed, their fortune is un-
 try'd ; 1535

For not to ask, is not to be deny'd.

For what they have, their God and King they
 blefs,

And hope they should not murmur, had they
 less.

But, if reduc'd subsistence to implore,
 In common prudence they would pass your
 door. 1540

Unpity'd Hudibras, your champion friend,
 Has shewn how far your charities extend.

This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read,
 "He sham'd you living, and upbraids you
 dead."

With odious atheist names you load your
 foes ; 1545

Your liberal Clergy why did I expose?
 It never fails in charities like those.

In climes where true religion is profess'd,
 That imputation were no laughing jest.

But *Imprimatur*, with a chaplain's name, 1550
 Is here sufficient licence to defame.

What wonder is't that black detraction
 thrives ;

The homicide of names is less than lives ;
 And yet the perjurd murderer survives.

This said, she paus'd a little, and suppress'd
 The boiling indignation of her breast. 1556

She knew the virtue of her blade, nor would
 Pollute her satire with ignoble blood :

Her panting foe she saw before her eye,
 And back she drew the shining weapon dry. 1560

So when the generous Lion has in fight
 His equal match, he rouses for the fight ;

But when his foe lies prostrate on the plain,
 He sheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane,

Ver. 1559. *Her panting foe she saw before her eye,*] The original edition has

Her panting foes she saw before her lye.

TODD.

And, pleas'd with bloodless honours of the
day, 1565

Walks over and disdains the inglorious prey.

So James, if great with less we may compare,

Arrests his rolling thunder-bolts in air;

And grants ungrateful friends a lengthen'd
space,

To implore the remnants of long-suffering grace.

This breathing-time the matron took; and
then 1571

Resum'd the thread of her discourse agen.

Be vengeance wholly left to powers divine,

And let Heaven judge betwixt your sons and
mine :

If joys hereafter must be purchas'd here 1575

With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,

Then welcome infamy and public shame,

And, last, a long farewell to worldly fame.

'Tis said with ease, but, oh, how hardly try'd

By haughty souls to human honour ty'd ! 1580

O sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride !

Down then, thou rebel, never more to rise,

And what thou didst, and dost, so dearly prize,

That fame, that darling fame, make that thy
sacrifice.

'Tis nothing thou hast given, then add thy tears

For a long race of unrepenting years : 1586

'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give :

Then add those may-be years thou hast to live :

Yet nothing still; then poor, and naked come,
 Thy father will receive his unthrift home, 1590
 And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the
 mighty sum.

Thus (she pursu'd) I discipline a son,
 Whose uncheck'd fury to revenge would run;
 He champs the bit, impatient of his loss,
 And starts aside, and flounders at the cross. 1595
 Instruct him better, gracious God, to know,
 As thine is vengeance, so forgiveness too:
 That, suffering from ill tongues, he bears no
 more
 Than what his Sovereign bears, and what his
 Saviour bore.

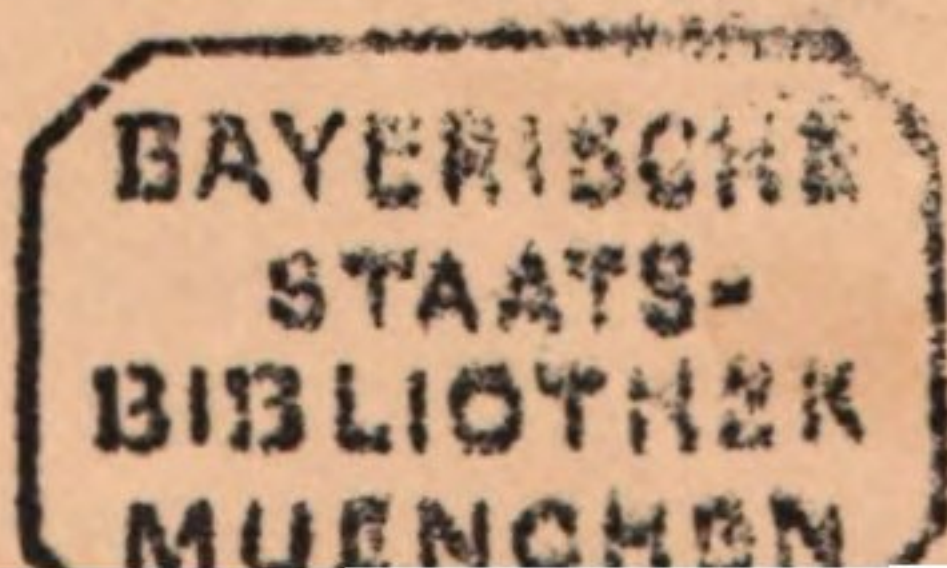
It now remains for you to school your child,
 And ask why God's anointed he revil'd; 1601
 A King and Princess dead! did Shimei worse?
 The curser's punishment should fright the curse:
 Your son was warn'd, and wisely gave it o'er,
 But he, who counsell'd him, has paid the score:
 The heavy malice could no higher tend, 1606
 But woe to him on whom the weights descend.
 So to permitted ills the dæmon flies;
 His rage is aim'd at him who rules the skies:
 Constrain'd to quit his cause, no succour found,
 The foe discharges every tire around, 1611
 In clouds of smoke abandoning the fight;
 But his own thundering peals proclaim his
 flight.

In Henry's change his charge as ill suc-
ceeds ;
To that long story little answer needs : 1615
Confront but Henry's words with Henry's
deeds.

Were space allow'd, with ease it might be prov'd,
What springs his blessed reformation mov'd.
The dire effects appear'd in open fight,
Which from the cause he calls a distant flight,
And yet no larger leap than from the sun to
light. 1621

Now last your sons a double pæan found,
A Treatise of Humility is found.
'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been sought,
Than thus in Protestant procession brought.
The fam'd original through Spain is known, 1626
Rodriguez' work, my celebrated son,
Which yours, by ill-translating, made his own ;
Conceal'd its author, and usurp'd the name,
The basest and ignoblest theft of fame. 1630
My altars kindled first that living coal ;
Restore, or practise better what you stole :
That virtue could this humble verse inspire,
'Tis all the restitution I require.

Glad was the Panther that the charge was
clos'd, 1635
And none of all her fav'rite sons expos'd.
For laws of arms permit each injur'd man,
To make himself a savor where he can.



Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell
 The names of pirates in whose hands he fell ;
 But at the den of thieves he justly flies, 1641
 And every Algerine is lawful prize.

No private person in the foe's estate
 Can plead exemption from the public fate.
 Yet Christian laws allow not such redress ; 1645
 Then let the greater supersede the less.

But let the abettors of the Panther's crime
 Learn to make fairer wars another time.

Some characters may sure be found to write
 Among her sons ; for 'tis no common fight, 1650 }
 A spotted dam, and all her offspring white. }

The savage, though she saw her plea con-
 troul'd,

Yet would not wholly seem to quit her hold,
 But offer'd fairly to compound the strife,
 And judge conversion by the convert's life. 1655

'Tis true, she said, I think it somewhat strange,
 So few should follow profitable change :

For present joys are more to flesh and blood,
 Than a dull prospect of a distant good.

'Twas well alluded by a son of mine, 1660
 (I hope to quote him is not to purloin)

Two magnets, heaven and earth, allure to bliss ;
 The larger loadstone that, the nearer this :

The weak attraction of the greater fails ; 1664

We nod a while, but neighbourhood prevails ;

But when the greater proves the nearer too,
 I wonder more your converts come so flow.
 Methinks in those who firm with me remain,
 It shows a nobler principle than gain.

Your inference would be strong (the Hind
 reply'd) 1670

If yours were in effect the suffering side :
 Your clergy sons their own in peace possess,
 Nor are their prospects in reversion less.
 My profelytes are struck with awful dread ;
 Your bloody comet-laws hang blazing o'er their
 head : 1675

The respite they enjoy but only lent,
 The best they have to hope, protracted punish-
 ment.

Be judge yourself, if interest may prevail,
 Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the
 scale.

While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous
 ease, 1680

That is, till man's predominant passions cease,
 Admire no longer at my slow increase.

By education most have been misled ;
 So they believe, because they so were bred.
 The priest continues what the nurse began, 1685
 And thus the child imposes on the man.
 The rest I nam'd before, nor need repeat :
 But interest is the most prevailing cheat,

The sly seducer both of age and youth ;
 They study that, and think they study truth.
 When interest fortifies an argument, 1691
 Weak reason serves to gain the will's assent ;
 For souls, already warp'd, receive an easy bent. }
 Add long prescription of establish'd laws,
 And pique of honour to maintain a cause, 1695
 And shame of change, and fear of future ill,
 And zeal, the blind conductor of the will ;
 And chief, among the still-mistaking crowd, }
 The fame of teachers obstinate and proud,
 And, more than all, the private judge al- }
 low'd ; 1700
 Disdain of Fathers which the dance began, }
 And last, uncertain whose the narrower span, }
 The clown unread, and half-read gentleman. }

Ver. 1701. *Disdain of Fathers*] The opinions and authority of the primitive Fathers has been much questioned and diminished by many able and learned writers, but by none more so than by Daillé, Le Clerc, Barbeyrac, and Middleton, and above all, by Dr. Whitby, in his *Dissertation de S. Scripturarum Interpretatione*, printed in London, 1714. Mosheim has with much candour confessed, that the Fathers abound with precepts of an excessive and unreasonable austerity, with stoical and academical dictates, vague and indeterminate notions, and, what is yet worse, with decisions that are absolutely false, and in evident opposition to the precepts of Christ. Of which he gives two instances, that of holding the error of a double doctrine, and maintaining that it was lawful to deceive and lie, if by that means the interest of the Church might be promoted. To which may be added, their forced and fanciful, and allegorical explications of some of the most important facts in the sacred Scriptures.—Buddæus has, in a treatise entitled, *Isagoge ad Theologiam*, discussed the question of what authority is due to the works of the Fathers. But it is difficult for him to defend Ambrose and Hilary, Augustin, Gregory Nazianzen, and Jerome, from the

To this the Panther, with a scornful smile :
 Yet still you travel with unwearied toil, 1705
 And range around the realm without controul,
 Among my sons for profelytes to prowl,
 And here and there you snap some filly soul. }

charge above-mentioned, of the utility and propriety of using pious frauds in subjects of religion. I will just add, that the errors and absurdities of Jerome are pointed out and exposed with great force and ability by Le Clerc, in *Quæstiones Hieronymianæ*, 1700. But no writer has, on the whole, spoken of the merits and demerits of the primitive Fathers with so much temper and truth as the learned Dr. Jortin. St. Cyprian, in his exhortation to martyrdom, after having applied the mysterious number, seven, to the seven days of the creation, to the seven thousand years of the world's duration, to the seven spirits that stand before God, to the seven lamps of the tabernacle, to the seven candlesticks of the Apocalypse, to the seven pillars of wisdom, to the seven children of the barren woman, to the seven women who took one man for their husband, to the seven brothers of the Maccabees, observes, that St. Paul mentions that number as a privileged number ; which, says he, is the reason why he did not write but to seven churches. St. Gregory of Nyssa, St. Ambrose, St. Chrysostom himself, and St. Jerome, all wrote in praise of virginity and celibacy, and said that state was as superior to wedlock as angels are to men. St. Jerome, in his Commentary on St. Matthew, xxiii. 35, clearly, and without reserve, justifies the propriety and lawfulness of using pious frauds in defending religion. This saint, it is said, was whipt by an angel, sent to chastise him for being fond of, and for imitating Cicero. But a man of wit said, it was for imitating Cicero so inelegantly and coarsely.

Among other absurd allegorical interpretations of the Fathers, Gregory Nazianzen affirms, that the brazen serpent, which Moses set up in the wilderness, was not a type of Christ's body suffering for us, but of the serpent destroyed and dead by the death of Christ, and giving us assurance of our life and salvation, by being exhibited to us as vanquished and lifeless himself. This interpretation is as puerile and groundless as what St. Ambrose says of Balaam's ass, upbraiding her master in plain articulate words ; as giving us to understand in a figure, that in the last days, upon the advent of the great angel of God, the Gentiles also should speak, which were before but as dumb asses. In Luc. l. 1. the story of Balaam's ass has been the occasion of many absurd, and indeed some profane comments and observations.

Dr. J. WARTON.

You hinted fears of future change in state ;
 Pray heaven you did not prophesy your fate. 1710
 Perhaps, you think your time of triumph near,
 But may mistake the season of the year ;
 The Swallow's fortune gives you cause to fear. }

For charity, reply'd the matron, tell
 What sad mischance those pretty birds beset.

Nay, no mischance, the savage dame re-
 ply'd, 1716
 But want of wit in their unerring guide,
 And eager haste, and gaudy hopes, and giddy
 pride. }

Yet, wishing timely warning may prevail,
 Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale. 1720

The Swallow, privileg'd above the rest
 Of all the birds, as man's familiar guest,
 Pursues the sun, in summer brisk and bold,
 But wisely shuns the persecuting cold ;
 Is well to chancels and to chimnies known,
 Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smoke
 alone. 1726

From hence she has been held of heavenly line,
 Endu'd with particles of soul divine.

Ver. 1727. *From hence she has been held of heavenly line,
 Endu'd with particles of soul divine.*]

*Esse apibus partem divinæ mentis, et haustus
 Æthereos dixere*———

Georg, iv. 220.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1728. *Endu'd with particles of soul divine.*] Horace,
 Serm. lib. 2. ii. 79.

Atque adfligit humo divinæ particulam auræ.

TODD,

This merry chorister had long possess'd
 Her summer feat, and feather'd well her nest:
 Till frowning skies began to change their
 cheer, 1731

And time turn'd up the wrong side of the year;
 The shedding trees began the ground to strow
 With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow.
 Sad auguries of winter thence she drew, 1735
 Which by instinct, or prophecy, she knew:
 When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
 And seek a better heaven, and warmer climes.

Her sons were summon'd on a steeple's height,
 And, call'd in common council, vote a flight;
 The day was nam'd, the next that should be
 fair: 1741

All to the general rendezvous repair,
 They try their fluttering wings, and trust
 themselves in air.

But whether upward to the moon they go,
 Or dream the winter out in caves below, 1745
 Or hawk at flies elsewhere, concerns us not
 to know.

Southwards, you may be sure, they bent their
 flight,
 And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night:

Ver. 1732. *And time turn'd up the wrong side of the year;]*

—— in verſum contriſtat aquarius annus.

JOHN WARTON.

Next morn they rose, and set up every sail ;
 The wind was fair, but blew a mackrel gale : 1750
 The sickly young fat shivering on the shore,
 Abhorr'd salt water never seen before,
 And pray'd their tender mothers to delay
 The passage, and expect a fairer day.

With these the Martin readily concurr'd, 1755
 A church-begot, and church-believing bird ;
 Of little body, but of lofty mind,
 Round-belly'd, for a dignity design'd,
 And much a dunce, as Martins are by kind. }
 Yet often quoted Canon-laws, and Code, 1760 }
 And Fathers which he never understood ; }
 But little learning needs in noble blood. }
 For, sooth to say, the Swallow brought him in,
 Her household chaplain, and her next of kin :
 In superstition silly to excess, 1765
 And casting schemes by planetary guesses :
 In fine, short-wing'd, unfit himself to fly,
 His fear foretold foul weather in the sky.

Besides, a Raven from a wither'd oak,
 Left of their lodging, was observ'd to croak. 1770
 That omen lik'd him not ; so his advice
 Was present safety, bought at any price ;
 (A seeming pious care, that cover'd cowardice.) }

Ver. 1769. *Besides, a Raven from a wither'd oak,
 Left of their lodging, was observ'd to croak.]*

Ante sinistra cavâ prædixit ab ilice cornix. Virg.
 JOHN WARTON.

'To strengthen this, he told a boding dream,
 Of rising waters, and a troubled stream, 1775
 Sure signs of anguish, dangers, and distress,
 With something more, not lawful to express ;
 By which he slyly seem'd to intimate
 Some secret revelation of their fate.

For he concluded, once upon a time, 1780
 He found a leaf inscrib'd with sacred rhyme,
 Whose antique characters did well denote
 The Sibyl's hand of the Cumæan grot :
 The mad diviners had plainly writ,
 A time should come (but many ages yet) 1785
 In which, sinister destinies ordain,
 A dame should drown with all her feather'd
 train,
 And seas from thence be call'd the Chelido-
 nian main.

At this, some shook for fear, the more devout
 Arose, and bless'd themselves from head to
 foot. 1790

'Tis true, some stagers of the wiser sort
 Made all these idle wonderments their sport :
 They said, their only danger was delay,
 And he, who heard what every fool could say,
 Would never fix his thought, but trim his time
 away. 1795

The passage yet was good; the wind 'tis
 true,
 Was somewhat high, but that was nothing
 new,
 No more than usual equinoxes blew.

The sun (already from the Scales declin'd)
 Gave little hopes of better days behind, 1800
 But change from bad to worse of weather and
 of wind.

Nor need they fear the dampness of the sky
 Should flag their wings, and hinder them to
 fly,
 'Twas only water thrown on sails too dry.

But, least of all, philosophy presumes 1805
 Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes:
 Perhaps the Martin, hous'd in holy ground,
 Might think of ghosts that walk their midnight
 round,

'Till grosser atoms, tumbling in the stream
 Of fancy, madly met, and clubb'd into a
 dream: 1810

As little weight his vain presages bear,
 Of ill effect to such alone who fear;
 Most prophecies are of a piece with these,
 Each Nostradamus can foretel with ease:
 Not naming persons, and confounding times,
 One casual truth supports a thousand lying
 rhymes. 1816

The advice was true ; but fear had seiz'd the
 most,
 And all good counfel is on cowards loft.
 The question crudely put to fhun delay,
 'Twas carry'd by the major part to ftay. 1820

His point thus gain'd, Sir Martin dated thence
 His power, and from a prieft became a prince.
 He order'd all things with a bufy care,
 And cells and refectories did prepare,
 And large provifions laid of winter fare : 1825
 But now and then let fall a word or two
 Of hope, that Heaven fome miracle might
 fhew,
 And for their fakes the fun fhould backward
 go ;

Againft the laws of nature upward climb,
 And, mounted on the Ram, renew the prime :
 For which two proofs in facred ftory lay, 1831
 Of Ahaz' dial, and of Joshua's day.
 In expectation of fuch times as thefe,
 A chapel hous'd them, truly call'd of eafe :
 For Martin much devotion did not ask ; 1835
 They pray'd fometimes, and that was all their
 talk.

It happen'd (as beyond the reach of wit
 Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit)
 That this accomplifh'd, or at leaft in part,
 Gave great repute to their new Merlin's art. 1840

Some Swifts *, the giants of the Swallow kind,
 Large-limb'd, stout-hearted, but of stupid
 mind,

(For Swiffes, or for Gibeonites design'd)

These lubbers, peeping through a broken pane,
 To suck fresh air, survey'd the neighbouring
 plain ;

1845

And saw (but scarcely could believe their eyes)

New blossoms flourish, and new flowers arise ;

As God had been abroad, and, walking there,

Had left his footsteps, and reform'd the year :

The sunny hills from far were seen to glow

1850

With glittering beams, and in the meads below

The burnish'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold

to flow.

At last they heard the foolish Cuckow sing,

Whose note proclaim'd the holy-day of spring.

No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,

1855

And repossess their patrimonial sky.

The priest before them did his wings display ;

And that good omens might attend their way,

As luck would have it, 'twas St. Martin's day.

* Otherwise called *Martletts*. Original edition.

Ver, 1842. *Large-limb'd, stout-hearted, &c.*] *Large-limb'd*, though not a word of the most poetical sound, appears to have been introduced into our poetry by Drayton, who in his *Owle*, published in 1604, has the "*large-lymb'd oak*." Milton applies this compound to Og, Psalm cxxxvi. ver. 69. Marston had before called Alcides *big-limm'd*, *Scourge of Villanie*, 1598, B. iii. Sat. viii.

Big-limm'd Alcides, doff thy honor's crowne.

Topp.

Who but the Swallow now triumphs alone?
 The canopy of heaven is all her own: 1861
 Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair,
 And glide along in glades, and skim in air,
 And dip for insects in the purling springs,
 And stoop on rivers to refresh their wings. 1865
 Their mothers think a fair provision made,
 That every son can live upon his trade:
 And, now the careful charge is off their hands,
 Look out for husbands, and new nuptial bands:
 The youthful widow longs to be supply'd;
 But first the lover is by lawyers ty'd 1871 }
 To settle jointure-chimnies on the bride.
 So thick they couple, in so short a space,
 That Martin's marriage-offerings rise apace.
 Their ancient houses running to decay, 1875
 Are furbish'd up, and cemented with clay;
 They teem already; stores of eggs are laid,
 And brooding mothers call Lucina's aid.
 Fame spreads the news, and foreign fowls ap- }
 pear
 In flocks to greet the new returning year, 1880 }
 To bless the founder, and partake the cheer.

And now 'twas time (so fast their numbers
 rise)
 To plant abroad, and people colonies.

Ver. 1874. ——— marriage-offerings &c.] The first
 edition, by an evident error of the press, has *offsprings*.
 TODD.

The youth drawn forth, as Martin had de-
fir'd,

(For so their cruel destiny requir'd) 1885

Were sent far off on an ill-fated day ;

The rest would needs conduct them on their
way,

And Martin went, because he fear'd alone to
stay.

So long they flew with inconsiderate haste,
That now their afternoon began to waste ; 1890

And, what was ominous, that very morn

The sun was enter'd into Capricorn ;

Which, by their bad astronomer's account,

That week the Virgin balance should re-
mount.

An infant moon eclips'd him in his way, 1895

And hid the small remainders of his day.

The crowd, amaz'd, pursu'd no certain mark ;

But birds met birds, and jostled in the
dark :

Few mind the public in a panic fright ;

And fear increas'd the horror of the night. 1990

Night came, but unattended with repose ;

Alone she came, no sleep their eyes to close :

Alone, and black she came ; no friendly stars
arose.

What should they do, beset with dangers
 round,
 No neighbouring dorp, no lodging to be
 found, 1905
 But bleaky plains, and bare unhospitable
 ground.

The latter brood, who just began to fly,
 Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the sky,
 For succour to their helpless mother call;
 She spread her wings; some few beneath them
 crawl; 1910
 She spread them wider yet, but could not
 cover all.

To augment their woes, the winds began to
 move

Debate in air, for empty fields above,
 'Till Boreas got the skies, and pour'd amain
 His rattling hailstones mix'd with snow and
 rain. 1915

The joyless morning late arose, and found
 A dreadful desolation reign around,
 Some bury'd in the snow, some frozen to the
 ground.

The rest were struggling still with death, and
 lay

The Crows' and Ravens' rights, an undefended
 prey: 1920

Excepting Martin's race; for they and he
 Had gain'd the shelter of a hollow tree:

But soon discover'd by a sturdy clown,
 He headed all the rabble of a town,
 And finish'd them with bats, or poll'd them
 down. 1925

Martin himself was caught alive, and try'd
 For treasonous crimes, because the laws pro-
 vide

No Martin there in winter shall abide.
 High on an oak, which never leaf shall bear,
 He breath'd his last, expos'd to open air ; 1930
 And there his corpse, unblest'd, is hanging still,
 To shew the change of winds with his prophetic
 bill.

The patience of the Hind did almost fail ;
 For well she mark'd the malice of the tale :

Ver. 1931. ——— is *hanging still*,] Original edition,
 are hanging. TODD.

Ver. 1933. *The patience of the Hind*,] But her patience would have been still more exhausted, if her antagonist had told her, that in the dispute that arose betwixt the Senate of Venice and the Church of Rome, about the year 1615, in the time of Pope Paul the Fifth, the partisans of the latter, and particularly Bellarmine, maintained that the pope is invested with all the authority of heaven and earth ; that all princes are his vassals, and that he may annul their laws at pleasure ; that kings may appeal to him, as he is temporal monarch of the whole earth ; that he can discharge subjects from their oaths of allegiance, and make it their duty to take up arms against their sovereign ; that he may depose kings without any fault committed by them, if the good of the Church requires it ; that the clergy are exempt from all tributes to kings, and are not accountable to them even in cases of high treason ; that the pope cannot err ; that the pope is God on earth ; that his sentence and that of God are the same ; and that to call his power in question, is to call in question the power of God. Though Erasmus had not the resolution and vigour of Luther, yet by his incomparable ridicule he

Which ribbald art their Church to Luther
owes ;

In malice it began, by malice grows ;
He sow'd the serpent's teeth, an iron-harvest
rose.

But most in Martin's character and fate,
She saw her slander'd sons, the Panther's hate,
The people's rage, the persecuting state :
Then said, I take the advice in friendly part ;
You clear your conscience, or at least your
heart :

Perhaps you fail'd in your foreseeing skill,
For Swallows are unlucky birds to kill :
As for my sons, the family is blest'd,
Whose every child is equal to the rest :
No Church reform'd can boast a blameless line ;
Such Martins build in yours, and more than
mine :

Or else an old fanatic author lies,
Who summ'd their scandals up by centuries.

greatly promoted the Reformation. What an exquisite piece of wit and satire is the dialogue entitled *Julius Exclusus*, written certainly by Erasmus, though he rather denied it. See Jortin's *Life*, Vol. II. p. 600. See *Sallengru de Pasquillis*, &c. This *Julius* was published in 1669, and also 1680, at Oxon. The Panther might also have reminded her antagonist of a fact that she would not like to be told of, that there was printed and published, at Paris, 1589, a *Relation of the Martyrdom of Brother Jaques Clement*, in which it is affirmed, that an angel had appeared to him, had shewn him a drawn sword, and ordered him to kill the tyrant. This paper is inserted in the *Satyre Menippée*.

Dr. J. WARTON.

But through your parable I plainly see 1951
 The bloody laws, the crowd's barbarity ;
 The sun-shine that offends the purblind sight :
 Had some their wishes, it would soon be night.
 Mistake me not : the charge concerns not
 you : 1955

Your sons are malecontents, but yet are true,
 As far as non-resistance makes them so ;
 But that's a word of neutral sense you know,
 A passive term, which no relief will bring,
 But trims betwixt a rebel and a king. 1960

Rest well assur'd, the Pardelis reply'd,
 My sons would all support the regal side,
 Though Heaven forbid the cause by battle
 should be try'd. }

The matron answer'd with a loud Amen,
 And thus pursu'd her argument agen. 1965
 If, as you say, and as I hope no less,
 Your sons will practise what yourselves pro-
 fess, }

What angry power prevents our present peace?
 The Lion, studious of our common good,
 Desires (and Kings' desires are ill withstood)
 To join our nations in a lasting love ; 1971
 The bars betwixt are easy to remove ;
 For sanguinary laws were never made above. }

If you condemn that prince of tyranny,
 Whose mandate forc'd your Gallic friends to
 fly, 1975

Make not a worse example of your own ;
 Or cease to rail at causeless rigour shown,
 And let the guiltless person throw the stone. }
 His blunted sword your suffering brotherhood
 Have seldom felt ; he stops it short of blood :
 But you have ground the persecuting knife, 1981
 And set it to a razor-edge on life.

Curs'd be the wit, which cruelty refines,
 Or to his father's rod the scorpion joins ;
 Your finger is more gross than the great mo- }
 narch's loins. 1985

But you, perhaps, remove that bloody note,
 And stick it on the first Reformers' coat.
 Oh let their crime in long oblivion sleep :
 'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.
 Unjust, or just, is all the question now ; 1990
 'Tis plain, that not repealing you allow.

To name the Test would put you in a rage ;
 You charge not that on any former age,
 But smile to think how innocent you stand,
 Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand. 1995
 Yet still remember, that you wield a sword
 Forg'd by your foes against your Sovereign
 Lord ;

Design'd to hew the imperial cedar down,
 Defraud succession, and dis-heir the crown.

To abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
Is to hate traitors, and the treason love. 2001

What means it else, which now your children
say,

We made it not, nor will we take away?

Suppose some great oppressor had by flight
Of law, disseis'd your brother of his right,
Your common fire surrendering in a fright;

Would you to that unrighteous title stand,

Left by the villain's will to heir the land?

More just was Judas, who his Saviour fold;

The sacrilegious bribe he could not hold, 2010

Nor hang in peace, before he render'd back
the gold.

What more could you have done, than now you
do,

Had Oates and Bedlow, and their plot been
true?

Some specious reasons for those wrongs were
found; 2014

The dire magicians threw their mists around,
And wise men walk'd as on enchanted ground.

But now, when Time has made the imposture
plain,

(Late though he follow'd Truth, and limping
held her train)

What new delusion charms your cheated eyes
again?

The painted harlot might a while bewitch, 2020
But why the hag uncas'd, and all obscene with
itch?

The first Reformers were a modest race ;
Our peers possess'd in peace their native place ;
And when rebellious arms o'erturn'd the state,
They suffer'd only in the common fate : 2025
But now the Sovereign mounts the regal chair,
And mitred seats are full, yet David's bench is
bare.

Your answer is, they were not dispossess'd ;
They need but rub their metal on the test
To prove their ore: 'twere well if gold alone 2030
Were touch'd and try'd on your discerning
stone ;

But that unfaithful Test unfound will pass
The dross of Atheists, and sectarian brags :
As if the experiment were made to hold
For base productions, and reject the gold. 2035
Thus men ungodded may to places rise,
And sects may be preferr'd without disguise:
No danger to the Church or State from these ;
The Papist only has his writ of ease.
No gainful office gives him the pretence 2040
To grind the subject, or defraud the prince.

Ver. 2039. *The Papist only has his writ of ease.*] By the test-
act transubstantiation is to be abjured, a principal tenet of the
Papists.

DERRICK.

Wrong conscience, or no conscience, may deserve

To thrive, but ours alone is privileg'd to sterve.

Still thank yourselves, you cry ; your noble race

We banish not, but they forsake the place ; 2045

Our doors are open : true, but ere they come,

You tofs your 'censing 'Test, and fume the room ;

As if 'twere Toby's rival to expel,

And fright the fiend who could not bear the smell. 2049

To this the Panther sharply had reply'd ;
But, having gain'd a verdict on her side,
She wisely gave the loser leave to chide ;

Well satisfy'd to have the But and Peace,
And for the plaintiff's cause she car'd the less,
Because she sued *in formâ pauperis* ; 2055

Yet thought it decent something should be said ;

For secret guilt by silence is betray'd.

So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,

But answer'd with a yawning kind of pride :

Methinks such terms of proffer'd peace you bring, 2060

As once Æneas to the Italian king :

By long possession all the land is mine ;

You strangers come with your intruding line,
To share my sceptre, which you call to join. }

You plead like him an ancient pedigree, 2065
 And claim a peaceful seat by fate's decree.
 In ready pomp your sacrificer stands,
 To unite the Trojan and the Latin bands,
 And, that the league more firmly may be ty'd,
 Demand the fair Lavinia for your bride. 2070
 Thus plausibly you veil the intended wrong,
 But still you bring your exil'd gods along;
 And will endeavour, in succeeding space,
 Those household puppets on our hearths to
 place.

Perhaps some barbarous laws have been pre-
 ferr'd; 2075

I spake against the Test, but was not heard;
 These to rescind, and peerage to restore,
 My gracious Sovereign would my vote im-
 plore: }
 I owe him much, but owe my conscience
 more. }

Conscience is then your plea, reply'd the
 dame, 2080

Which, well inform'd, will ever be the same.
 But yours is much of the camelion hue,
 To change the die with every distant view.
 When first the Lion sat with awful sway,
 Your conscience taught your duty to obey: 2085

Ver. 2083. ——— *with every distant view.*] The original
 edition has, *with every different view.* TODD.

He might have had your Statutes and your
Test ;

No conscience but of subjects was profess'd.
He found your temper, and no farther try'd,
But on that broken reed, your Church, rely'd.
In vain the sects assay'd their utmost art, 2090
With offer'd treasure to espouse their part ;
Their treasures were a bribe too mean to move
his heart.

But when, by long experience, you had prov'd,
How far he could forgive, how well he lov'd ;
A goodness that excell'd his godlike race, 2095
And only short of Heaven's unbounded grace ;
A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our isle,
Calm in the rise, and fruitful as the Nile ;
Forgetting whence our Egypt was supply'd,
You thought your Sovereign bound to send the
tide : 2100

Nor upward look'd on that immortal spring,
But vainly deem'd, he durst not be a king :
Then Conscience, unrestrain'd by fear, began
To stretch her limits, and extend the span ;

Ver. 2098. ——— *fruitful as the Nile ;*] The religious rites and notions of any country, that are founded on the physical state of that country, continue notwithstanding all external changes of religion. The Nile in Egypt and the Ganges in India, are still adored, notwithstanding the establishment of Mahometism. The difficulties of converting the Hindoos and some other Indian casts, and the Chinese, seem almost insuperable, without supernatural aid.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Did his indulgence as her gift dispose, 2105
And made a wise alliance with her foes.

Can Conscience own the associating name,
And raise no blushes to conceal her shame?
For sure she has been thought a bashful
dame. 2109

But if the cause by battle should be try'd,
You grant she must espouse the regal side:
O Proteus conscience, never to be ty'd!
What Phœbus from the Tripod shall disclose,
Which are, in last resort, your friends or foes?
Homer, who learn'd the language of the sky,
The seeming Gordian knot would soon unty;
Immortal powers the term of Conscience know,
But Interest is her name with men below.

Conscience or Interest be't, or both in one,
(The Panther answer'd in a surly tone) 2120
The first commands me to maintain the crown,
The last forbids to throw my barriers down.
Our penal laws no sons of yours admit,
Our 'Test excludes your tribe from benefit.
These are my banks your ocean to withstand,
Which proudly rising overlooks the land; 2126
And, once let in, with unresisted sway,
Would sweep the pastors and their flocks away.
Think not my judgment leads me to comply
With laws unjust, but hard necessity: 2130

Imperious need, which cannot be withstood,
 Makes ill authentic, for a greater good.
 Possess your soul with patience, and attend :
 A more auspicious planet may ascend ;
 Good fortune may present some happier time,
 With means to cancel my unwilling crime ; 2136
 (Unwilling, witness all ye powers above)
 To mend my errors, and redeem your love :
 That little space you safely may allow ; 2139
 Your all-dispensing power protects you now.

Hold, said the Hind, 'tis needless to explain ;

You would postpone me to another reign ;
 'Till when you are content to be unjust :
 Your part is to possess, and mine to trust.
 A fair exchange propos'd of future chance, 2145
 For present profit and inheritance.

Few words will serve to finish our dispute ;
 Who will not now repeal, would persecute.
 To ripen green revenge your hopes attend,
 Wishing that happier planet would ascend. 2150
 For shame let Conscience be your plea no
 more :

To will hereafter, proves she might before ;
 But she's a bawd to gain, and holds the door. }

Your care about your banks infers a fear
 Of threatening floods and inundations near : 2155
 If so, a just reprimand would only be
 Of what the land usurp'd upon the sea ;

And all your jealousies but serve to show
 Your ground is, like your neighbour-nation, low.
 To intrench in what you grant unrighteous
 laws, 2160

Is to distrust the justice of your cause;
 And argues that the true religion lies
 In those weak adversaries you despise.

'Tyrannic force is that which least you fear;
 'The sound is frightful in a Christian's ear: 2165
 Avert it, Heaven! nor let that plague be sent
 To us from the dispeopled continent.

But piety commands me to refrain;
 Those prayers are needless in this monarch's
 reign.

Behold! how he protects your friends op-
 press'd, 2170
 Receives the banish'd, succours the distress'd:
 Behold, for you may read an honest open
 breast.

He stands in day-light, and disdains to hide
 An act, to which by honour he is ty'd,
 A generous, laudable, and kingly pride. 2175
 Your Test he would repeal, his peers restore;
 This when he says he means, he means no more.

Well, said the Panther, I believe him just,
 And yet —

And yet, 'tis but because you must;
 You would be trusted, but you would not
 trust. 2180

The Hind thus briefly; and disdain'd to in-
large

On power of Kings, and their superior charge,
As Heaven's trustees before the people's
choice:

Though sure the Panther did not much re-
joice

To hear those echos given of her once loyal
voice. 2185

The matron woo'd her kindness to the last,
But could not win; her hour of grace was past.
Whom, thus persisting, when she could not
bring

To leave the Wolf, and to believe her King,
She gave her up, and fairly wish'd her joy 2190
Of her late treaty with her new ally:

Which well she hop'd would more successful
prove,

Than was the Pigeon's and the Buzzard's love.
The Panther ask'd, what concord there could
be

Betwixt two kinds whose natures disagree? 2195

The dame reply'd: 'Tis sung in every street,

The common chat of gossips when they meet:

But, since unheard by you, 'tis worth your
while

To take a wholesome tale, though told in home-
ly style.

A plain good man, whose name is understood, 2200

(So few deserve the name of plain and good)
 Of three fair lineal lordships stood possess'd,
 And liv'd, as reason was, upon the best.
 Inur'd to hardships from his early youth,
 Much had he done, and suffer'd for his truth :
 At land and sea, in many a doubtful fight, 2206
 Was never known a more advent'rous knight,
 Who oftner drew his sword, and always for
 the right.

As fortune would (his fortune came, though
 late)

He took possession of his just estate : 2210
 Nor rack'd his tenants with increase of rent ;
 Nor liv'd too sparing, nor too largely spent ;
 But overlook'd his hinds ; their pay was just,
 And ready, for he scorn'd to go on trust :
 Slow to resolve, but in performance quick ; 2215
 So true, that he was awkward at a trick.

For little souls on little shifts rely,
 And cowards' arts of mean expedients try ;
 The noble mind will dare do any thing but
 lye.

False friends (his deadliest foes) could find no
 way 2220

But shows of honest bluntness, to betray :

That unsuspected plainness he believ'd ;
 He look'd into himself, and was deceiv'd.
 Some lucky planet sure attends his birth,
 Or Heaven would make a miracle on earth ;
 For prosperous honesty is seldom seen 2226
 To bear so dead a weight, and yet to win.
 It looks as fate with nature's law would strive,
 To shew plain-dealing once an age may thrive :
 And, when so tough a frame she could not
 bend, 2230
 Exceeded her commission to befriend.

This grateful man, as Heaven increas'd his
 store,
 Gave God again, and daily fed his poor.
 His house with all convenience was purvey'd ;
 The rest he found, but rais'd the fabric where
 he pray'd ; 2235
 And in that sacred place his beauteous wife
 Employ'd her happiest hours of holy life.

Nor did their alms extend to those alone,
 Whom common faith more strictly made their
 own ; 2239
 A sort of Doves were hous'd too near their hall,
 Who cross the proverb, and abound with gall.
 Though some, 'tis true, are passively inclin'd,
 The greater part degenerate from their kind ;
 Voracious birds, that hotly bill and breed,
 And largely drink, because on salt they feed.

Small gain from them their bounteous owner
draws ; 2246

Yet, bound by promise, he supports their
cause,

As corporations privileg'd by laws.

That house which harbour to their kind af-
fords,

Was built, long since, God knows, for better
birds ; 2250

But fluttering there, they nestle near the
throne,

And lodge in habitations not their own,
By their high crops and corny gizzards
known.

Like Harpies, they could scent a plenteous
board, 2254

Then to be sure they never fail'd their lord :
The rest was form, and bare attendance paid ;
They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.
The more they fed, they raven'd still for more ;
They drain'd from Dan, and left Beersheba
poor. 2259

All this they had by law, and none repin'd ;
The preference was but due to Levi's kind :
But when some lay-preferment fell by chance,
The Gourmands made it their inheritance.

When once possess'd they never quit their
claim ; 2264

For then 'tis sanctify'd to Heaven's high name ;

And hallow'd thus, they cannot give consent,
The gift should be prophan'd by worldly management.

Their flesh was never to the table serv'd ;
Though 'tis not thence inferr'd the birds were starv'd ;

But that their master did not like the food, 2270
As rank, and breeding melancholy blood.
Nor did it with his gracious nature suit,
E'en though they were not Doves, to persecute :

Yet he refus'd (nor could they take offence)
Their glutton kind should teach him abstinence. 2275

Nor consecrated grain their wheat he thought,
Which, new from treading, in their bills they brought :

But left his hinds each in his private power,
That those who like the bran might leave the flower.

He for himself, and not for others, chose, 2280
Nor would he be impos'd on, nor impose ;
But in their faces his devotion paid,
And sacrifice with solemn rites was made, }
And sacred incense on his altars laid. }

Ver. 2271. *As rank, and breeding melancholy blood.*] Vide Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, ed. Oxford, page 65.

JOHN WARTON.

Besides these jolly birds, whose corpse im-
pure 2285

Repaid their commons with their salt-manure ;
Another farm he had behind his house,
Not overstock'd, but barely for his use :
Wherein his poor domestic poultry fed,
And from his pious hands receiv'd their bread.
Our pamper'd Pigeons, with malignant eyes, 2291
Beheld these inmates, and their nurseries :
Though hard their fare, at evening, and at
morn,

A cruise of water and an ear of corn ;
Yet still they grudg'd that modicum, and
thought 2295

A sheaf in every single grain was brought.
Fain would they filch that little food away,
While unrestrain'd those happy gluttons prey.
And much they griev'd to see so nigh their hall,
The bird that warn'd St. Peter of his fall ; 2300
That he should raise his mitred crest on high,
And clap his wings, and call his family
To sacred rites ; and vex the etherial powers
With midnight mattins at uncivil hours :
Nay more, his quiet neighbours should molest,
Just in the sweetness of their morning rest. 2306
Beast of a bird, supinely when he might
Lie snug and sleep, to rise before the light !

Ver. 2285. ———— *whose corpse impure*] *Whose crops im-*
pure. Orig. edit. TODD.

What if his dull forefathers us'd that cry,
 Could he not let a bad example die? 2310

The world was fallen into an easier way;
 This age knew better than to fast and pray.
 Good sense in sacred worship would appear
 So to begin, as they might end the year.
 Such feats in former times had wrought the
 falls 2315

Of crowing Chanticleers in cloyster'd walls.
 Expell'd for this, and for their lands, they
 fled;
 And sister Partlet, with her hooded head,
 Was hooted hence, because she would not
 pray a-bed.

The way to win the restiff world to God, 2320
 Was to lay by the disciplining rod,
 Unnatural fasts, and foreign forms of prayer:
 Religion frights us with a mien severe.
 'Tis prudence to reform her into ease,
 And put her in undress to make her please: 2325
 A lively faith will bear aloft the mind,
 And leave the luggage of good works behind.

Such doctrines in the Pigeon-house were
 taught:
 You need not ask how wonderously they
 wrought;

But sure the common cry was all for these, 2330
 Whose life and precepts both encourag'd ease.

Yet fearing those alluring baits might fail,
 And holy deeds o'er all their arts prevail;
 (For vice, though frontless, and of harden'd
 face,

Is daunted at the sight of awful grace,) 2335

An hideous figure of their foes they drew,
 Nor lines, nor looks, nor shades, nor colours
 true;

And this grotesque design expos'd to public
 view.

One would have thought it some Egyptian
 piece,

With garden-gods, and barking deities, 2340
 More thick than Ptolemy has stuck the skies.

All so perverse a draught, so far unlike,
 It was no libel where it meant to strike.

Yet still the daubing pleas'd, and great and
 small,

To view the monster, crowded Pigeon-hall. 2345

There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees
 Adoring shrines, and stocks of fainted trees;

And by him, a mishapen, ugly race;

The curse of God was seen on every face.

No Holland emblem could that malice mend,

But still the worse the look, the fitter for a fiend.

Ver. 2339. ——— some *Egyptian piece*,] *An Egyptian*
 piece. Orig. edit. TODD.

Ver. 2347. *Adoring shrines*,] So the original edition. Der-
 rick has, *adorning*. TODD.

The master of the farm, displeas'd to find
 So much of rancour in so mild a kind,
 Enquir'd into the cause, and came to know,
 The Passive Church had struck the foremost
 blow ;

2355

With groundless fears, and jealousies possess'd,
 As if this troublesome intruding guest
 Would drive the birds of Venus from their
 nest.

A deed his inborn equity abhorr'd ;
 But Interest will not trust, though God should
 plight his word.

2360

A law, the source of many future harms,
 Had banish'd all the poultry from the farms ;
 With loss of life, if any should be found
 To crow or peck on this forbidden ground.
 That bloody statute chiefly was design'd
 For Chanticleer the white, of clergy kind ;
 But after-malice did not long forget
 The lay that wore the robe and coronet.
 For them, for their inferiors and allies,
 Their foes a deadly Shibboleth devise :
 By which unrighteously it was decreed,
 That none to trust, or profit, should succeed,
 Who would not swallow first a poisonous
 wicked weed :

2365

2370

Or that, to which old Socrates was curs'd, 2374
Or henbane juice to swell them till they burst.

The patron (as in reason) thought it hard
To see this inquisition in his yard,
By which the Sovereign was of subjects' use
debarr'd.

All gentle means he try'd, which might with-
draw

The effects of so unnatural a law ! 2380

But still the Dove-house obstinately stood
Deaf to their own, and to their neighbours'
good ;

And which was worse, (if any worse could be,)
Repented of their boasted loyalty :

Now made the champions of a cruel cause, 2385

And drunk with fumes of popular applause ;

For those whom God to ruin has design'd,

He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind.

New doubts indeed they daily strove to
raise,

Suggested dangers, interpos'd delays : 2390

And emissary Pigeons had in store,

Such as the Meccan prophet us'd of yore,

To whisper counsels in their patron's ear ;

And veil'd their false advice with zealous fear.

The master smil'd to see them work in vain, 2395

To wear him out, and make an idle reign :

He saw, but suffer'd their protractive arts,

And strove by mildness to reduce their hearts :

But they abus'd that grace to make allies,
 And fondly clos'd with former enemies; 2400
 For fools are doubly fools, endeav'ring to be
 wife.

After a grave consult what course were best,
 One, more mature in folly than the rest,
 Stood up, and told them, with his head aside,
 That desperate cures must be to desperate ills
 apply'd: 2405

And therefore, since their main impending fear
 Was from the increasing race of Chanticleer,
 Some potent bird of prey they ought to find,
 A foe profess'd to him, and all his kind: 2409
 Some haggard Hawk, who had her eyry nigh,
 Well pounc'd to fasten, and well wing'd to fly;
 One they might trust, their common wrongs to
 wreak;

The Musquet, and the Coystrel were too weak,
 Too fierce the Falcon; but, above the rest,
 The noble Buzzard ever pleas'd me best; 2415

Ver. 2401. *For fools are doubly fools, &c.*] The original
 edition has—*double* fools. TODD.

Ver. 2414. ——— *above the rest,*
 The noble Buzzard ever pleas'd me best ;]

The character of the Buzzard was drawn for the celebrated Bishop Burnet, out of compliment to King James II. to whom he had been, on many accounts, obnoxious. He is introduced as a prince, because his spirit and activity raised him to be regarded by many of the opponents to the court-measures, as the head of their party; and certainly none of the clergy was so meddling and inquisitive as he was; so that it is not unjust of our poet to say, that

Of small renown, 'tis true ; for, not to lye,
We call him but a Hawk by courtesy.

He dares the world ; and, eager of a name,
He thrusts about, and jostles into fame.

The bishop was good-humoured, conversable, and charitable ;
absent, credulous, and talkative ;

More learn'd than honest, more a wit than learn'd.

It is certain he gave room for this impeachment of his honesty, by drawing up two papers in defence of divorce and polygamy ; a task very unworthy of a clergyman : and by his behaviour, with regard to the Earl of Lauderdale's affairs in the House of Commons, where he was examined as to what he heard that nobleman say, about arming the Irish Papists, and bringing a Scotch army into England, to support some arbitrary measures intended to be set on foot by the king, and to over-awe the parliament. He at first refused to answer upon the latter point, and was dismissed : he then return'd,

— uncall'd, his patron to controul,
Divulg'd the secret whispers of his foul ;
Stood forth the accusing Satan of his crimes,
And offered to the Moloch of the times.

Having waited for some time in the lobby, in hope of being called in again, he desired to be readmitted, and now revealed every thing that had passed between them in private conversation ; for which conduct he makes but a poor excuse in his History of his own Times. The House of Commons laid great stress upon his declaration, and thus furnished with fresh matter, renewed their address against the earl.

The papers above-mentioned, were written to support a design set on foot by Shaftesbury and his emissaries, to divorce the king and procure him another wife, whose issue might exclude the Duke of York from the succession : they are to be found in Mackay's Memoirs. Burnet first came from Scotland, where he was born, to London, to complete the Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton. The Earl of Lauderdale, at that time, received him with great hospitality, and a friendship that merited a different return from what he received. Nor was his behaviour to the Duke of York less indefensible, his Highness having given him some distinguishing marks of his favour, which he requited with becoming one of his severest enemies ; not so much from any views of serving these kingdoms, but because that object that seemed most immediate to his interest, most engaged his atten-

I know he hates the Pigeon-house and Farm,
And more, in time of war, has done us
harm :

But all his hate on trivial points depends ; 2420
Give up our forms, and we shall soon be friends.
For Pigeons' flesh he seems not much to care ;
Cram'd Chickens are a more delicious fare.
On this high potentate, without delay,
I wish you would confer the sovereign sway : 2425
Petition him to accept the government,
And let a splendid embassy be sent.

This pithy speech prevail'd, and all agreed,
Old enmities forgot, the Buzzard should suc-
ceed.

Their welcome suit was granted soon as
heard, 2430
His lodgings furnish'd, and a train prepar'd,
With B's upon their breast, appointed for his
guard.

He came, and crown'd with great solemnity,
God save king Buzzard was the general cry.

tion ; and he thought opposition the swiftest way to preferment. It is certain King James hated him, not without reason, and would have made him feel his resentment, if he had not retired to the Prince of Orange, with whom he returned to England in 1688. The bishop has revenged himself, by calling Dryden, in the History of his own Times, *a monster of impurity*, and by mentioning him in his Reflections on Varillas, with a contempt to which he was infinitely superior. DERRICK.

Ver. 2418. *I know he hates &c.] I know he haunts &c.*
Orig. edit. TODD.

A portly prince, and goodly to the fight,
He seem'd a son of Anach for his height: 2436

Ver. 2435. *A portly prince,*] This character of Buzzard was intended to ridicule bishop Burnet, who had attacked Dryden for a translation of Varillas. Montague and Prior make their Bays speak thus of this passage:—"The excellence of a fable is in the length of it. Æsop indeed, like a slave as he was, made little, short, simple stories, with a dry moral at the end of them, and could not form any noble design. But here, I give you fable upon fable; and after you are satisfied with beasts in the first course, serve you up with a delicate dish of fowl for the second: now I was at all this pains to abuse one particular person; for I'gad I'll tell you what a trick he served me: I was once translating a very good *French author*, but being something long about it, as you know a man is not always in the humour; what does this Jack do, but puts out an answer to my friend before I had half finished the translation; so there was three whole months lost upon his account. But I think I have my revenge on him sufficiently, for I let all the world know that he is a *tall, broad-backed, lusty fellow, of a brown complexion, fair behaviour, a fluent tongue, and taking amongst the women; and to top it all, that he's much a scholar, more a wit, and owns but two sacraments.* Don't you think this fellow will hang himself? But, besides, I have so nick't his character in a name, as will make you split. I call him — I'gad I won't tell you, unless you remember what I said of him.

Smith. Why that he was much a *scholar*, and more a *wit*.

Bayes. Right, and his name is Buzzard, Ha! ha! ha!

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ibid. *A portly prince,*] This violent and cutting satire on bishop Burnet, which approaches the very verge of downright and disgusting ribaldry, must be accounted for (I will not say apologized) by the bishop's having called Dryden a monster of impiety, for the obscenities, blasphemies, and falsehoods, with which he said our author's works abounded. Burnet's own character appears every day to be more and more approved, and brightened by calm examination. His History of his own Time, allowing, perhaps, that it is written in too careless and familiar a style, yet abounds in most curious facts that otherwise would have been unknown, and this very familiarity is pleasing. His History of the Reformation is surely a most valuable and important work, and one of the most decisive blows Popery ever received. His Exposition of the Articles is sensible, acute, and candid; with a laudable endeavour to free them from some

Like those whom stature did to crowns prefer :
 Black-brow'd, and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter :
 Broad-back'd, and brawny-built for love's de-
 light ;

2439

A prophet form'd to make a female profelyte.
 A theologue more by need than genial bent ;
 By breeding sharp, by nature confident.
 Interest in all his actions was discern'd ;
 More learn'd than honest, more a wit than
 learn'd :

Or forc'd by fear, or by his profit led,

2445

Or both conjoin'd, his native clime he fled :

But brought the virtues of his heaven along :

A fair behaviour, and a fluent tongue.

And yet with all his arts he could not thrive ;

The most unlucky parasite alive.

2450

Loud praises to prepare his paths he sent,

And then himself pursued his compliment ;

But by reverse of fortune chas'd away,

His gifts no longer than their author stay :

2454

seeming absurdities and contradictions. And his short account of Lord Rochester a most useful, pious, and instructive little narrative.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 2441. ——— *than genial bent ;*] *Than natural bent.*
 Orig. edit. TODD.

Ver. 2442. ——— *by nature confident.*] *By nation confident.*
 Orig. edit. TODD.

Ver. 2446. *Or both conjoin'd, his native clime he fled :*] The original edition has

Or both his own unhappy clime &c.

TODD.

Ver. 2448. ——— *a fluent tongue.*] *Flattering.* Orig.
 edit. TODD.

He shakes the dust against the ungrateful race,
 And leaves the stench of ordures in the place.
 Oft has he flatter'd and blasphem'd the same ;
 For in his rage he spares no Sovereign's name :
 The hero and the tyrant change their style
 By the same measure that they frown or smile.

When well receiv'd by hospitable foes, 2461
 The kindness he returns, is to expose :
 For courtesies, though undeserv'd and great,
 No gratitude in felon-minds beget ;
 As tribute to his wit, the churl receives the
 treat. 2465

His praise of foes is venomously nice ;
 So touch'd, it turns a virtue to a vice :
 " A Greek, and bountiful, forewarns us
 twice."

Seven sacraments he wisely does disown,
 Because he knows Confession stands for one ;
 Where sins to sacred silence are convey'd, 2471
 And not for fear, or love, to be betray'd :
 But he, uncall'd, his patron to controul,
 Divulg'd the secret whispers of his soul ;
 Stood forth the accusing Satan of his crimes,
 And offer'd to the Moloch of the times. 2476
 Prompt to assail, and careless of defence,
 Invulnerable in his impudence,
 He dares the world ; and eager of a name,
 He thrusts about, and jostles into fame. 2480

Frontless, and satire-proof, he scowls the streets,
And runs an Indian-muck at all he meets.

So fond of loud report, that not to miss
Of being known (his last and utmost bliss)
He rather would be known for what he is.

Such was, and is the Captain of the Test,
Though half his virtues are not here express'd;
The modesty of fame conceals the rest.

The spleenful Pigeons never could create
A prince more proper to revenge their hate: 2490

Indeed, more proper to revenge, than save;

A king, whom in his wrath the Almighty gave:

For all the grace the landlord had allow'd,

But made the Buzzard and the Pigeons
proud;

Gave time to fix their friends, and to seduce
the crowd. 2495

They long their fellow-subjects to inthral,

Their patron's promise into question call,

And vainly think he meant to make them
lords of all.

False fears their leaders fail'd not to suggest,

As if the Doves were to be dispossest'd; 2500

Nor sighs, nor groans, nor gogling eyes did
want;

For now the Pigeons too had learn'd to cant.

The house of prayer is stock'd with large in-
crease;

Nor doors, nor windows can contain the press:

For birds of every feather fill the abode ; 2505

E'en Atheists out of envy own a God :

And, reeking from the flews, adulterers come,

Like Goths and Vandals to demolish Rome.

That Conscience, which to all their crimes was
mute,

Now calls aloud, and cries to persecute : 2510

No rigour of the laws to be releas'd,

And much the less, because it was their Lord's
request :

They thought it great their Sovereign to con-
troul,

And nam'd their pride, nobility of soul. 2514

'Tis true, the Pigeons, and their prince elect,

Were short of power, their purpose to effect :

But with their quills did all the hurt they could,

And cuff'd the tender Chickens from their food :

And much the Buzzard in their cause did stir,

Though naming not the patron, to infer, 2520

With all respect, he was a gross idolater. }

Ver. 2519. *And much the Buzzard in their cause did stir,
Though naming not the patron, &c.]*

On the fifth of November, 1684, Burnet preached a sermon in the Rolls chapel against Popery, in which he dropped some oblique reflections on the king. On this account it was ordered he should preach in that place no more, and he soon after found it necessary to withdraw to Holland. The king demanded him of the states as a traitor, but they refused to acquiesce. It is said 3000l. was ordered to be paid by the treasury to any person that could contrive to deliver him into the king's hands.

DERRICK.

But when the imperial owner did espy,
 That thus they turn'd his grace to villany,
 Not suffering wrath to discompose his mind,
 He strove a temper for the extremes to find. }
 So to be just, as he might still be kind ; 2526 }
 Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a doom
 Of sacred strength for every age to come.
 By this the Doves their wealth and state possess,
 No rights infring'd, but licence to oppress: 2530
 Such power have they as factious lawyers long
 To crowns ascrib'd, that Kings can do no
 wrong.

But since his own domestic birds have try'd
 The dire effects of their destructive pride, 2534
 He deems that proof a measure to the rest,
 Concluding well within his kingly breast, }
 His fowls of nature too unjustly were oppress. }
 He therefore makes all birds of every sect }
 Free of his farm, with promise to respect }
 Their several kinds alike, and equally protect. }
 His gracious edict the same franchise yields 2541 }
 To all the wild increase of woods and fields, }
 And who in rocks aloof, and who in steeples }
 builds :

To Crows the like impartial grace affords,
 And Choughs and Daws, and such republic
 birds: 2545

Secur'd with ample privilege to feed,
 Each has his district, and his bounds decreed:
 Combin'd in common interest with his own,
 But not to pass the Pigeons' Rubicon.

Here ends the reign of this pretended
 Dove ;

All prophecies accomplish'd from above,
 For Shiloh comes the sceptre to remove.
 Reduc'd from her imperial high abode,
 Like Dionysius to a private rod,

The Passive Church, that with pretended
 grace

Did her distinctive mark in duty place,
 Now touch'd, reviles her Maker to his face.

What after happen'd is not hard to guess :
 The small beginnings had a large increase,
 And arts and wealth succeed (the secret spoils
 of peace.)

'Tis said, the Doves repented, though too late,
 Become the smiths of their own foolish fate :
 Nor did their owner hasten their ill hour ;
 But, sunk in credit, they decreas'd in power :
 Like snows in warmth that mildly pass away,
 Dissolving in the silence of decay.

Ver. 2550. ——— of this pretended Dove ;] Orig. edit.
 TODD.

Ver. 2559. *The small beginnings had a large increase,*]
 ——— *exiguus profecta initiis ed creverit.* Livy.
 JOHN WARTON.

The Buzzard, not content with equal place,
 Invites the feather'd Nimrods of his race;
 To hide the thinness of their flock from sight,
 And all together make a seeming goodly flight:
 But each have separate interests of their own;
 Two Czars are one too many for a throne. 2572
 Nor can the usurper long abstain from food;
 Already he has tasted Pigeons' blood:
 And may be tempted to his former fare, 2575
 When this indulgent lord shall late to heaven
 repair.

Bare bending times, and moulting months may
 come,
 When, lagging late, they cannot reach their
 home;
 Or rent in schism (for so their fate decrees)
 Like the tumultuous college of the bees, 2580
 They fight their quarrel, by themselves oppress'd;
 The tyrant smiles below, and waits the falling
 feast.

Thus did the gentle Hind her fable end,
 Nor would the Panther blame it, nor commend;

Ver. 2583. *Thus did the gentle Hind*] It is observable that in this poem, full of fine versification and weak argument, our author keeps to some leading doctrines of popery, and makes no defence of several of its absurd tenets, purgatory, monkery, celibacy, confession, reliques, nor of two which Swift has imitabably ridiculed, holy water and the Pope's bulls.

"Another discovery, for which Peter was much renowned, was his famous universal *pickle*. For having remarked how your common pickle in use among housewives, was of no further benefit than to preserve dead flesh, and certain kinds of vegeta-

But, with affected yawnings at the close, 2585
Seem'd to require her natural repose:

bles; Peter, with great cost as well as art, had contrived a pickle proper for houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle; wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. Now this *pickle* to the taste, the smell, and the sight, appeared exactly the same, with what is in common service for beef, and butter, and herrings, (and has been often that way applied with great success) but for its many sovereign virtues was quite a different thing. For Peter would put in a certain quantity of his *powder pimperlump*, after which it never failed of success. The operation was performed by *Spargfaction*, in a proper time of the moon. The patient who was to be *pickled*, if it were a house, would infallibly be preserved from all spiders, rats, and weazels. If the party affected were a dog, he should be exempt from mange, madness, and hunger. It also infallibly took away all scabs and lice, and scald heads from children, never hindering the patient from any duty, either at bed or board.

But of all Peter's rarities, he most valued a certain set of *bulls*, whose race was by great fortune preserved in a lineal descent from those that guarded the *golden fleece*, though some who pretended to observe them curiously, doubted the breed had not been kept entirely chaste; because they had degenerated from their ancestors in some qualities, and had acquired others, very extraordinary, but a foreign mixture.

The *bulls* of Colchos are recorded to have *brazen feet*; but whether it happened by ill pasture, and running, by an allay from intervention of other parents, from stolen intrigues: whether a weakness in their progenitors had impaired the feminal virtue; or by a decline necessary through a long course of time, the originals of nature being depraved in these latter sinful ages of the world: whatever was the cause, 'tis certain that *Lord Peter's bulls* were extremely vitiated, by the rust of time in the metal of their *lead*. However, the terrible *roaring* peculiar to their lineage was preserved; as likewise that faculty of breathing out *fire* from their nostrils, which, notwithstanding, many of their detractors took to be a feat of art, and to be nothing so terrible as it appeared, proceeding only from their usual course of diet, which was that of *squibs* and *crackers*."

Pope, it is said, used to mention this poem as the most correct specimen of Dryden's versification. I must own I cannot assent to this opinion. He tells us himself that he intended to give the majestic turn of heroic poesy to the first part. In this design he has woefully miscarried. The perspicuity and plausibility of

For now the streaky light began to peep ;
 And setting stars admonish'd both to sleep.
 The dame withdrew, and, wishing to her guest
 The peace of heaven, betook herself to rest. 2590
 Ten thousand angels on her slumbers wait,
 With glorious visions of her future state.

his reasonings, however false and futile, shew a great command of language. This poem our author intended as a defence for his sudden conversion to popery, especially after his having written the *Religio Laici*, where such opposite opinions were maintained and enforced. Whether this conversion was the effect of pure truth and conviction, must be left to the great searcher of our hearts to determine; but such a change in so abject a flatterer, would naturally be imputed to mercenary motives. It is remarkable that Congreve, in his laboured and elegant defence of his friend's character, speaks not a syllable on the subject. The conversions of two greater men to popery, that of Henry IV. and Marshall Turenne, were reckoned interested and insincere. The following very severe lines are preserved in the *State Poems*, on this occasion:

At all religions to the last from first,
 Thou still hast rail'd, and then espous'd the worst ;
 In this thy wisdom such as 'twas before,
 T' abuse all woman kind—then wed a whore.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 2588. *And setting stars admonish'd both to sleep.*]

Suadentque cadentia sidera fomnos. Virgil.

JOHN WARTON.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA;

A P O E M

ON THE

BIRTH OF THE PRINCE.

Dii Patrii Indigetes, et Romule, Vestaque Mater,
Quæ Tuscum Tiberim, et Romana Palatia servas,
Hunc saltem everso *Puerum* succurrere sæclo
Ne prohibete: satis jampridem sanguine nostro
Laomedontææ luimus *Perjuria* Trojæ.

Virg. Georg. i.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA*;

A

POEM ON THE PRINCE,

BORN ON THE TENTH OF JUNE, 1688.

OUR vows are heard betimes! and Heaven
takes care

To grant, before we can conclude the prayer:

* “ On the 10th of June, 1688, the queen was suddenly seized with labour-pains, and delivered of a son, who was baptized by the name of James, and declared Prince of Wales.— All the catholics and friends of James were transported with the most extravagant joy at the birth of this child; while great part of the nation consoled themselves with the notion that it was altogether supposititious. They carefully collected a variety of circumstances, upon which this conjecture was founded; and though they were inconsistent, contradictory, and inconclusive, the inference was so agreeable to the views and passions of the people, that it made an impression which, in all probability, will never be totally effaced. Dr. Burnet, who seems to have been at uncommon pains to establish this belief, and to have consulted all the Whig nurses in England upon the subject; first pretends to demonstrate, that the queen was not with child; secondly, that she was with child, but miscarried; thirdly, that a child was brought into the queen’s apartment in a warming-pan; fourthly, that there was no child at all in the room; fifthly, that the queen actually bore a child, but it died that same day; sixthly, that the supposititious child had not the fits; seventhly, that it had the fits, of which it died at Richmond: therefore the Chevalier de St. George must be the fruit of four different impostures.” Smollett’s History of England.

DERRICK.

Ver. 1. *Our vows are heard*] It might be expected, that a late and zealous convert to popery would join in the general triumph and exultation, felt by all his brethren, on the birth of a prince who might be the means of perpetuating the Catholic

Preventing angels met it half the way,
 And sent us back to praise, who came to pray.
 Just on the day, when the high-mounted sun
 Did farthest in his northern progress run, 6
 He bended forward, and ev'n stretch'd the
 sphere

Beyond the limits of the lengthen'd year,
 To view a brighter sun in Britain born;
 That was the business of his longest morn; 10
 The glorious object seen, 'twas time to turn. }

Departing Spring could only stay to shed
 Her bloomy beauties on the genial bed,
 But left the manly Summer in her stead, }
 With timely fruit the longing land to chear, 15
 And to fulfil the promise of the year.
 Betwixt two seasons comes the auspicious heir,
 This age to blossom, and the next to bear.

Religion on the throne of these kingdoms, especially as this important event was imputed to a vow made by the Dutchess of Modena to the Holy Virgin at Loretto, that her daughter might by her means have a son.

Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.

Which was the motto of a long poem in hexameter verse, and not bad Latin, now before me, written by Mr. J. Plowden at this time. Burnet certainly has disgraced his history by collecting all the idle and incredible tales, and inconsistent accounts of the birth of this prince, in order to prove it was a supposititious child, and has given a narration more worthy of a nurse or midwife, than of a bishop and historian. King William, with that generosity and magnanimity that distinguished his character, gave no credit or countenance to this improbable fiction.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 6. ——— in his northern progress] Thus the original edition in 1688. Derrick has *its*. TODD.

Ver. 13. Her bloomy beauties] Original edition. Derrick, by an absurd error, has *gloomy*. TODD.

* Last solemn sabbath saw the Church at-
tend ;

The Paraclete in fiery pomp descend ; 20
But when his wond'rous † octave roll'd again,
He brought a royal infant in his train.
So great a blessing to so good a king,
None but the Eternal Comforter could bring.

Or did the mighty Trinity conspire, 25
As once, in council to create our fire ?
It seems as if they sent the new-born guest
To wait on the procession of their feast ;
And on their sacred anniverse decreed
To stamp their image on the promis'd seed. 30
Three realms united, and on one bestow'd,
An emblem of their mystic union shew'd :
The Mighty Trine the triple empire shar'd,
As every person would have one to guard.

Hail son of prayers ! by holy violence 35
Drawn down from heaven ; but long be ba-
nish'd thence,

And late to thy paternal skies retire :
To mend our crimes whole ages would require ;

* Whit-Sunday. Original edition.

Ver. 20. *The Paraclete in fiery pomp descend ;]* So Parnell :
The fiery pomp ascending left the view.

JOHN WARTON.

† Trinity Sunday. Original edition.

Ver. 37. *And late to thy paternal skies retire :]*

Serus in cœlum redeas.

Hor.

JOHN WARTON.

To change the inveterate habit of our sins,
And finish what thy godlike fire begins. 40

Kind heaven, to make us Englishmen again,
No less can give us than a patriarch's reign.

The sacred cradle to your charge receive,
Ye seraphs, and by turns the guard relieve;
Thy father's angel, and thy father join, 45

To keep possession, and secure the line;
But long defer the honours of thy fate:

Great may they be like his, like his be late;
That James this running century may view,
And give his son an auspice to the new. 50

Our wants exact at least that moderate stay:
For see the Dragon * winged on his way,
To watch the travail †, and devour the prey. }

Or, if allusions may not rise so high,
Thus, when Alcides rais'd his infant cry, 55
The snakes besieg'd his young divinity: }

But vainly with their forked tongues they threat;
For opposition makes a hero great.

To needful succour all the good will run,
And Jove assert the godhead of his son. 60

O still repining at your present state,
Grudging yourselves the benefits of fate,

Ver. 49. ——— this *running century*] Orig. edition.

Todd.

Ver. 50. ——— his *son*] Orig. edit. Derrick has *this*
son. Todd.

* Alluding only to the Commonwealth party, here and in
other places of the poem. Original edition.

† Rev. xii. 4. Original edition.

Look up, and read in characters of light
 A bleffing fent you in your own defpight.
 The manna falls, yet that celestial bread 65
 Like Jews you munch, and murmur while you
 feed.

May not your fortune be like their's, exil'd,
 Yet forty years to wander in the wild :
 Or if it be, may Mofes live at leaft,
 To lead you to the verge of promis'd reft. 70

Though poets are not prophets, to foreknow
 What plants will take the blight, and what will
 grow,

By tracing heaven his footfteps may be found :
 Behold ! how awfully he walks the round !

God is abroad, and, wond'rous in his ways, 75

The rife of empires, and their fall furveys ;

More (might I fay) than with an ufual eye,

He fees his bleeding Church in ruin lie,

And hears the fouls of faints beneath his

altar cry.

Already has he lifted high the fign *, 80

Which crown'd the conquering arms of Con-

ftantine :

The moon † grows pale at that prefaging fight,

And half her train of ftars have loft their light.

* The crofs. Original edition.

† The crefcent which the Turks bear for their arms. Orig.
 edition.

Behold another Sylvester *, to blefs
 The facred ſtandard, and ſecure ſucceſs ; 85
 Large of his treasures, of a ſoul ſo great,
 As fills and crowds his univerſal feat.
 Now view at home a ſecond Conſtantine † ;
 (The former too was of the Britiſh line)
 Has not his healing balm your breaches clos'd, 90
 Whoſe exile many fought, and few oppos'd ?
 Or, did not heaven by its eternal doom
 Permit thoſe evils, that this good might come ?
 So manifeſt, that e'en the moon-ey'd ſects
 See whom and what this Providence protects. 95
 Methinks, had we within our minds no more
 Than that one ſhipwreck on the fatal ore ‡,
 That only thought may make us think again,
 What wonders God reſerves for ſuch a reign.

* The pope in the time of Conſtantine the Great, alluding to the preſent pope. Original edition.

Ver. 84. *Behold another Sylveſter, &c.*] The pope, in James the Second's time, is here compared to him who governed the Romiſh Church in the time of Conſtantine, to whom the king is likened a little lower down. DERRICK.

† King James the Second. Original edition.

Ver. 89. *The former too was of the Britiſh line*] St. Helen, mother of Conſtantine the Great, was an Engliſhwoman; and Archbiſhop Uſher affirms, that the emperor himſelf was born in this kingdom. DERRICK.

Ver. 92. *Or, did not &c.*] Original edition. Derrick has *O, did not &c.* TODD.

‡ The Lemmon ore. Original edition.

Ver. 97. — *that one ſhipwreck on the fatal ore,*] The ſand-bank, on which the Duke of York had like to have been loſt in 1682, on his voyage to Scotland, is known by the name of Lemman ore. DERRICK.

To dream that chance his preservation wrought,
 Were to think Noah was preserv'd for nought;
 Or the surviving eight were not design'd
 To people earth, and to restore their kind.

When humbly on the royal babe we gaze,
 The manly lines of a majestic face 105
 Give awful joy: 'tis paradise to look
 On the fair frontispiece of Nature's book:
 If the first opening page so charms the sight,
 Think how the unfolded volume will delight!
 See how the venerable infant lies 110
 In early pomp; how through the mother's eyes
 The father's soul, with an undaunted view,
 Looks out, and takes our homage as his due.
 See on his future subjects how he smiles,
 Nor meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles; 115
 But with an open face, as on his throne,
 Assures our birthrights, and assumes his own:

Born in broad day-light, that the ungrateful
 rout

May find no room for a remaining doubt;
 Truth, which itself is light, does darkness shun,
 And the true eaglet safely dares the sun. 121

* Fain would the fiends have made a dubious
 birth,

Loth to confess the godhead cloth'd in earth:

* Alluding to the temptations in the wilderness; Original
 edition.

But ficken'd, after all their baffled lies,
 To find an heir apparent of the skies : 125
 Abandon'd to despair, still may they grudge,
 And, owning not the Saviour, prove the judge.

* Not great Æneas stood in plainer day,
 When, the dark mantling mist dissolv'd away,
 He to the Tyrians shew'd his sudden face, 130
 Shining with all his goddess mother's grace :
 For she herself had made his countenance bright,
 Breath'd honour on his eyes, and her own purple
 light.

If our victorious Edward †, as they say,
 Gave Wales a prince on that propitious day, 135
 Why may not years revolving with his fate
 Produce his like, but with a longer date ?
 One, who may carry to a distant shore
 The terror that his fam'd forefather bore.
 But why should James or his young hero stay
 For slight presages of a name or day ? 141
 We need no Edward's fortune to adorn
 That happy moment when our prince was
 born :

Our prince adorns his day, and ages hence
 Shall wish his birth-day for some future prince,

* Virg. Æneid, 1. Original edition.

† Edward, the Black Prince, born on Trinity Sunday.
 Original edition.

Ver. 144. *Our prince adorns his day,*] Original edition.

* Great Michael, prince of all the ætherial
 hoſts, 146
 And whate'er inborn ſaints our Britain boalts;
 And thou †, the adopted patron of our iſle,
 With chearful aſpects on this infant ſmile:
 The pledge of Heaven, which, dropping from
 above, 150
 Secures our bliſs, and reconciles his love.

Enough of illſ our dire rebellion wrought,
 When, to the dregs, we drank the bitter draught;
 Then airy atoms did in plagues conſpire,
 Nor did the avenging angel yet retire, 155 }
 But purg'd our ſtill increaſing crimes with fire. }
 Then perjur'd Plots, the ſtill impending Teſt,
 And worſe—but charity conceals the reſt:
 Here ſtop the current of the ſanguine flood; 159
 Require not, gracious God, thy martyrs' blood;
 But let their dying pangs, their living toil,
 Spread a rich harveſt through their native ſoil:
 A harveſt ripening for another reign,
 Of which this royal babe may reap the grain.

Enough of early ſaints one womb has given;
 Enough increas'd the family of heaven: 166
 Let them for his and our atonement go;
 And reigning bleſt above, leave him to rule
 below,

* The motto of the poem explained, Original edition.

† St. George, Original edition,

Enough already has the year foreflow'd
 His wonted course, the sea has overflow'd, 170
 The meads were floated with a weeping spring,
 And frighten'd birds in woods forgot to sing:
 The strong-limb'd steed beneath his harness
 faints,

And the same shivering sweat his lord attaints.
 When will the minister of wrath give o'er? 175
 Behold him, at Araunah's * threshing-floor:
 He stops, and seems to sheath his flaming brand,
 Pleas'd with burnt incense from our David's
 hand.

David has bought the Jebusite's abode,
 And rais'd an altar to the living God. 180

Heaven, to reward him, makes his joys fin-
 cere ;

No future ills nor accidents appear,
 To sully and pollute the sacred infant's year. }

Five months to discord and debate were given:
 He sanctifies the yet remaining seven. 185

Sabbath of months! henceforth in him be blest,
 And prelude to the realms perpetual rest!

Let his baptismal drops for us atone;
 Lustrations for offences † not his own.

Ver. 169. ——— the year foreflow'd
 His wonted course, &c.]

Original edition. Derrick has *foreshow'd*.

TODD.

* Alluding to the passage in 1 Kings xxiv. 20. Orig. edit.

† Original fin. Orig. edit.

Let Conscience, which is Interest ill disguis'd,
In the same font be cleans'd, and all the land
baptiz'd. 191

* Unnam'd as yet; at least unknown to fame:
Is there a strife in heaven about his name?
Where every famous predecessor vies,
And makes a faction for it in the skies? 195
Or must it be reserv'd to thought alone?
Such was the sacred 'Tetragrammaton.
Things worthy silence must not be reveal'd:
Thus the true name of Rome was kept conceal'd,
To shun the spells and forceries of those 200
Who durst her infant Majesty oppose.
But when his tender strength in time shall rise
To dare ill tongues, and fascinating eyes;
This isle, which hides the little thunderer's fame,
Shall be too narrow to contain his name: 205
The artillery of heaven shall make him known;
† Crete could not hold the god, when Jove was
grown.

* The prince christen'd, but not named. Original edition.

Ver. 197. ——— *the sacred Tetragrammaton.*] Jehovah, or the name of God, unlawful to be pronounced by the Jews.—Original edition.

Ver. 199. *Thus the true name of Rome was kept conceal'd.*] Some authors say, That the true name of Rome was kept a secret: Ne hostes incantamentis deos elicerent. Original edition.

† Candie, where Jupiter was born and bred secretly. Orig. edition.

As Jove's increase *, who from his brain was
born,

Whom arms and arts did equally adorn,
Free of the breast was bred, whose milky taste
Minerva's name to Venus had debas'd ; 211
So this imperial babe rejects the food
That mixes monarch's with plebeian blood :
Food that his inborn courage might controul,
Extinguish all the father in his soul, 215
And, for his Estian race, and Saxon strain,
Might reproduce some second Richard's reign.
Mildness he shares from both his parents' blood :
But kings too tame are despicably good :
Be this the mixture of this regal child, 220
By nature manly, but by virtue mild.

Thus far the furious transport of the news
Had to prophetic madness fir'd the Muse ;
Madness ungovernable, uninspir'd,
Swift to foretel whatever she desir'd. 225
Was it for me the dark abyss to tread,
And read the book which angels cannot read ?
How was I punish'd, when the sudden blast †,
The face of heaven, and our young sun o'ercast !
Fame, the swift ill, increasing as she roll'd, 230
Disease, despair, and death, at three reprises
told :

* Pallas, or Minerva, said by the poets to have been bred up by hand. Original edition.

† The sudden false report of the prince's death, Orig. edit.

At three insulting strides she stalk'd the town,
 And, like contagion, struck the loyal down.
 Down fell the winnow'd wheat; but mounted
 high, 234

The whirlwind bore the chaff, and hid the sky.
 Here black rebellion shooting from below,
 (As earth's gigantic brood* by moments grow)
 And here the sons of God are petrified with
 woe:

An apoplex of grief: so low were driven
 The faints, as hardly to defend their heaven. 240

As, when pent vapours run their hollow round,
 Earthquakes, which are convulsions of the
 ground,

Break bellowing forth, and no confinement
 brook,

Till the third settles what the former shook;
 Such heavings had our souls; till, slow and late,
 Our life with his return'd, and faith prevail'd on
 fate. 246

By prayers the mighty blessing was implor'd,
 To prayers was granted, and by prayers restor'd.

So ere the Shunamite† a son conceiv'd,
 The prophet promis'd, and the wife believ'd. 250
 A son was sent, the son so much desir'd;
 But soon upon the mother's knees expir'd.

* Those giants are feigned to have grown fifteen ells every day. Original edition.

† In 2 Kings iv. Original edition.

The troubled Seer approach'd the mournful
door,

Ran, pray'd, and sent his pastoral staff before,
Then stretch'd his limbs upon the child, and
mourn'd, 255

'Till warmth, and breath, and a new soul re-
turn'd.

Thus mercy stretches out her hand, and saves
Desponding Peter sinking in the waves.

As when a sudden storm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain, 260
Think not the hopes of harvest are destroy'd
On the flat field, and on the naked void ;
The light, unloaded stem, from tempest freed,
Will raise the youthful honours of his head ;
And, soon restor'd by native vigour, bear 265
The timely product of the bounteous year.

Nor yet conclude all fiery trials past :
For Heaven will exercise us to the last ;
Sometimes will check us in our full career,
With doubtful blessings, and with mingled
fear ; 270

That, still depending on his daily grace,
His every mercy for an alms may pass,
With sparing hands will diet us to good ;
Preventing surfeits of our pamper'd blood.

Ver. 273. ——— will diet us to good ;] Many striking
examples of the strange inequalities, and of the mixture of good
and bad, that appear in our author's works, may be given from

So feeds the mother-bird her craving young 275
With little morsels, and delays them long.

True, this last blessing was a royal feast ;
But, where's the wedding-garment on the guest ?
Our manners, as religion were a dream,
Are such as teach the nations to blaspheme. 280
In lusts we wallow, and with pride we swell,
And injuries with injuries repel ;
Prompt to revenge, not daring to forgive,
Our lives unteach the doctrine we believe.
Thus Israel sinn'd, impenitently hard, 285
And vainly thought the present ark * their
guard ;

But when the haughty Philistines appear,
They fled, abandon'd to their foes and fear ;
Their God was absent, though his ark was
there. }

this poem. I hope I may be pardoned for pointing out some singular passages, in which may be found his elegancies and vulgarisms, his flights and descents, his reasonings and fallacies, his just panegyric and sordid adulation, and his piety and profaneness. See from verse 20 to 40, verse 53, verse 65, verse 69, verse 80, (in allusion to the story of Constantine's cross, now given up as fabulous by all candid historians. See Fabricius, Bib. Gr. v. 6.) verse 100, verse 126, six elegant lines ; verse 111, gross flattery ; and also verse 136, verse 190, verse 196, verse 230, four fine lines, but disgraced by verse 233 ; verse 210, gross flattery ; verse 296, eight beautiful lines ; as also verse 256 to verse 269 ; verse 290, flattery ; and verse 292, profane ; verse 300 to verse 310, very elegant ; verse 323, vulgar allusion ; verse 329, almost burlesque ; verse 331, and what follows of Aristides, verse 336, very nauseous adulation.

Dr. J. WARTON.

* 1 Sam. iv. 10. Original edition.

Ah ! lest our crimes should snatch this pledge
away, 290

And make our joys the blessings of a day !
For we have finn'd him hence, and that he lives,
God to his promise, not our practice gives.
Our crimes would soon weigh down the guilty
scale,

But James, and Mary, and the Church pre-
vail.

Nor Amalek * can rout the chosen bands, 296
While Hur and Aaron hold up Moses' hands.

By living well, let us secure his days,
Moderate in hopes, and humble in our ways.
No force the free-born spirit can constrain, 300
But charity, and great examples gain.
Forgiveness is our thanks for such a day,
'Tis god-like God in his own coin to pay.

But you, propitious queen, translated here,
From your mild heaven, to rule our rugged
sphere, 305

Beyond the sunny walks, and circling year :
You, who your native climate have bereft
Of all the virtues, and the vices left ;
Whom piety and beauty make their boast,
Though beautiful is well in pious lost ; 310
So lost, as star-light is dissolv'd away,
And melts into the brightness of the day ;

* Exod. xvii. 8. Original edition.

Or gold about the regal diadem,
 Lost to improve the lustre of the gem.
 What can we add to your triumphant day? 315
 Let the great gift the beauteous giver pay.
 For should our thanks awake the rising sun,
 And lengthen, as his latest shadows run,
 That, tho' the longest day, would soon, too }
 soon be done.

Let angels' voices with their harps conspire, 320
 But keep the auspicious infant from the quire;
 Late let him sing above, and let us know
 No sweeter music than his cries below.

Nor can I wish to you, great monarch, more
 Than such an annual income to your store; 325
 The day which gave this Unit, did not shine
 For a less omen, than to fill the Trine.

After a Prince, an Admiral beget;
 The Royal Sovereign wants an anchor yet.
 Our isle has younger titles still in store, 330 }
 And when the exhausted land can yield no }
 more, }
 Your line can force them from a foreign shore.

The name of Great your martial mind will
 suit;

But justice is your darling attribute:

Ver. 313. ——— the regal diadem,] Original edition.
 Derrick has royal. TODD.

Ver. 319. That, tho' the longest day, would soon, too soon be
 done.] This is the punctuation of the original edition. TODD.

Of all the Greeks, 'twas but one hero's * due,
 And, in him, Plutarch prophecy'd of you. 336
 A prince's favours but on few can fall,
 But justice is a virtue shar'd by all.

Some kings the name of conquerors have
 assum'd,
 Some to be great, some to be gods presum'd ;
 But boundless power, and arbitrary lust, 341
 Made tyrants still abhor the name of just ;
 They shunn'd the praise this godlike virtue
 gives,
 And fear'd a title that reproach'd their lives.

The power, from which all kings derive their
 state, 345
 Whom they pretend, at least, to imitate,
 Is equal both to punish and reward ;
 For few would love their God, unless they
 fear'd.

Resistless force and immortality
 Make but a lame, imperfect, deity ; 350
 Tempests have force unbounded to destroy,
 And deathless being ev'n the damn'd enjoy ;
 And yet Heaven's attributes, both last and
 first,

One without life, and one with life accurst :
 But justice is Heaven's self, so strictly he, 355
 That could it fail, the Godhead could not be.

* Aristides. See his life in Plutarch. Original edition,

This virtue is your own ; but life and state
Are one to fortune subject, one to fate :
Equal to all, you justly frown or smile ;
Nor hopes nor fears your steady hand be-
guile ;
Yourself our balance hold, the world's, our isle.

360

This virtue is your own; but life and fate

Are one to fortune's subject, one to fate:

Equal to all, you justly crown or smite:

Nor hopes nor fears your steady hand be-
 } girdle;

You tell me balance both to right and left:

All human things are subject to decay,

And when late humours, inordinant, must obey.

This is the end of the world, as well as the end of the world.

And the end of the world, as well as the end of the world.

And the end of the world, as well as the end of the world.

And the end of the world, as well as the end of the world.

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And the end of the world, as well as the end of the world.

MAC FLECKNOE*.

ALL human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.

* This is one of the best, as well as severest satires, ever produced in our language. Mr. Thomas Shadwell is the hero of the piece, and introduced, as if pitched upon, by Flecknoe, to succeed him in the throne of dullness; for Flecknoe was never poet-laureat, as has been ignorantly asserted in Cibber's Lives of the Poets.

Richard Flecknoe, Esq; from whom this poem derives its name, was an Irish priest, who had, according to his own declaration, laid aside the mechanic part of the priesthood. He was well known at court; yet, out of four plays which he wrote, could get only one of them acted, and that was damned. "He has," says Langbaine, "published fundry works, as he stiles them, to continue his name to posterity, though possibly an enemy has done that for him, which his own endeavours could never have perfected: for, whatever may become of his own pieces, his name will continue, whilst Mr. Dryden's satire, called Mac-Flecknoe, shall remain in vogue."

From this poem Pope took the hint of his Dunciad.

DERRICK.

There is a copy of this satire in manuscript, among the manuscripts in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth Palace; which presents some readings, different from the printed copies, that may probably amuse the reader, and perhaps in two or three instances induce him to prefer the *written text*. The MS. is numbered 711. 8. TODD.

This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus,
 young
 Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long;

Ver. 1. *All human things*] Will it be thought an extravagant and exaggerated encomium to say, that in point of pleafantry, various sorts of wit, humour, satire, both oblique and direct, contempt and indignation, clear diction, and melodious versification, this poem is perhaps the best of its kind in any language. Boileau, who spent his life, exhausted his talents, and soured his temper, in proscribing bad poets, has nothing equal to it. It is precisely in the style and manner mentioned by Horace

— modò tristi, sæpe jocofo,
 Defendente vicem modò Rhetoris atque Poetæ,
 Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus atque
 Extenuantis eas consultò.

It is obvious to observe that this poem is the parent of the Dunciad, which, with all the labour bestowed upon it, is not equal to its original: Though Dr. Johnson praises it, as being more extended in its plan, and more diversified in its incidents. It certainly is more extended in its plan, by attacking such a multitude of mean scribblers, but the attack, by being so divided, is of less force than if confined to one alone. And what plan does Dr. Johnson mean? does he mean that in four books, in which the subject of electing Tibbald as king of the Dunces was totally altered, and enlarged into an account of the Empire of Dulness spreading over the whole world, instead of vesting it in one monarch; which monarch was also unhappily and unskillfully changed to Cibber instead of Tibbald. I shall not repeat what is said on this subject in the fifth volume of the last edition of Pope. As to the incidents being more diversified, Dr. Johnson alludes to the introduction of the games, which are described in the most offensive language, and in images gross and vulgar. It is difficult to understand fully the meaning of Pope in the fourth book of the Dunciad. Many species of false and trifling studies and pursuits are well exposed. But did he really mean to say, contrary to all experience, that the Empire of Dulness was becoming universal over all Europe, and that art after art was daily expiring, when every art is every day improving and enlarged? The numbers in Pope's Dunciad, by being very much laboured,

In prose and verse, was own'd, without dispute,
 Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute. 6
 This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
 And blest with issue of a large increase;
 Worn out with business, did at length debate
 To settle the succession of the state: 10
 And, pondering, which of all his sons was fit
 To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
 Cry'd, "'Tis resolv'd; for nature pleads, that he
 Should only rule, who most resembles me.
 Shadwell alone my perfect image bears, 15
 Mature in dullness from his tender years:
 Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he,
 Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.

are become the most hard and inharmonious of any of his works. To make the poem tolerably intelligible, which every day renders more and more necessary, it has become unavoidable to print it, in a very late edition, with those many and long notes given to him by his friends, Swift, Arbuthnot, Cleland, Savage, Warburton, and others, without which the names, families, abodes, and employments of the contemptible scribblers must have remained totally unknown. But after all that is here said of the excellence of Mac Flecknoe, candour and justice oblige us to add, that Shadwell did not in justice deserve the character here given of him, because in many of his plays are characters supported with true humour and spirit, and plots skilfully enough conducted. So that neither Dryden nor Pope were fortunate and just in their respective heroes, as neither Shadwell nor Cibber deserved to be placed in such ridiculous and contemptible situations.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 11. ——— *which of all his sons was fit*] ——— which
 of all his sons *were* fitt. MS. TODD.

Ver. 12. ——— *immortal war*] ——— *immortal wars*. MS.
 TODD.

The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
 But Shadwell never deviates into sense. 20
 Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
 Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
 But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
 Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye, 25
 And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty:
 Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the
 plain,
 And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
 Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
 Thou last great prophet of tautology. 30
 Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
 Was sent before but to prepare thy way;
 And, coarsely clad in Norwich drugget, came
 To teach the nations in thy greater name.
 My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung, 35
 When to king John of Portugal I sung,
 Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
 When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy
 way,
 With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,
 Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge; 40

Ver. 33. *And, coarsely clad in Norwich drugget, came]* And coarsely cloath'd in rusty drugget came. MS.

TODD.

Ver. 39. *With well-tim'd oars]* With well-trim'd oars. MS.

TODD.

And big with hymn, commander of an host,
 The like was ne'er in Epfom blankets toft.
 Methinks I fee the new Arion fail,
 The lute ftill trembling underneath thy nail.
 At thy well-fharpen'd thumb from fhore to
 fhore 45

The trebles squeak for fear, the bafes roar :
 Echoes from Piffing-Alley Shadwell call,
 And Shadwell they refound from Afton-Hall.
 About thy boat the little fifhes throng,
 As at the morning toast that floats along. 50
 Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
 Thou weild'ft thy papers in thy threshing hand.
 St. André's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
 Not ev'n the feet of thy own Psyche's rhyme :
 Though they in number as in fenfe excel ; 55
 So juft, fo like tautology, they fell,
 That, pale with envy, Singleton forfwore
 The lute and fword, which he in triumph }
 bore, }
 And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more."

Ver. 42. *The like was ne'er in Epfom blankets toft.*] The like
in Epfom blanket ne'er was toft. MS. TODD.

Ver. 44. *The lute ftill trembling*] The lute *ſhe trembles &c.*
 MS. TODD.

Ver. 53. *St. André's feet ne'er kept &c.*] A French dancing-
 mafter, at this time greatly admired.

DERRICK.

Ver. 55. *Though they in number as in fenfe excel ;*] Though
 they in number as in *verſe* excel. MS.

TODD.

Here stopt the good old fire, and wept for
 joy, 60
 In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
 All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
 That for anointed dulness he was made.
 Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind,
 (The fair Augusta much to fears inclin'd) 65
 An ancient fabric rais'd to inform the sight,
 There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight:
 A watch-tower once; but now, so fate ordains,
 Of all the pile an empty name remains:
 From its old ruins brothel-houses rise, 70
 Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
 Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets
 keep,
 And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep.
 Near these a nursery erects its head,
 Where queens are form'd, and future heroes
 bred; 75
 Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and
 cry,
 Where infant punks their tender voices try,
 And little Maximins the gods defy.
 Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
 Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear; 80

Ver. 64. *Close to the walls &c.*] *Close by the walls &c.* MS.
TODD.

Ver. 67. — *Barbican it hight:*] *Barbican is hight.* MS.
TODD.

But gentle Simkin just reception finds
 Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds :
 Pure clinches the suburbian muse affords,
 And Panton waging harmless war with words.
 Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
 Ambitiously design'd his Shadwell's throne. 86
 For ancient Decker prophecy'd long since,
 That in this pile should reign a mighty prince, }
 Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense : }
 To whom true dulness should some Psysches owe,
 But worlds of Misers from his pen should flow;
 Humorists and Hypocrites it should produce, 92
 Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.

Now empress Fame had publish'd the re-
 nown

Of Shadwell's coronation through the town. 95
 Rous'd by report of fame, the nations meet,
 From near Bunhill, and distant Watling-street.
 No Persian carpets spread the imperial way,
 But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay :
 From dusty shops neglected authors come, 100
 Martyrs of pies, and reliques of the bum.

Ver. 81. ——— *Simkin just reception finds*] Simkin is a character of a cobbler in an interlude. Panton, who is mentioned soon after, was a famous punster.

DERRICK.

Ver. 88. *That in this pile should reign &c.*] That in this place should reign &c. MS. TODD.

Ver. 96. *Rous'd by report of fame, &c.*] Rous'd by report of pomp, &c. MS. TODD.

Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby there lay,
 But loads of Shadwell almost chok'd the way.
 Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
 And Herringman was captain of the guard. 105
 The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
 High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
 At his right hand our young Ascanius fate,
 Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state.
 His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
 And lambent dulness play'd around his face. 111
 As Hannibal did to the altars come,
 Swore by his fire, a mortal foe to Rome;
 So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
 That he till death true dulness would main-
 tain ; 115

Ver. 102. *Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby*] Except Lopez de Vega, Heywood was the most voluminous of all play writers, having had, as he himself quaintly expresses it, either an entire hand, or at the least a main finger in two hundred and twenty plays. He lived in the reigns of queen Elizabeth and James I. He also translated dialogues of Lucian and Erasmus, and in the year 1635 published, in folio, a poem called "The Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels." James Shirley deserved to be placed in better company. He had a fine imagination; he was the author of thirty-nine plays, in many of which are fine passages, as there are in his poems. Ogleby was the well-known author of a dull translation of Homer and Virgil, which, however, as was his history of China, were adorned with valuable cuts by Hollar.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 107. *High on a throne &c.*] *High on a state &c.* MS. TODD.

Ver. 113. *Swore by his fire, &c.*] *Sworn by his fire, &c.* MS. Certainly the preferable reading. TODD.

And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with
sense.

The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball, 120

He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale ;
Love's Kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway ;
Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd
young, 124

And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung.
His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head.

Just at the point of time, if fame not lye,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tyber's brook, 130

Prefage of sway from twice six vultures took.
The admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.

The fire then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed 135
Full on the filial dulness : long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god ;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood. }

Ver. 117. ——— nor *truce with sense.*] Or *truce with sense.*
MS. TODD.

Ver. 138. *At length burst out &c.*] At length *broke out &c.*
MS. TODD.

“Heavens blefs my fon, from Ireland let
 him reign
 To far Barbadoes on the western main ; 140
 Of his dominion may no end be known,
 And greater than his father’s be his throne ;
 Beyond Love’s Kingdom let him ftretch his
 pen !” —

He paus’d, and all the people cry’d, Amen.
 Then thus continu’d he : “My fon, advance 145
 Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
 Succels let others teach, learn thou from me
 Pangs without birth, and fruitless induftry.
 Let Virtuosos in five years be writ ;
 Yet not one thought accufe thy toil of wit. 150
 Let gentle George in triumph tread the ftage,
 Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage ;
 Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the
 pit,
 And in their folly fhew the writer’s wit.

Ver. 143. *Beyond Love’s Kingdom &c.*] This is the name of that one play of Flecknoe’s, which was acted, but mifcarried in the representation. DERRICK.

Ver. 144. ——— *the people cry’d, Amen.*] The people *said*, Amen. MS. TODD.

Ver. 149. *Let Virtuosos in five years be writ ;*] Shadwell’s play of the Virtuoso, in which Sir Formal Trifle, a florid comical orator, is a principal character, was firft acted in 1676 ; and he tells the Duke of Newcastle, in the dedication, “that here he has endeavoured at humour, wit, and fatire.”

DERRICK.

Ver. 150. ——— *accufe thy toil of wit.*] Accufe thy *foil* of wit. MS. TODD.

Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence, 155
And justify their author's want of sense.

Let them be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid ;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own. 160

Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
All full of thee, and differing but in name.

But let no alien Sedley interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.
And when false flowers of rhetoric thou would'st
cull, 165

Trust nature, do not labour to be dull ;
But write thy best, and top ; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine :

Sir Formal, though unfought, attends thy
quill,

And does thy northern dedications fill. 170

Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.

Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.

Ver. 159. ——— *to future ages &c.*] *To after ages &c.* MS.
TODD.

Ver. 160. ——— *but issue of thy own.*] *But issues of thy own.*
MS. TODD.

Ver. 164. *To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.*] Alluding
to Shadwell's comedy, called Epsom Wells.

DERRICK.

Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part :
 What share have we in nature, or in art ? 176
 Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
 And rail at arts he did not understand ?
 Where made he love in prince Nicander's vein,
 Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain ?
 Where sold he bargains, " whip-stitch, kifs my
 arse," 181
 Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce ?
 When did his muse from Fletcher scenes pur-
 loin,
 As thou whole Etheridge dost transfuse to
 thine ?
 But so transfus'd, as oil and waters flow, 185
 His always floats above, thine sinks below.
 This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
 New humours to invent for each new play :
 This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
 By which one way to dulness 'tis inclin'd : 190
 Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
 And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.

Ver. 176. *What share have we in nature, or in art ?*] For what have we in nature, or in art? MS. TODD.

Ver. 178. *And rail at arts &c.*] Or raile at art &c. MS. TODD.

Ver. 179. ——— *prince Nicander's vein,*] A character of a lover in the opera of Psyche. DERRICK.

Ver. 190. *By which one way &c.*] By which each way &c. MS. TODD.

Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
 Of likenefs; thine's a tympany of fenfe.
 A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ, 195
 But fure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
 Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
 Thy tragic mufe gives fmiles, thy comic fleep.
 With whate'er gall thou fett'ft thyfelf to write,
 Thy inoffenfive fatires never bite. 200
 In thy felonious art though venom lies,
 It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
 Thy genius calls thee not to purchafe fame
 In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.
 Leave writing plays, and choofe for thy com-
 mand, 205
 Some peaceful province in Acroftic land.
 There thou may'ft Wings difplay and Altars
 raife,
 And torture one poor word ten thoufand ways.
 Or, if thou would'ft thy different talents fuit,
 Set thy own fongs, and fing them to thy lute."
 He faid; but his laft words were fcarcely
 heard : 211
 For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepar'd,
 And down they fent the yet declaiming bard.

Ver. 193. *Nor let thy mountain-belly &c.*] Alluding to Shadwell's form, who was pretty lufky. DERRICK.

Ver. 204. — mild *Anagram.*] *Kind Anagram.* MS. TODD.

Ver. 207. — and Altars *raife,*] And *trophies* raife. MS. TODD.

Ver. 212. *For Bruce and Longvil &c.*] Two very heavy cha-

Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
 Born upwards by a subterranean wind. 215
 The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
 With double portion of his father's art.

acters in Shadwell's *Virtuoso*, whom he calls gentlemen of wit
 and good sense. DERRICK.

Sinking he left his drugged robe behind,
 Born upwards by a subterranean wind,
 The mantle fell to the young prophet's part;
 With double portion of his father's art
 Tapers in Alabaster's Winton, where he calls his gentlemen of wit
 Dan Rick

EPISTLES.

EPISTLES THE FIRST.

TO MY

HONOURED FRIEND

SIR ROBERT HOWARD,

ON HIS

EXCELLENT POEMS

EPISTLES.

As there is much uniformity by all
In those wild notes, which, with a merry heart,

* Sir Robert Howard, a younger son of Thomas Earl of Berkshire, and brother to Sir Robert's lady, Richard for some time in Magdalen College. The injured easy opportunity as no count of his family, and was one of the few of King Charles the first's name, whom that monarch did not forget. Perhaps he had his fortune ends in it; for Sir Robert, who was a year of years, being due to obtain notice in parliament, whereas he late as private, but not unacquainted, and afterwards for Gentleman in Norfolk. He was, soon after the restoration, made a knight of the Bath, and one of the auditors of the Exchequer, raised at 8000 per annum. Notwithstanding that he was supposed to be a great favourite of the Catholics, he thus took the oath to King William, by which he made a party. Consider in the beginning of the year 1691 and he was a more open or moderate enemy to the Nonjurs. Several of his poems, both in prose and verse, were published at different times; among which are the first of the series, a celebrated poem; the comedy of the Blind Lady; the Com-

EPISTLE THE FIRST.

TO MY

HONOURED FRIEND

SIR ROBERT HOWARD*,

ON HIS

EXCELLENT POEMS.

AS there is music uninform'd by art
In those wild notes, which, with a merry heart,

* Sir Robert Howard, a younger son of Thomas Earl of Berkshire, and brother to Mr. Dryden's lady, studied for some time in Magdalene-college. He suffered many oppressions on account of his loyalty, and was one of the few of King Charles the II'd's friends, whom that monarch did not forget. Perhaps he had his present ends in it; for Sir Robert, who was a man of parts, helped him to obtain money in parliament, wherein he sat as burges, first for Stockbridge, and afterwards for Castle-Rising in Norfolk. He was, soon after the restoration, made a knight of the Bath, and one of the auditors of the Exchequer, valued at 3000*l.* per annum. Notwithstanding that he was supposed to be a great favourer of the Catholics, he soon took the oaths to King William, by whom he was made a privy-counsellor in the beginning of the year 1689; and no man was a more open or inveterate enemy to the Nonjurors.

Several of his pieces, both in prose and verse, were published at different times; among which are the *Duel of the Stags*, a celebrated poem; the comedy of the *Blind Lady*; the Com-

The birds in unfrequented shades exprefs,
Who, better taught at home, yet please us lefs:

mittee, or, the Faithful Irishman; the Great Favorite, or, the Duke of Lerma; the Indian Queen, a tragedy, written in conjunction with our author; the Surprizal, a tragi-comedy; and the Vestal Virgin, or the Roman Ladies, a tragedy: the last has two different conclusions, one tragical, and the other, to use the author's own words, comical. The last five plays were collected together, and published by Tonson, in a small 12mo volume, in 1722. The Blind Lady was printed with some of his poems.

Langbaine speaks in very high terms of Sir Robert's merit, in which he is copied by Giles Jacob. See their Lives of the Poets.

This gentleman was, however, extremely positive, remarkably overbearing, and pretending to universal knowledge; which failings, joined to his having then been of an opposite party, drew upon him the censure of Shadwell, who has satirized him very severely in a play, called The Sullen Lovers, under the name of *Sir Positive At-all*, and his lady, whom he first kept, and afterwards married, under that of *Lady Vain*.

DERRICK.

Ver. 1. *As there is music*] One would have thought from this elegant exordium, that Sir Robert Howard was a son of fancy, and warbled his native wood notes wild with peculiar freedom and felicity. His poems, which are hard and prosaic, are not of this kind. The edition to which these were prefixed were printed by Herringman, 1660, and contains a Panegyric to the King, Songs and Sonnets, the Blind Lady, a comedy; the fourth book of Virgil, the Achilleis of Statius, a panegyric on General Monk. The songs are without harmony of numbers; the fourth book of Virgil lame and not faithful; the notes added to the Achilleis are some of them learned; the panegyric on Monk very inferior to that of Dryden. He wrote besides, the Committee, a comedy; the Great Favourite, a tragedy; the Indian Queen, a tragedy; the Surprizal, a tragi-comedy; the Vestal Virgin, a tragedy. He was member of Parliament for Stockbridge, in Hampshire, and was brother-in-law to Mr. Dryden, who addressed his *Annus Mirabilis* to him, but quarrelled with him afterwards on defending dramatic rhyme, which Dryden defended in his Dialogue on Dramatic Poetry. In this epistle, the lines 23, 25, 31, 40, 44, 60, 100, are all of them full of fulsome and false adulation. The most celebrated of

So in your verse a native sweetness dwells, 5
 Which shames compofure, and its art excels.
 Singing no more can your soft numbers grace,
 Than paint adds charms unto a beauteous face.
 Yet as, when mighty rivers gently creep,
 Their even calmness does suppose them deep; 10
 Such is your muse: no metaphor swell'd high
 With dangerous boldness lifts her to the sky:
 Those mounting fancies, when they fall again,
 Shew sand and dirt at bottom do remain.
 So firm a strength, and yet withal so sweet, 15
 Did never but in Samson's riddle meet.
 'Tis strange each line so great a weight should
 bear,

And yet no sign of toil, no sweat appear.
 Either your art hides art, as stoics feign
 Then least to feel, when most they suffer pain;
 And we, dull souls, admire, but cannot see 21
 What hidden springs within the engine be;
 Or 'tis some happiness that still pursues
 Each act and motion of your graceful muse.
 Or is it fortune's work, that in your head 25
 The curious net that is for fancies spread,

Howard's poems was the *Duel of the Stags*. Shadwell severely
 satirized him under the character of Sir Positive At-all in his
Sullen Lovers. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 26. *The curious net &c.*] A compliment to a poem of
 Sir Robert's, entitled *Rete Mirabile*.

DERRICK.

Lets through its meshes every meaner thought,
While rich ideas there are only caught?

Sure that's not all; this is a piece too fair

'To be the child of chance, and not of care. 30

No atoms casually together hurl'd

Could e'er produce so beautiful a world.

Nor dare I such a doctrine here admit,

As would destroy the providence of wit. 34

'Tis your strong genius then which does not feel

Those weights, would make a weaker spirit reel.

To carry weight, and run so lightly too,

Is what alone your Pegasus can do.

Great Hercules himself could ne'er do more,

Than not to feel those heavens and gods he

bore. 40

Your easier odes, which for delight were penn'd,

Yet our instruction make their second end:

We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that

woo

At once a beauty, and a fortune too.

Of moral knowledge poesy was queen, 45

And still she might, had wanton wits not been;

Who, like ill guardians, liv'd themselves at

large,

And, not content with that, debauch'd their

charge.

Like some brave captain, your successful pen

Restores the exil'd to her crown again: 50

And gives us hope, that having seen the days
When nothing flourish'd but fanatic bays,
All will at length in this opinion rest,
“ A sober prince's government is best.”

This is not all ; your art the way has found 55
To make the improvement of the richest
ground,

That foil which those immortal laurels bore,
That once the sacred Maro's temples wore.

Elisa's griefs are so express'd by you,
They are too eloquent to have been true. 60

Had she so spoke, Æneas had obey'd
What Dido, rather than what Jove had said.

If funeral rites can give a ghost repose,
Your muse so justly has discharged those,

Elisa's shade may now its wandring cease, 65
And claim a title to the fields of peace.

But if Æneas be oblig'd, no less
Your kindness great Achilles doth confess ;

Who, dress'd by Statius in too bold a look,
Did ill become those virgin robes he took. 70

To understand how much we owe to you,
We must your numbers, with your author's,
view :

Then we shall see his work was lamely rough,
Each figure stiff, as if design'd in buff:

His colors laid so thick on every place, 75
As only shew'd the paint, but hid the face.

But as in perspective we beauties see,
Which in the glafs, not in the picture, be ;
So here our fight obligingly mistakes
That wealth, which his your bounty only
makes. 80

Thus vulgar dishes are, by cooks disguis'd,
More for their dressing, than their substance
priz'd.

Your curious notes so search into that age,
When all was fable but the sacred page,
That, since in that dark night we needs must
stray, 85

We are at least misled in pleasant way.
But what we most admire, your verse no less
The prophet than the poet doth confess.
Ere our weak eyes discern'd the doubtful
streak

Of light, you saw great Charles his morning
break. 90

So skilful seamen ken the land from far,
Which shews like mists to the dull passenger.
To Charles your muse first pays her duteous
love,

As still the antients did begin from Jove.
With Monk you end, whose name preserv'd
shall be, 95

As Rome recorded Rufus' memory,
Who thought it greater honor to obey
His country's interest, than the world to sway.

But to write worthy things of worthy men,
 Is the peculiar talent of your pen : 100
 Yet let me take your mantle up, and I
 Will venture in your right to prophecy.
 "This work, by merit first of fame secure,
 "Is likewise happy in its geniture :
 "For, since 'tis born when Charles ascends the
 throne, 105
 "It shares at once his fortune and its own."

EPISTLE THE SECOND.

TO MY

HONOURED FRIEND,

DR. CHARLETON*,

ON HIS

LEARNED AND USEFUL WORKS; BUT MORE PARTICULARLY HIS TREATISE OF STONE-HENGE, BY HIM RESTORED TO THE TRUE FOUNDER.

THE longest tyranny that ever sway'd,
Was that wherein our ancestors betray'd

* The book that occasioned this epistle made its appearance in quarto in 1663. It is dedicated to King Charles II. and entitled, "Chorea Gigantum; or, The most famous Antiquity of Great Britain, Stone-Henge, standing on Salisbury-plain, restored to the Danes by Dr. Walter Charleton, M. D. and Physician in Ordinary to his Majesty." It was written in answer to a treatise of Inigo Jones's, which attributed this stupendous pile to the Romans, supposing it to be a temple, by them dedicated to the god Cœlum, or Cœlus; and here that great architect let his imagination outrun his judgment, nay, his sense; for he described it not as it is, but as it ought to be, in order to make it consistent with what he delivered. Dr. Charleton, who will have this to be a Danish monument, was countenanced in his opinion by Olaus Wormius, who wrote him several letters upon the subject;

Their free-born reason to the Stagirite,
And made his torch their universal light.

yet, that he was mistaken, appears by the mention made of Stone-Henge in Nennius's *Hist. Britonum*, a writer who lived two hundred years before the Danes came into England. Though his book was approved of by many men of great erudition, and is not only very learned, but abounds with curious observations, it was but indifferently received, and raised many clamours against the author.

Envy, however, could not prevent Dr. Charleton's merits from being seen, nor divide him from the intimacy of Mr. Hobbes, the philosopher; Sir George Ent, a celebrated physician; the noble family of the Boyle's; and Dr. William Harvey, whose claim to the discovery of the circulation of the blood, he forcibly defended against the claim thereto set on foot by father Paul. Thus he

“ From dark oblivion Harvey's name shall save.”

As that eminent physician was now dead, the doctor's behaviour upon this point was as generous an instance of gratitude and respect to his friend's memory, as it was a proof of his capacity and extensive learning. He was president of the college of physicians, from 1689 to 1691, when his affairs being not in the most flourishing state, he retired to the isle of Jersey, and died in 1707, aged eighty-eight years.

DERRICK.

Ver. 1. *The longest tyranny*] The rude magnitude of Stone-Henge has rendered it the admiration of all ages; and as the enormous stones which compose it appear too big to land-carriage, and as Salisbury-plain, for many miles round, scarce affords any stones at all, it has been the opinion of some antiquaries, that these stones are artificial, and were made on the spot; but most authors are now agreed, that these stones are all natural, and that they were brought from a collection of stones called the Grey Wethers, growing out of the ground, about fifteen miles from Stone-Henge.

The use and origin of this work have been the subjects of various conjectures and debates; and much it is to be lamented, that a tablet of tin, with an inscription, which was found here in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and might probably have set these points in a clear light, should not be preserved; for as the characters were not understood by such as were consulted upon the occasion, the plate was destroyed, or at least thrown by and lost. The common tradition is, that Stone-Henge was built by Ambrosius Aurelianus. Some will have it to be a funeral monument

So truth, while only one supply'd the state, 5
 Grew scarce, and dear, and yet sophisticate.
 Still it was bought, like emp'ric wares, or
 charms,

Hard words seal'd up with Aristotle's arms.
 Columbus was the first that shook his throne,
 And found a temperate in a torrid zone: 10
 The feverish air fann'd by a cooling breeze,
 The fruitful vales fet round with shady trees ;
 And guiltless men, who danc'd away their time,
 Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime.

raised to the memory of some brave commander ; and others maintain that it was erected to the honour of Hengist, the Saxon general ; but this structure is probably more ancient.

Sammes, in the antiquities of Britain, conjectures it to have been a work of the Phœnicians ; and the famous Inigo Jones, in a treatise called " Stonehenge Restored," attempts to prove, that it was a temple of the Tuscan order, built by the Romans, and dedicated to the god Cœlum, or Terminus, in which he is confirmed by its having been open at top. Dr. Charlton, physician in ordinary to King Charles the Second, wrote a treatise called " Stonehenge restored to the Danes," attempting to prove that this was a Danish monument, erected either for a burial-place, as a trophy for some victory, or for the election and coronation of their kings. And soon after the publication of Dr. Charlton's treatise, Mr. Webb, son-in-law of Inigo Jones, published a vindication of the opinions of his father-in-law upon this subject. But antiquaries have since agreed, that it was an ancient temple of the Druids, built, as Dr. Stukely thinks, before the Belgæ came to Britain, and not long after Cambyfes invaded Egypt, where he committed such horrid outrages among the priests and inhabitants in general, that they dispersed themselves to all quarters of the world, and some, no doubt, came into Britain. At this time, the Doctor conjectures the Egyptians introduced their arts, learning, and religion, among the Druids, and probably had a hand in this very work, being the only one of the Druids where the stones are chiseled : all their other works consisting of rude stones, not touched by any tool.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Had we still paid that homage to a name, 15
 Which only God and nature justly claim;
 The western seas had been our utmost bound,
 Where poets still might dream the sun was
 drown'd :

And all the stars that shine in southern skies,
 Had been admir'd by none but savage eyes. 20

Among the asserters of free reason's claim,
 Our nation's not the least in worth or fame,
 The world to Bacon does not only owe
 Its present knowledge, but its future too.
 Gilbert shall live, till loadstones cease to draw,
 Or British fleets the boundless ocean awe. 26
 And noble Boyle, not less in nature seen,
 Than his great brother read in states and men.

Ver. 25. *Gilbert shall live,*] Dr. William Gilbert was physician both to Queen Elizabeth and King James. In the year 1600, he published a very curious dissertation on the magnet. Antiquarians are much divided in opinion concerning the æra of the first discovery of the loadstone. The Chinese boast of having discovered it many centuries ago, but did not apply it to any useful purposes. It is remarkable that Dante mentions it in the Inferno. But the Abbé Tiraboschi, in his excellent History of Italian Literature, vol. viii. p. 180, observes, that the most ancient work, after the poem of Guyot de Provins, in which any mention is made of the loadstone in Europe, is in the Eastern History of the Cardinal Jaques de Vitry, who died in 1224. It may be found in the 89th chapter of the Collection of Bongars. “*Adamas in Indiâ reperitur—ferrum occultâ quadâm naturâ ad se trahit. Acus ferrea postquam adamantem contigerit, ad stellam septentrionalem semper convertitur, unde valde necessarius est navigantibus in mari.*” We may observe, that this author attributes to the diamond the virtues of the loadstone.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 27. *And noble Boyle,*] Every lover of science, religion, and virtue, will perpetually venerate the name of the Hon. Ro.

The circling streams, once thought but pools,
 of blood

(Whether life's fuel, or the body's food) 30

From dark oblivion Harvey's name shall save ;

While Ent keeps all the honour that he gave.

Nor are you, learned friend, the least renown'd ;

Whose fame, not circumscrib'd with English

ground,

Flies like the nimble journies of the light ; 35

And is, like that, unspent too in its flight.

Whatever truths have been, by art or chance,

Redeem'd from error, or from ignorance,

Thin in their authors, like rich veins of ore,

Your works unite, and still discover more. 40

Such is the healing virtue of your pen,

To perfect cures on books, as well as men.

Nor is this work the least : you well may give

To men new vigour, who make stones to live.

bert Boyle, seventh son of Richard, Earl of Cork and Burlington, born in 1677, not only as being the founder of the Royal Society, for which he is here celebrated, but also for being the founder of a lecture, which has produced a series of discourses in defence of natural and revealed religion, which, for learning and argument, cannot be paralleled in any age or country. His brother, mentioned in the next line, Earl of Orrery, was a soldier and statesman, and wrote eight tragedies in rhyme, now totally forgotten.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 30. *Whether life's fuel,*] The merit of the very important discovery of the circulation of the blood, has been denied to our illustrious countryman, Dr. Harvey. It has been by some ascribed to the famous Father Paul. Dr. Wotton gives it to Servetus, who was so inhumanly burnt by Calvin. Sir George Ent, a celebrated physician, is the person mentioned, verse 32.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Through you, the Danes, their short dominion
lost, 45

A longer conquest than the Saxons boast.

Stonehenge, once thought a temple, you have
found

A throne, where kings, our earthly gods, were
crown'd ;

Where by their wond'ring subjects they were
seen,

Joy'd with their stature, and their princely
mien. 50

Our sovereign here above the rest might stand,
And here be chose again to rule the land.

These ruins shelter'd once his sacred head,
When he from Wor'ster's fatal battle fled ;

Watch'd by the genius of this royal place, 55
And mighty visions of the Danish race.

Ver. 53. *These ruins shelter'd once &c.*] In the dedication, made by Dr. Charleton, of his book, concerning Stonehenge, to King Charles II. there is the following memorable passage, which gave occasion to the six concluding lines of this poem. " I have had the honour to hear from that oracle of truth and wisdom, your Majesty's own mouth : you were pleased to visit that monument, and, for many hours together, entertain yourself with the delightful view thereof, when after the defeat of your loyal army at Worcester, Almighty God, in infinite mercy to your three kingdoms, miraculously delivered you out of the bloody jaws of those ministers of sin and cruelty."

DERRICK.

Ver. 55. *Watch'd by*] In surveying this stupendous work of the most remote antiquity, the mind is seized with that religious awe and superstition, most adapted to awaken and excite poetical enthusiasm :

———— quædam divina voluptas
Percipit, atque horror ! Lucret.

His refuge then was for a temple shown:
But, he restor'd, 'tis now become a throne.

From his mentioning the genius of the place, and the mighty visions, one would have expected that our poet would have caught fire, and enlarged on so promising a subject; but he has disappointed us, and given only a hint. Mr. Serjeant, in an elegant Ode on this subject, has shewn how susceptible it was of true poetry; as has the author of the following Sonnet, which I cannot forbear to insert in this place.

SONNET.

Thou noblest monument of Albion's isle!
Whether by Merlin's aid from Scythia's shore,
To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
Huge frame of giant-hands, the mighty pile,
'T entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile:
Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
Taught mid thy massy maze their mystic lore:
Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,
To Victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
Rear'd the rude heap; or, in thy hallow'd round,
Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line;
Or here those kings in solemn state were crown'd.
Studious to trace thy wond'rous origine,
We muse on many an antient tale renown'd.

Dr. J. WARTON.

EPISTLE THE THIRD.

TO THE

LADY CASTLEMAIN*,

UPON HER ENCOURAGING HIS

FIRST PLAY.

AS seamen, shipwreck'd on some happy shore,
Discover wealth in lands unknown before;

* Mr. Dryden's first play, called the Wild Gallant, was exhibited with but indifferent success. The lady, whose patronage he acknowledges in this epistle, was Barbara, daughter of William Villiers Lord Grandison, who was killed in the king's service at the battle of Edge-hill, in 1642, and buried in Christchurch, in Oxford. This lady was one of Charles the Second's favourite mistresses for many years, and she bore him several children. 1. Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Southampton; 2. Henry Fitzroy, Earl of Euston and Duke of Grafton; 3. George Fitzroy, Earl of Northumberland; 4. Charlotta, married to Sir Edward Henry Lee, of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, afterwards Earl of Litchfield, and brother to Eleonora, Countess of Abingdon, on whom Dryden has written a beautiful elegy; 5. A daughter, whom the King denied to be his.

This lady was, before she was known to his Majesty, married to Roger Palmer, Esq. who was created Earl of Castlemain, by whom she had a daughter, whom the King adopted, and who married with Thomas Lord Dacres, Earl of Suffex.

The Countess of Castlemain was afterwards created Dutchess of Cleveland.

DERRICK.

And, what their art had labour'd long in vain,
 By their misfortunes happily obtain :
 So my much-envy'd muse, by storms long tost, 5
 Is thrown upon your hospitable coast,
 And finds more favour by her ill success,
 Than she could hope for by her happiness.
 Once Cato's virtue did the gods oppose ;
 While they the victor, he the vanquish'd chose :
 But you have done what Cato could not do, 11
 To choose the vanquish'd, and restore him too.
 Let others still triumph, and gain their cause
 By their deserts, or by the world's applause ;
 Let merit crowns, and justice laurels give, 15
 But let me happy by your pity live.
 True poets empty fame and praise despise,
 Fame is the trumpet, but your smile the prize.
 You sit above, and see vain men below
 Contend for what you only can bestow : 20
 But those great actions others do by chance,
 Are, like your beauty, your inheritance :
 So great a soul, such sweetness join'd in one,
 Could only spring from noble Grandison.
 You, like the stars, not by reflection bright, 25
 Are born to your own heaven, and your own
 light ;

Ver. 9. *Once Cato's virtue did the gods oppose ;
 While they the victor, he the vanquish'd chose :]*

Victrix causa deis placuit sed victa Catone.

JOHN WARTON.

Like them are good, but from a nobler cause,
From your own knowledge, not from nature's
laws.

Your power you never use, but for defence,
To guard your own, or other's innocence : 30
Your foes are such, as they, not you, have made,
And virtue may repel, though not invade.
Such courage did the ancient heroes show,
Who, when they might prevent, would wait the
blow :

With such assurance as they meant to say, 35
We will o'ercome, but scorn the safest way.
What further fear of danger can there be ?
Beauty, which captives all things, sets me free.
Posterity will judge by my success,
I had the Grecian poet's happiness, 40
Who, waving plots, found out a better way ;
Some God descended, and preserv'd the play.
When first the triumphs of your sex were sung
By those old poets, beauty was but young,
And few admir'd the native red and white, 45
Till poets dress'd them up to charm the sight ;
So beauty took on trust, and did engage
For sums of praises till she came to age.
But this long-growing debt to poetry
You justly, madam, have discharg'd to me, 50
When your applause and favour did infuse
New life to my condemn'd and dying muse.

EPISTLE THE FOURTH.

TO

MR. LEE,

ON HIS

ALEXANDER.

THE blast of common censure could I fear,
Before your play my name should not appear;

Ver. 1. *The blast of common*] Every reader of taste must agree with Addison, from whose opinions it is always hazardous to dissent, that none of our poets had a genius more strongly turned for tragedy than Lee. Notwithstanding his many rants and extravagancies, for which Dryden skilfully and elegantly apologizes in ten admirable lines of this epistle, from verse 45, yet are there many beautiful touches of nature and passion in his Alexander, his Lucius J. Brutus, and Theodosius. So true was what he himself once replied to a puny objector: "It is not an easy thing to write like a madman, but it is very easy to write like a fool." When Lord Rochester objected,

"That Lee makes temperate Scipio fret and rave,
And Annibal a whining amorous slave:"

It ought to be remembered, that this is a fault into which the most applauded tragedians have frequently fallen, and none more so than Corneille and Racine, though the latter was so correct a scholar. Lee lost his life in a lamentable manner: returning home at midnight, in one of his fits of intoxication, he stumbled and fell down in the street, and perished in a deep snow, 1692.

Dr. J. WARTON.

For 'twill be thought, and with some colour
too,

I pay the bribe I first receiv'd from you ;
That mutual vouchers for our fame we stand, 5
And play the game into each other's hand ;
And as cheap pen'orths to ourselves afford,
As Bessus and the brothers of the sword.
Such libels private men may well endure,
When states and kings themselves are not se-
cure : 10

For ill men, conscious of their inward guilt,
Think the best actions on by-ends are built.
And yet my silence had not 'scap'd their spite ;
Then, envy had not suffer'd me to write ;
For, since I could not ignorance pretend, 15
Such merit I must envy or commend.
So many candidates there stand for wit,
A place at court is scarce so hard to get :
In vain they crowd each other at the door ;
For e'en reversions are all begg'd before : 20
Desert, how known foe'er, is long delay'd ;
And then too fools and knaves are better
pay'd.

Yet, as some actions bear so great a name,
That courts themselves are just, for fear of
shame ;
So has the mighty merit of your play 25
Extorted praise, and forc'd itself away.

'Tis here as 'tis at sea; who farthest goes,
Or dares the most, makes all the rest his foes.
Yet when some virtue much outgrows the
rest,

It shoots too fast, and high, to be exprest; 30
As his heroic worth struck envy dumb,
Who took the Dutchman, and who cut the
boom.

Such praise is your's, while you the passions
move,

That 'tis no longer feign'd, 'tis real love,
Where nature triumphs over wretched art; 35
We only warm the head, but you the heart.
Always you warm; and if the rising year,
As in hot regions, brings the sun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant spices blow,
Which in our cooler climates will not grow. 40
They only think you animate your theme
With too much fire, who are themselves all
phlegm.

Prizes would be for lags of slowest pace,
Were cripples made the judges of the race.
Despise those drones, who praise, while they
accuse 45

The too much vigour of your youthful muse.
That humble style which they your virtue
make,
Is in your power; you need but stoop and
take.

Your beauteous images must be allow'd
By all, but some vile poets of the crowd. 50
But how should any sign-post dawber know
The worth of Titian or of Angelo?
Hard features every bungler can command;
To draw true beauty shews a master's hand.

EPISTLE THE FIFTH.
TO THE
EARL OF ROSCOMMON,

ON HIS
EXCELLENT ESSAY

ON

TRANSLATED VERSE.

WHETHER the fruitful Nile, or Tyrian shore,
The feeds of arts and infant science bore,
'Tis sure the noble plant, translated first,
Advanc'd its head in Grecian gardens nurst.
The Grecians added verse: their tuneful
tongue 5
Made nature first, and nature's God their song.
Nor stopt translation here: for conqu'ring
Rome,
With Grecian spoils, brought Grecian numbers
home;

Enrich'd by those Athenian muses more,
Than all the vanquish'd world could yield be-
fore. 10

'Till barbarous nations, and more barbarous
times,

Debas'd the majesty of verse to rhimes ;
Those rude at first : a kind of hobbling prose,
That limp'd along, and tinkled in the close.

But Italy, reviving from the trance 15

Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkish ignorance,
With pauses, cadence, and well-vowell'd words,

And all the graces a good ear affords,

Made rhyme an art, and Dante's polish'd page
Restor'd a silver, not a golden age. 20

Ver. 12. *Debas'd the majesty of verse to rhimes ;*] The advocates for rhyme seem not to advert to what Servius says, that rhyme was used in the time of the Saturnalia by the Roman populace in their rude songs, and by the soldiers in their acclamations, and at their feasts in honour of their victorious generals. We may apply to rhyme what Seneca says of the subtleties of logic, "*Comminuitur et debilitatur generosa indoles in istas angustias conjecta.*"

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 14. ——— *and tinkled in the close.*] Dryden adopts the contemptuous description of rhyme from preceding authors, and those of no mean note. Thus in Ben Jonson's *Mask of The Fortunate Isles*, Skogan, the jester, is represented as a writer "*in rime, fine tinckling rime !*" And Andrew Marvell, in his spirited verses to Milton on his *Paradise Lost*, thus exclaims :

" Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure

" With *tinkling* rhyme, of thy own sense secure."

TODD.

Ver. 19. ——— *Dante's polish'd page*] There is a very ancient Italian poem, entitled, *Aspramonte*, containing an account of the war of King Guarnieri and Agolante against Rome

Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we see,
 What rhyme improv'd in all its height can be:
 At best a pleasing sound, and fair barbarity.
 The French pursu'd their steps; and Britain,
 last,
 In manly sweetness all the rest surpass'd. 25
 The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
 Appear exalted in the British loom:
 The Muses empire is restor'd again,
 In Charles his reign, and by Roscommon's pen.
 Yet modestly he does his work survey, 30
 And calls a finish'd Poem an Essay;
 For all the needful rules are scatter'd here;
 Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe;
 So well is art disguis'd, for nature to appear.

and Charlemagne; which, from the circumstance of the style being a mixture of the Tuscan with other Italian dialects, appears to be prior to Dante. There was an edition of it at Venice, 1615. It is become extremely rare, and is a great curiosity. It is mentioned by Quadrio in his History of Italian Poetry.
 Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 21. *Then Petrarch follow'd,*] It was on the sixth of April, 1327, that Petrarch fell in love with Laura, in the twenty-third year of his age. Paul Jovius reports, that it was a common saying in Italy, that Petrarch did not succeed in writing prose, nor Boccaccio in writing verse. Few books are so entertaining as the Abbé Sade's circumstantial Life of Petrarch, which contains also a curious picture of the manners and opinions of that age. It is pleasant to observe, that Petrarch's Laura was allegorized to mean the Christian Religion by one commentator; the Soul by another; and the Virgin Mary by a third.
 Dr. J. WARTON.

Ibid. *Then Petrarch follow'd,*] No reasoning from the Italian language to the English about rhyme and blank verse. One language (says Johnson) cannot communicate its rules to another.
 JOHN WARTON.

Nor need those rules to give translation light :
His own example is a flame so bright ; 36
That he who but arrives to copy well,
Unguided will advance, unknowing will excel.
Scarce his own Horace could such rules ordain,
Or his own Virgil sing a nobler strain. 40
How much in him may rising Ireland boast,
How much in gaining him has Britain lost !
Their island in revenge has ours reclaim'd ;
The more instructed we, the more we still are
sham'd.
'Tis well for us his generous blood did flow, 45
Deriv'd from British channels long ago,
That here his conqu'ring ancestors were nurs'd ;
And Ireland but translated England first :
By this reprisal we regain our right,
Else must the two contending nations fight ; 50
A nobler quarrel for his native earth,
Than what divided Greece for Homer's birth.
To what perfection will our tongue arrive,
How will invention and translation thrive,
When authors nobly born will bear their part, 55
And not disdain the inglorious praise of art !
Great generals thus, descending from com-
mand,
With their own toil provoke the soldier's hand.
How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleas'd to hear
His fame augmented by an English peer ; 60

How he embellishes his Helen's loves,
 Outdoes his softness, and his sense improves?
 When these translate, and teach translators too,
 Nor firstling kid, nor any vulgar vow,
 Should at Apollo's grateful altar stand : 65
 Roscommon writes : to that auspicious hand,
 Muse, feed the bull that spurns the yellow
 sand. }

Roscommon, whom both court and camps com-
 mend,

True to his prince, and faithful to his friend ;
 Roscommon, first in fields of honour known, 70
 First in the peaceful triumphs of the gown ;
 Who both Minervas justly makes his own. }

Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and they
 Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better clay,
 On equal terms with ancient wit engage, 75
 Nor mighty Homer fear, nor sacred Virgil's
 page :

Our English palace opens wide in state ;
 And without stooping they may pass the gate.

Ver. 67. *Muse, feed the bull*]

Jam cornu petat, et pedibus qui spargat arenam.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 74. *Whom infus'd Titan*]

E meliore lutu finxit præcordia Titan.

Juv.

JOHN WARTON.

EPISTLE THE SIXTH.

TO THE

DUTCHESS OF YORK*,

ON HER

RETURN FROM SCOTLAND IN THE YEAR 1682.

WHEN factious rage to cruel exile drove
The queen of beauty, and the court of love,
The Muses droop'd, with their forsaken arts,
And the sad Cupids broke their uselefs darts :
Our fruitful plains to wilds and defarts turn'd, 5
Like Eden's face, when banish'd man it
mourn'd.

Love was no more, when loyalty was gone,
The great supporter of his awful throne.

* On the twenty-first of November 1673, the duke of York was married to the princess Mary d'Este, then about fifteen years of age, and extremely handsome. The ceremony was performed at Dover by the bishop of Oxford. It was against the rules of policy for him at that time to wed a Roman Catholic; and the Parliament addressed against it.

DERRICK.

Love could no longer after beauty stay,
 But wander'd northward to the verge of day,
 As if the sun and he had lost their way. 11
 But now the illustrious nymph, return'd again,
 Brings every grace triumphant in her train.
 The wond'ring Nereids, though they rais'd no
 storm,

Foreflow'd her passage, to behold her form : 15
 Some cry'd, A Venus ; some, A Thetis past ;
 But this was not so fair, nor that so chaste.
 Far from her sight flew Faction, Strife, and
 Pride ;

And Envy did but look on her, and dy'd.
 Whate'er we suffer'd from our fullen fate, 20
 Her sight is purchas'd at an easy rate.

Three gloomy years against this day were set ;
 But this one mighty sum has clear'd the debt :
 Like Joseph's dream, but with a better doom,
 The famine past, the plenty still to come. 25

For her the weeping heavens become serene ;
 For her the ground is clad in cheerful green :
 For her the nightingales are taught to sing,
 And Nature has for her delay'd the spring.

The Muse resumes her long-forgotten lays, 30
 And Love restor'd his ancient realm surveys,
 Recals our beauties, and revives our plays ;
 His waste dominions peoples once again,
 And from her presence dates his second reign :

But awful charms on her fair forehead sit, 35
Dispensing what she never will admit:
Pleasing, yet cold, like Cynthia's silver beam,
The people's wonder, and the poet's theme.
Distemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,
No more shall vex the church, and tear the
state: 40

No more shall Faction civil discords move,
Or only discords of too tender love:
Discord, like that of music's various parts;
Discord, that makes the harmony of hearts;
Discord, that only this dispute shall bring, 45
Who best shall love the duke, and serve the
king.

EPISTLE THE SEVENTH.

A

LETTER

to

SIR GEORGE ETHEREDGE.

TO you who live in chill degree,
As map informs, of fifty-three,
And do not much for cold atone,
By bringing thither fifty-one,
Methinks all climes should be alike, 5
From tropic e'en to pole artique ;
Since you have such a constitution
As no where suffers diminution.

Ver. 1. *To you who live*] Sir George Etheredge gained great reputation by his three comedies, *The Comical Revenge*, 1664, *She Would if She Could*, 1668, *The Man of Mode*, 1676. The last has been deemed one of our most elegant comedies, and contains a most just and lively picture of the manners of persons in high life in the age of Charles II. Having dedicated this comedy to the Dutchess of York, she procured his being sent ambassador to Ratisbon, where he resided when Dryden addrest this epistle to him, and where, in a fit of intoxication, to which he was too much habituated, he tumbled down stairs and broke his neck. He had a daughter by Mrs. Barry, to whom he left six thousand pounds.

Dr. J. WARTON.

You can be old in grave debate,
 And young in love-affairs of state; 10
 And both to wives and husbands show
 The vigor of a plenipo.
 Like mighty missionary you come
 "Ad Partes Infidelium."
 A work of wond'rous merit sure, 15
 So far to go, so much t'endure;
 And all to preach to German dame,
 Where sound of Cupid never came,
 Less had you done, had you been sent,
 As far as Drake or Pinto went, 20
 For cloves or nutmegs to the line-a,
 Or e'en for oranges to China.
 That had indeed been charity;
 Where love-sick ladies helpless lie,
 Chapt, and for want of liquor dry. 25 }
 But you have made your zeal appear
 Within the circle of the Bear.
 What region of the earth's so dull,
 That is not of your labors full?
 Triptolemus (so sung the Nine) 30
 Strew'd plenty from his cart divine.
 But spite of all these fable-makers,
 He never sow'd on Almain acres:
 No, that was left by fate's decree,
 To be perform'd and sung by thee. 35
 Thou break'st through forms with as much ease
 As the French king through articles.

In grand affairs thy days are spent,
 In waging weighty compliment,
 With such as monarchs represent. 40 }
 They, whom such vast fatigues attend,
 Want some soft minutes to unbend,
 To shew the world that now and then
 Great ministers are mortal men.
 Then Rhenish rummers walk the round; 45
 In bumpers every king is crown'd;
 Besides three holy mitred Hectors,
 And the whole college of Electors.
 No health of potentate is funk,
 That pays to make his envoy drunk. 50
 These Dutch delights, I mention'd last
 Suit not, I know, your English taste:
 For wine to leave a whore or play
 Was ne'er your Excellency's way.
 Nor need this title give offence, 55
 For here you were your Excellence,
 For gaming, writing, speaking, keeping,
 His Excellence for all but sleeping.
 Now if you tope in form, and treat,
 'Tis the four sauce to the sweet meat, 60 }
 The fine you pay for being great.
 Nay, here's a harder imposition,
 Which is indeed the court's petition,
 That setting worldly pomp aside,
 Which poet has at font deny'd, 65

You would be pleas'd in humble way
 To write a trifle call'd a Play.
 This truly is a degradation
 But would oblige the crown and nation
 Next to your wise negotiation. 70
 If you pretend, as well you may,
 Your high degree, your friends will say,
 The duke St. Aignon made a play.
 If Gallic wit convince you scarce,
 His grace of Bucks has made a farce, 75
 And you, whose comic wit is terse all,
 Can hardly fall below Rehearfal.
 Then finish what you have began;
 But scribble faster if you can:
 For yet no George, to our discerning, 80
 Has writ without a ten years warning.

EPISTLE THE EIGHTH.

TO

Mr. SOUTHERNE,

ON HIS COMEDY CALLED,

THE WIVES' EXCUSE*.

SURE there's a fate in plays, and 'tis in
vain

To write, while these malignant planets reign.

* The success of this play was but indifferent; but so high was our author's opinion of its merit, that, on this very account, he bequeathed to this poet the writing of the last act of his *Cleomenes*; which, Southerne says, "when it comes into the world, will appear so considerable a trust, that all the town will pardon me for defending this play, that preferred me to it."

DERRICK

Ver. 1. *Sure there's a fate*] No two writers were ever of more dissimilar geniuses than Southerne and Dryden, the latter having no turn for, nor idea of the pathetic, of which the former was so perfect a master, and of which his *Oronooko* and *Isabella* will remain lasting and striking examples. But Dryden used to confess that he had no relish for Euripides, and affected to despise Otway. Of all our poets, Southerne was distinguished by three remarkable circumstances, for the purity of his morals and irreproachable conduct, for the length of his life, and for gaining more by his dramatic labours than certainly any of his predecessors, or perhaps of his successors.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Some very foolish influence rules the pit,
 Not always kind to sense, or just to wit:
 And whilst it lasts, let buffoonry succeed, 5
 To make us laugh; for never was more need.
 Farce, in itself, is of a nasty scent;
 But the gain smells not of the excrement.
 The Spanish nymph, a wit and beauty too,
 With all her charms, bore but a single show: 10
 But let a monster Muscovite appear,
 He draws a crowded audience round the year.
 May be thou hast not pleas'd the box and
 pit;
 Yet those who blame thy tale applaud thy
 wit: 15
 So Terence plotted, but so Terence writ.
 Like his thy thoughts are true, thy language
 clean;
 E'en lewdness is made moral in thy scene.
 The hearers may for want of Nokes repine;
 But rest secure, the readers will be thine.
 Nor was thy labour'd drama damn'd or hiss'd,
 But with a kind civility dismiss'd; 21
 With such good manners, as the Wife did use,
 Who, not accepting, did but just refuse.
 There was a glance at parting; such a look,
 As bids thee not give o'er, for one rebuke. 25
 But if thou wouldst be seen, as well as read,
 Copy one living author, and one dead:

The standard of thy style let Etherege be;
 For wit, the immortal spring of Wycherly:
 Learn, after both, to draw some just design, 30
 And the next age will learn to copy thine.

EPISTLE THE NINTH.

TO

HENRY HIGDEN*, Esq;

ON HIS

TRANSLATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF
JUVENAL.

THE Grecian wits, who Satire first began,
Were pleasant Pasquins on the life of man;

* This gentleman brought a comedy on the stage in 1693, called the Wary Widow, or Sir Noisy Parrot, which was damned, and he complains hardly of the ill usage; for the Bear-Garden critics treated it with cat-calls. It is printed, and dedicated to the courtly Earl of Dorset; Sir Charles Sedley wrote the prologue, and it was ushered into the world with several copies of verses. The audience were dismissed at the end of the third act, the author having contrived so much drinking of punch in the play, that the actors all got drunk, and were unable to finish it. See *G. Jacob's Lives of the Poets*. DERRICK.

Ver. 1. *The Grecian wits,*] The first edition of this imitation, dedicated to Lord Lumley, in quarto, 1690, is a very despicable performance, in short, eight syllable verses, with an affectation of Hudibrastic humour and diction, directly opposite to the stateliness and majesty of the original. It was a disgrace to Dryden to prefix to it these commendatory verses in conjunction with Afra Behn and Elkanah Settle.

Curru servus portatur eodem.

Dr. J. WARTON.

At mighty villains, who the state oppress,
 They durst not rail, perhaps; they lash'd, at
 least,

And turn'd them out of office with a jest. 5

No fool could peep abroad, but ready stand
 The drolls to clap a bauble in his hand.

Wise legislators never yet could draw

A fop within the reach of common law ;

For posture, dress, grimace and affectation, 10

Though foes to sense, are harmless to the na-
 tion.

Our last redress is dint of verse to try,

And Satire is our court of Chancery.

This way took Horace to reform an age,

Not bad enough to need an author's rage. 15

But your's, who liv'd in more degenerate times,

Was forc'd to fasten deep, and worry crimes.

Yet you, my friend, have temper'd him so well,

You make him smile in spite of all his zeal :

An art peculiar to yourself alone, 20

To join the virtues of two styles in one.

Oh ! were your author's principle receiv'd,

Half of the lab'ring world would be reliev'd :

For not to wish is not to be deceiv'd. 25

Revenge would into charity be chang'd,

Because it costs too dear to be reveng'd :

It costs our quiet and content of mind,

And when 'tis compass'd leaves a sting behind.

Suppose I had the better end o'th' staff,
 Why should I help the ill-natur'd world to
 laugh? 30

'Tis all alike to them, who get the day;
 They love the spite and mischief of the fray.
 No; I have cur'd myself of that disease;
 Nor will I be provok'd, but when I please:
 But let me half that cure to you restore; 35
 You give the salve, I laid it to the fore.

Our kind relief against a rainy day,
 Beyond a tavern, or a tedious play,
 We take your book, and laugh our spleen
 away. }

If all your tribe, too studious of debate, 40
 Would cease false hopes and titles to create,
 Led by the rare example you begun,
 Clients would fail, and lawyers be undone.

EPISTLE THE TENTH.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND,

Mr. CONGREVE,

ON HIS COMEDY CALLED,

THE DOUBLE DEALER.

WELL then, the promis'd hour is come at
last,
The present age of wit obscures the past :

Ver. 1. *Well then,*] To be able to write a good comedy evidently implies and pre-supposes an acquaintance with real life and living manners, a long commerce with the world, with much experience and observation. To produce therefore such a comedy as the *Old Batchelor*, at only one and twenty years, was an extraordinary phenomenon. Dryden on its perusal expressed great astonishment at seeing such a first play. Dr. Johnson thinks the idea of the comic characters might have been caught from a diligent perusal of former writers. The chief fault ascribed to it, as to all his other pieces, is a superabundance and affectation of wit on all subjects and occasions, and the universal confession, that his fools are not fools indeed. In the next year, 1694, he brought out his "*Double Dealer*," which did not meet with the expected applause; and the year after his fertile pen produced *Love for Love*, in my humble opinion the most pleasing of all his comedies. His last play, the *Way of the World*, was so ill received, that in deep disgust he determined to write no more for the theatre. The paucity of

Strong were our fires, and as they fought they
writ,

Conquering with force of arms, and dint of wit:
Theirs was the giant race, before the flood: 5
And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire
stood.

Like Janus he the stubborn foil manur'd,
With rules of husbandry the rankness cur'd;
Tam'd us to manners, when the stage was rude;
And boistrous English wit with art indu'd. 10

Our age was cultivated thus at length;
But what we gain'd in skill we lost in strength.

Our builders were with want of genius curst;
The second temple was not like the first;

Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length; 15
Our beauties equal, but excel our strength.

Firm Doric pillars found your solid base:
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space:
Thus all below is strength, and all above is }
grace. }

In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise; 20
He mov'd the mind, but had not power to raise,

Congreve's plays cannot but remind one of the multitude produced by the most celebrated ancients. Menander wrote one hundred comedies; Philemon ninety-seven; and Sophocles, according to Suidas, one hundred and twenty three tragedies.—There is something very affecting in our old poet entreating his young friend at verse 72, to be kind to his remains. He earnestly complied with his request, and with equal affection and eloquence placed his character in a very amiable light.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Great Johnson did by strength of judgment
please ;

Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his
ease.

In differing talents both adorn'd their age ;
One for the study, t'other for the stage. 25

But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in
wit.

In him all beauties of this age we see,
Etherege his courtship, Southern's purity,
The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wy- }
cherly, 30

All this in blooming youth you have atchiev'd :
Nor are your foil'd contemporaries griev'd.
So much the sweetness of your manners move,
We cannot envy you, because we love.

Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw 35
A beardless consul made against the law,
And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome ;
Though he with Hannibal was overcome.

Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
And scholar to the youth he taught became. 40

O that your brows my laurel had sustain'd !
Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd :
The father had descended for the son ;
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus, when the state one Edward did depose,
A greater Edward in his room arose. 46

But now, not I, but poetry is curs'd ;
 For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.
 But let them not mistake my patron's part,
 Nor call his charity their own desert. 50

Yet this I prophesy ; thou shalt be seen,
 (Though with some short parenthesis between)
 High on the throne of wit, and, seated there,
 Not mine, that's little, but thy laurel wear.

Thy first attempt an early promise made ; 55

That early promise this has more than paid.

So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,

That your least praise is to be regular.

Time, place, and action, may with pains be
 wrought ;

But genius must be born, and never can be
 taught. 60

This is your portion ; this your native store ;
 Heaven, that but once was prodigal before, }
 To Shakespear gave as much ; she could not }
 give him more.

Maintain your post : That's all the fame you
 need ;

For 'tis impossible you should proceed. 65

Already I am worn with cares and age,

And just abandoning the ungrateful stage :

Unprofitably kept at heaven's expence,

I live a rent-charge on his providence :

But you, whom every muse and grace adorn, 70

Whom I foresee to better fortune born,

Be kind to my remains ; and O defend,
 Against your judgment, your departed friend !
 Let not the insulting foe my fame pursue,
 But shade those laurels which descend to you :
 And take for tribute what these lines express: 76
 You merit more ; nor could my love do less.

EPISTLE THE ELEVENTH.

to

Mr. GRANVILLE,

ON HIS

EXCELLENT TRAGEDY,

CALLED,

HEROIC LOVE.

AUSPICIOUS poet, wert thou not my
friend,

How could I envy, what I must commend!

But since 'tis nature's law, in love and wit,

That youth should reign, and withering age
submit,

With less regret those laurels I resign, 5

Which, dying on my brows, revive on thine.

Ver. 1. *Auspicious poet,*] Though amiable in his life and manners, Mr. George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdowne, was a very indifferent poet. A faint copier of Waller. The tragedy so much here extolled was acted in 1698, and is in all respects the most un-*Homerical* of all compositions.

Dr. J. WARTON.

With better grace an ancient chief may yield
The long contended honors of the field,
Than venture all his fortune at a cast,
And fight, like Hannibal, to lose at last. 10
Young princes, obstinate to win the prize,
Though yearly beaten, yearly yet they rise :
Old monarchs, though successful, still in doubt,
Catch at a peace, and wisely turn devout.
Thine be the laurel then ; thy blooming age 15
Can best, if any can, support the stage ;
Which so declines, that shortly we may see
Players and plays reduc'd to second infancy.
Sharp to the world, but thoughtless of renown,
They plot not on the stage, but on the town, 20
And, in despair their empty pit to fill,
Set up some foreign monster in a bill.
Thus they jog on, still tricking, never thriving,
And murdering plays, which they miscal re-
viving.
Our sense is nonsense, through their pipes con-
vey'd ; 25
Scarce can a poet know the play he made ;
'Tis so disguis'd in death ; nor thinks 'tis he
That suffers in the mangled tragedy.
Thus Itys first was kill'd, and after dress'd
For his own fire, the chief invited guest. 30
I say not this of thy successful scenes,
Where thine was all the glory, theirs the gains.

With length of time, much judgment, and
more toil,

Not ill they acted, what they could not spoil.

Their setting-sun still shoots a glimmering ray, 35

Like ancient Rome, majestic in decay :

And better gleanings their worn foil can boast,

Than the crab-vintage of the neighbouring
coast.

This difference yet the judging world will see ;

Thou copiest Homer, and they copy thee. 40

EPISTLE THE TWELFTH.

TO MY FRIEND

Mr. MOTTEUX*,

ON HIS TRAGEDY CALLED,

BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

'TIS hard, my friend, to write in such an
age,

As damns, not only poets, but the stage.

* Peter Motteux, to whom this piece is addressed, was born in Normandy, but settled as a merchant in London very young, and lived in repute. He died in a house of ill fame near the Strand, and was supposed to have been murdered, in 1718. He produced eleven dramatic pieces, and his *Beauty in Distress* is thought much the best of them: it was played in Lincoln's-inn-fields by Betterton's company in 1698. DERRICK.

Ver. 1. *'Tis hard, my friend,*] No French refugee seems to have made himself so perfect a master of the English language as Peter Motteux. He has given a very good translation of *Don Quixote*, which my friend, Mr. Bowle, preferred to more modern ones. By trading in a large East India warehouse, and by a place in the post-office, he gained a considerable income. It was supposed he was murdered in a house of ill fame. He wrote fifteen plays; this of *Beauty in Distress* was acted in 1698. Dryden seems to have felt a particular regard for him.

Dr. J. WARTON.

That sacred art, by heaven itself infus'd,
 Which Moses, David, Solomon have us'd,
 Is now to be no more: the muses' foes 5
 Would sink their Maker's praises into prose.
 Were they content to prune the lavish vine
 Of straggling branches, and improve the wine,
 Who, but a madman, would his thoughts de-
 fend?

All would submit; for all but fools will mend.
 But when to common sense they give the lye, 11
 And turn distorted words to blasphemy.
 They give the scandal; and the wise discern,
 Their glosses teach an age, too apt to learn.
 What I have loosely, or prophanely, writ, 15
 Let them to fires, their due desert, commit:
 Nor, when accus'd by me, let them complain:
 Their faults, and not their function, I arraign.
 Rebellion, worse than witchcraft, they pursu'd;
 The pulpit preach'd the crime, the people ru'd.
 The stage was silenc'd; for the saints would see
 In fields perform'd their plotted tragedy. 22
 But let us first reform, and then so live,
 That we may teach our teachers to forgive:
 Our desk be plac'd below their lofty chairs; 25
 Ours be the practice, as the precept theirs.

Ver. 19. *Rebellion, worse than witchcraft,*] From 1 Sam. xv.
 23. "For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, &c."

Todd.

The moral part, at least, we may divide,
 Humility reward, and punish pride;
 Ambition, interest, avarice, accuse:
 These are the province of a tragic muse. 30
 These hast thou chosen; and the public voice
 Has equall'd thy performance with thy choice.
 Time, action, place, are so preserv'd by thee,
 That e'en Cornëille might with envy see
 The alliance of his Tripled Unity. 35
 Thy incidents, perhaps, too thick are sown;
 But too much plenty is thy fault alone.
 At least but two can that good crime commit,
 Thou in design, and Wycherly in wit.
 Let thy own Gauls condemn thee, if they
 dare; 40
 Contented to be thinly regular:
 Born there, but not for them, our fruitful soil
 With more increase rewards thy happy toil.
 Their tongue, enfeebled, is refin'd too much;
 And, like pure gold, it bends at ev'ry touch: 45
 Our sturdy Teuton yet will art obey,
 More fit for manly thought, and strengthen'd
 with allay.
 But whence art thou inspir'd, and thou alone,
 To flourish in an idiom not thy own?
 It moves our wonder, that a foreign guest 50
 Should over-match the most, and match the
 best.

In under-praising thy deserts, I wrong ;
Here find the first deficiency of our tongue :
Words, once my stock, are wanting, to com-
mend
So great a poet, and so good a friend. 55

EPISTLE THE THIRTEENTH*.

TO MY

HONOURED KINSMAN,

JOHN DRYDEN,

OF

CHESTERTON, IN THE COUNTY OF HUNTINGDON,
ESQ.

How blest'd is he, who leads a country life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares, and void of strife!
Who studying peace, and shunning civil rage,
Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age:
All who deserve his love, he makes his own; 5
And, to be lov'd himself, needs only to be
known.

* This poem was written in 1699. The person to whom it is addressed was cousin-german to the poet, and a younger brother of the baronet.

DERRICK.

Ver. 1. *How blest'd is he,*] This is one of the most truly Horatian epistles in our language, comprehending a variety of topics and useful reflections, and sliding from subject to subject with ease and propriety. Writing this note in the year 1799, I am much struck with the lines that follow the 175th, as containing the soundest political truths.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Just, good and wise, contending neighbors }
 come, }
 From your award to wait their final doom ; }
 And, foes before, return in friendship home. }
 Without their cost, you terminate the cause ; 10
 And save the expence of long litigious laws :
 Where suits are travers'd ; and so little won,
 That he who conquers, is but last undone :
 Such are not your decrees ; but so design'd, }
 The sanction leaves a lasting peace behind : 15 }
 Like your own soul, serene ; a pattern of your }
 mind. }

Promoting concord, and composing strife,
 Lord of yourself, uncumber'd with a wife ;
 Where, for a year, a month, perhaps a
 night,
 Long penitence succeeds a short delight : 20
 Minds are so hardly match'd, that ev'n the
 first,
 Though pair'd by Heaven, in Paradise were
 curs'd.

For man and woman, though in one they grow,
 Yet, first or last, return again to two.
 He to God's image, she to his was made ; 25
 So, farther from the fount the stream at random
 stray'd.

How could he stand, when, put to double
 pain,
 He must a weaker than himself sustain !

Each might have stood perhaps; but each
alone;

Two wrestlers help to pull each other down. 30

Not that my verse would blemish all the
fair;

But yet if some be bad, 'tis wisdom to be-
ware;

And better shun the bait, than struggle in the
snare.

Thus have you shunn'd, and shun the marry'd
state,

Trusting as little as you can to fate. 35

No porter guards the passage of your door,
T' admit the wealthy, and exclude the poor;
For God, who gave the riches, gave the
heart,

To sanctify the whole, by giving part;
Heaven, who foresaw the will, the means has
wrought, 40

And to the second son a blessing brought;
The first-begotten had his father's share;
But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir.

So may your stores, and fruitful fields in-
crease;

And ever be you bless'd, who live to blefs. 45

As Ceres sow'd, where'er her chariot flew;
As heaven in deserts rain'd the bread of dew;
So free to many, to relations most,
You feed with manna your own Israel host.

With crowds attended of your ancient race,
 You seek the champain sports, or sylvan chace :
 With well-breath'd beagles you furround the
 wood,

Ev'n then, industrious of the common good :
 And often have you brought the wily fox
 To suffer for the firstlings of the flocks ; 55
 Chas'd even amid the folds ; and made to
 bleed,

Like felons, where they did the murderous
 deed.

This fiery game your active youth maintain'd,
 Not yet by years extinguish'd, though re-
 strain'd ;

You season still with sports your serious hours : 60
 For age but tastes of pleasures, youth devours,
 The hare in pastures or in plains is found,
 Emblem of human life, who runs the round ;
 And, after all his wandering ways are done,
 His circle fills, and ends where he begun, 65
 Just as the setting meets the rising sun. }

Thus princes ease their cares ; but happier he,
 Who seeks not pleasure through necessity,
 Than such as once on slippery thrones were
 plac'd ;

And chafing, sigh to think themselves are chas'd,
 So liv'd our fires, ere doctors learn'd to kill,
 And multiply'd with theirs the weekly bill.

The first physicians by debauch were made :
 Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade,
 Pity the generous kind their cares bestow 75
 To search forbidden truths ; (a sin to know :)
 To which if human science could attain,
 The doom of death, pronounc'd by God, were
 vain.

In vain the leech would interpose delay ;
 Fate fastens first, and vindicates the prey. 80
 What help from art's endeavors can we have ?
 Gibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save :
 But Maurus sweeps whole parishes, and peo-
 ples every grave ;
 And no more mercy to mankind will use,
 Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's
 muse. 85
 Would'st thou be soon dispatch'd, and perish
 whole,
 Trust Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn with
 thy soul.

By chace our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their
 food ;
 Toil strung the nerves, and purify'd the blood :

Ver. 82. *Gibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save:*

But Maurus sweeps whole parishes, &c.]

Dr. Gibbons was a physician at this time justly in high esteem. By Maurus is meant Sir Richard Blackmore, physician to king William, and author of many epic poems. Milbourn was a nonjuring minister.

DERRICK.

But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men, 90
 Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
 Better to hunt in fields, for health unbought,
 Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught,
 The wise, for cure, on exercise depend;
 God never made his work, for man to mend. 95

The tree of knowledge, once in Eden plac'd,
 Was easy found, but was forbid the taste:
 O, had our grandfire walk'd without his wife,
 He first had fought the better plant of life!
 Now both are lost: yet, wandering in the
 dark, 100

Physicians, for the tree, have found the bark:
 They, lab'ring for relief of human kind,
 With sharpen'd sight some remedies may find; }
 The apothecary-train is wholly blind. }
 From files a random recipe they take, 105
 And many deaths of one prescription make.
 Garth, generous as his muse, prescribes and
 gives;
 The shopman sells; and by destruction lives:
 Ungrateful tribe! who, like the viper's brood,
 From med'cine issuing, suck their mother's
 blood! 110

Let these obey; and let the learn'd prescribe;
 That men may die, without a double bribe:
 Let them, but under their superiors, kill;
 When doctors first have sign'd the bloody bill;

He escapes the best, who, nature to repair, 115
Draws phyfic from the fields, in draughts of
vital air.

You hoard not health, for your own private
use ;

But on the public spend the rich produce.

When, often urg'd, unwilling to be great,
Your country calls you from your lov'd retreat,
And sends to senates, charg'd with common
care, 121

Which none more shuns : and none can better
bear :

Where could they find another form'd so fit,
To poise, with solid sense, a sprightly wit ?

Were these both wanting, as they both abound,
Where could so firm integrity be found ? 126

Well born, and wealthy, wanting no support,
You steer betwixt the country and the court :

Nor gratify whate'er the great desire,
Nor grudging give what public needs require.

Part must be left, a fund when foes invade ; 131
And part employ'd to roll the watry trade :

Ev'n Canaan's happy land, when worn with
toil,

Requir'd a sabbath-year to mend the meagre
foil.

Good senators (and such as you) so give, 135
That kings may be supply'd, the people thrive,

And he, when want requires, is truly wise,
 Who flights not foreign aids, nor over-buys ;
 But on our native strength, in time of need,
 relies. 139

Munster was bought, we boast not the success ;
 Who fights for gain, for greater makes his
 peace.

Our foes, compell'd by need, have peace em-
 brac'd :

The peace both parties want, is like to last :
 Which if secure, securely we may trade ; 144

Or, not secure, should never have been made.

Safe in ourselves, while on ourselves we stand,

The sea is ours, and that defends the land.

Be, then, the naval stores the nation's care,

New ships to build, and batter'd to repair.

Observe the war, in every annual course ; 150

What has been done, was done with British
 force :

Namur subdu'd, is England's palm alone ;

The rest besieg'd ; but we constrain'd the town :

We saw the event that follow'd our success ;

France, though pretending arms, pursu'd the
 peace ; 155

Ver. 152. *Namur subdu'd, is England's palm &c.*] In the year 1695, William III. carried Namur, after a siege of one month. The garrison retired to the citadel, which capitulated upon honourable terms in another month. The courage of our men in this siege was much admired, as was the conduct of the king.

DERRICK.

Oblig'd, by one sole treaty, to restore
 What twenty years of war had won before.
 Enough for Europe has our Albion fought:
 Let us enjoy the peace our blood has bought.
 When once the Persian king was put to flight,
 The weary Macedons refus'd to fight: 161
 Themselves their own mortality confess'd;
 And left the son of Jove to quarrel for the rest.

Ev'n victors are by victories undone;
 Thus Hannibal, with foreign laurels won, 165
 To Carthage was recall'd, too late to keep his
 own.

While fore of battle, while our wounds are green,
 Why should we tempt the doubtful dye agen?
 In wars renew'd, uncertain of success;
 Sure of a share, as umpires of the peace. 170

A patriot both the king and country serves:
 Prerogative, and privilege, preserves:
 Of each our laws the certain limit show;
 One must not ebb, nor t'other overflow: 174
 Betwixt the prince and parliament we stand;
 The barriers of the state on either hand:
 May neither overflow, for then they drown
 the land.

When both are full, they feed our blest'd abode;
 Like those that water'd once the paradise of
 God.

Some overpoise of sway, by turns, they share;
 In peace the people, and the prince in war: 181

Consuls of moderate power in calms were made;
 When the Gauls came, one sole dictator
 sway'd.

Patriots, in peace, assert the people's right;
 With noble stubbornness resisting might: 185
 No lawless mandates from the court receive,
 Nor lend by force, but in a body give.
 Such was your generous grandfire: free to grant
 In parliaments, that weigh'd their prince's
 want:

But so tenacious of the common cause, 190
 As not to lend the king against his laws.
 And in a loathsome dungeon doom'd to lie,
 In bonds retain'd his birthright liberty,
 And sham'd oppression, till it set him free. }

O true descendent of a patriot line, 195
 Who, while thou shar'st their lustre, lend'st them
 thine,

Vouchsafe this picture of thy soul to see;
 'Tis so far good, as it resembles thee:
 The beauties to the original I owe;
 Which when I miss, my own defects I show:
 Nor think the kindred muses thy disgrace: 201
 A poet is not born in every race.
 Two of a house few ages can afford;
 One to perform, another to record.
 Praise-worthy actions are by thee embrac'd; 205
 And 'tis my praise, to make thy praises last.

For ev'n when death diffolves our human
 frame,
 The foul returns to heaven from whence it
 came ;
 Earth keeps the body, verſe preserves the
 fame.

EPISTLE THE FOURTEENTH.

TO

SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

PRINCIPAL PAINTER TO HIS MAJESTY.

ONCE I beheld the fairest of her kind,
And still the sweet idea charms my mind:

Ver. 1. *Once I beheld*] Sir Godfrey Kneller was born at Lubec in 1648. Discovering early a predominant genius for painting, his father sent him to Amsterdam, where he studied under Bol, and had some instructions from Rembrandt. But Kneller was no servile imitator or disciple. Even in Italy, whither he went in 1672, he followed no particular master, not even at Venice, where he long resided. In 1676 he came to England, and was soon patronized by Charles II. and James. Ten sovereigns at different times sat to him: Charles II. James II. and his queen, William and Mary, George I. Louis XIV. and Charles VI. He stuck to portrait painting as the most lucrative, though Dryden in this very epistle inveighs so much against it. Of all his works he valued most the converted Chinese in Windsor Castle. But Mr. Walpole thinks his portrait of Gibbon superior to it. This epistle is full of just taste and knowledge of painting, particularly what he says of Light, Shade, Perspective, and Grace. It is certainly superior to Pope's address to his friend Jervas, though Pope himself was a practitioner in the art. Not only Dryden, but Prior, Pope, Steele, Tickell, and Addison, all wrote high encomiums on Sir Godfrey; but not one so elegant as that of Addison, who with matchless art and dexterity applied the characters of those heathen gods whom Phidias had carved, to the English princes that Kneller had painted; making Pan, Saturn, Mars, Minerva, Thetis, and Jupiter, stand

True, she was dumb ; for Nature gaz'd so long,
Pleas'd with her work, that she forgot her
tongue ;

But, smiling, said, She still shall gain the prize ;
I only have transferr'd it to her eyes. 6

Such are thy pictures, Kneller : such thy skill,
That nature seems obedient to thy will :

Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the
draught ;

Lives there, and wants but words to speak her
thought. 10

At least thy pictures look a voice ; and we
Imagine sounds, deceiv'd to that degree,
We think 'tis somewhat more than just to see. }

Shadows are but privations of the light ;
Yet, when we walk, they shoot before the sight ;
With us approach, retire, arise, and fall ; 16
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.

Such are thy pieces, imitating life
So near, they almost conquer in the strife ;

And from their animated canvass came, 20
Demanding souls, and loosen'd from the frame.

Prometheus, were he here, would cast away
His Adam, and refuse a soul to clay ;

And either would thy noble work inspire,
Or think it warm enough, without his fire. 25

for Charles II. James II. William III. queen Mary, Anne, and
George I. Sir Godfrey was a man of much original wit and hu-
mour, but tinctured with a mixture of profaneness and ribaldry.

Dr. J. WARTON.

But vulgar hands may vulgar likeness raise;
 This is the least attendant on thy praise:
 From hence the rudiments of art began;
 A coal, or chalk, first imitated man:
 Perhaps the shadow, taken on a wall, 30
 Gave outlines to the rude original:
 Ere canvass yet was strain'd, before the grace
 Of blended colors found their use and place,
 Or cypress tablets first receiv'd a face. 34

By slow degrees the godlike art advanc'd;
 As man grew polish'd, picture was enhanc'd:
 Greece added posture, shade, and perspective;
 And then the mimic piece began to live.
 Yet perspective was lame, no distance true,
 But all came forward in one common view: 40
 No point of light was known, no bounds of art;
 When light was there, it knew not to depart,
 But glaring on remoter objects play'd;
 Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.

Rome rais'd not art, but barely kept alive, 45
 And with old Greece unequally did strive:
 Till Goths, and Vandals, a rude northern race,
 Did all the matchless monuments deface.
 Then all the Muses in one ruin lie,
 And rhyme began to enervate poetry. 50
 Thus, in a stupid military state,
 The pen and pencil find an equal fate.

Ver. 50.] It is remarkable that he mentions rhyme as one instance of barbarism.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Flat faces, such as would disgrace a skreen,
 Such as in Bantam's embassy were seen,
 Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight 55
 Of brutal nations, only born to fight.

Long time the sister arts, in iron sleep,
 A heavy sabbath did supinely keep :
 At length, in Raphael's age, at once they rise,
 Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes.

Thence rose the Roman, and the Lombard
 line : 61

One color'd best, and one did best design.
 Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,
 But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.

Thy genius gives thee both ; where true de-
 sign, 65

Postures unforc'd, and lively colors join.
 Likeness is ever there ; but still the best,
 Like proper thoughts in lofty language drest :
 Where light, to shades descending, plays, not
 strives,

Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives. 70
 Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought :
 Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.

Shakspeare, thy gift, I place before my sight ;
 With awe, I ask his blessing ere I write ;

Ver. 57. *Long time*] The art of painting expired in the year 580. It revived under Cimabue in 1240, but it was And. Mantegna who was born in 1431, and whose cartoons are at Hampton court, who was the first that revived a true taste for the antique.

Dr. J. WARTON.

With reverence look on his majestic face ; 75
 Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.
 His soul inspires me, while thy praise I write,
 And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight :
 Bids thee, through me, be bold ; with daunt-
 less breast

Contemn the bad, and emulate the best. 80
 Like his, thy critics in the attempt are lost :
 When most they rail, know then, they envy
 most.

In vain they snarl aloof ; a noisy croud,
 Like women's anger, impotent and loud.
 While they their barren industry deplore, 85
 Pass on secure, and mind the goal before.
 Old as she is, my muse shall march behind,
 Bear off the blast, and intercept the wind.
 Our arts are sisters, though not twins in birth ;
 For hymns were sung in Eden's happy earth :
 But oh, the painter muse, though last in place,
 Has seiz'd the blessing first, like Jacob's race.
 Apelles' art an Alexander found ;
 And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound ;
 But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd. 95
 Thou hadst thy Charles a while, and so had I ;
 But pass we that unpleasing image by.

Ver. 94. ——— with Leo's gold] Raphael flattered with his pencil. In his Attila, his Coronation of Charlemagne, the siege of Ostia, and King Pepin, he has represented St. Leo, Leo III. Stephen II. and Leo IV. with an exact likeness of Leo X.

Rich in thyself, and of thyself divine ;
 All pilgrims come and offer at thy shrine.
 A graceful truth thy pencil can command ; 100
 The fair themselves go mended from thy hand.
 Likeness appears in every lineament ;
 But likeness in thy work is eloquent.
 Though nature there her true resemblance bears,
 A nobler beauty in thy piece appears. 105
 So warm thy work, so glows the generous
 frame,

Flesh looks less living in the lovely dame.
 Thou paint'st as we describe, improving still,
 When on wild nature we ingraft our skill ;
 But not creating beauties at our will. 110

But poets are confin'd in narrower space,
 To speak the language of their native place :
 The painter widely stretches his command ;
 Thy pencil speaks the tongue of every land.
 From hence, my friend, all climates are your
 own, 115

Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.
 All nations all immunities will give
 To make you theirs, where'er you please to
 live ;
 And not seven cities, but the world would
 strive.

Sure some propitious planet then did smile, 120
 When first you were conducted to this isle :

Our genius brought you here, to inlarge our
fame ;

For your good stars are every where the same.
Thy matchless hand, of every region free,
Adopts our climate, not our climate thee. 125

Great Rome and Venice early did impart
To thee the examples of their wond'rous art.
Those masters then, but seen, not understood,
With generous emulation fir'd thy blood :
For what in nature's dawn the child admir'd,
The youth endeavor'd, and the man acquir'd.
If yet thou hast not reach'd their high de-
gree,

'Tis only wanting to this age, not thee.
Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,
Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare design }
A more exalted work, and more divine. 136 }

For what a song, or senseless opera
Is to the living labor of a play ;
Or what a play to Virgil's work would be,
Such is a single piece to history. 140

But we, who life bestow, ourselves must live ;
Kings cannot reign, unless their subjects give ;
And they, who pay the taxes, bear the rule :
Thus thou, sometimes, art forc'd to draw a fool :
But so his follies in thy posture sink, 145
The senseless idiot seems at last to think.

Good heaven ! that fots and knaves should be
so vain,
To wish their vile resemblance may remain !

And stand recorded, at their own request,
To future days, a libel or a jest ! 150

Else should we see your noble pencil trace
Our unities of action, time, and place :
A whole compos'd of parts, and those the best,
With every various character exprest :
Heroes at large, and at a nearer view ; 155
Lefs, and at distance, an ignobler crew.
While all the figures in one action join,
As tending to complete the main design.

More cannot be by mortal art exprest ;
But venerable age shall add the rest. 160
For Time shall with his ready pencil stand ;
Retouch your figures with his ripening hand ;
Mellow your colors, and imbrown the tint ;
Add every grace, which time alone can grant ;
To future ages shall your fame convey, 165
And give more beauties than he takes away.

ELEGIES

AND

EPITAPHS.

TO THE
MEMORY OF MR. OLDHAM.

FAREWELL, too little, and too lately known,
Whom I began to think, and call my own:
For fure our souls were near allied, and thine
Cast in the same poetic mould with mine.
One common note on either lyre did strike, 5
And knaves and fools we both abhorr'd alike.
To the same goal did both our studies drive;
The last set out, the soonest did arrive.
Thus Nisus fell upon the slippery place,
Whilst his young friend perform'd, and won the
race. 10

O early ripe! to thy abundant store
What could advancing age have added more?

Ver. 1. *Farewell, too little,*] This short elegy is finished with the most exquisite art and skill. Not an epithet or expression can be changed for a better. It is also the most harmonious in its numbers of all that this great master of harmony has produced. Oldham's Satire on the Jesuits is written with vigour and energy. It is remarkable that Dryden calls Oldham his *brother* in satire, hinting that this was the characteristical turn of both their geniuses.

To the same goal did both our studies drive. Ver. 7.

Dr. J. WARTON.

It might (what nature never gives the young)
Have taught the numbers of thy native
tongue.

But satire needs not those, and wit will shine 15
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.

A noble error, and but seldom made,
When poets are by too much force betray'd.

Thy generous fruits, though gather'd ere their
prime,

Still shew'd a quickness; and maturing time 20
But mellows what we write, to the dull sweets
of rhyme.

Once more, hail, and farewell; farewell, thou
young,

But ah too short, Marcellus of our tongue!

Thy brows with ivy, and with laurels bound;

But fate and gloomy night encompass thee
around, 25

TO THE
PIOUS MEMORY
OF THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY,
MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW,

EXCELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER ARTS OF

POESY AND PAINTING.

AN ODE.

I.

THOU youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new pluck'd from paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,

Ver. 1. *Thou youngest virgin*] At length we are arrived at the Ode on the Death of Mrs. Anne Killigrew, which Dr. Johnson, by an unaccountable perversity of judgment, and want of taste for true poetry, has pronounced to be undoubtedly the noblest Ode that our language ever has produced. The first stanza, he says, flows with a torrent of enthusiasm. To a cool and candid reader, it appears absolutely unintelligible. Examples of bad writing, of tumid expressions, violent metaphors, far-fought conceits, hyperbolical adulation, unnatural amplifications, interspersed, as usual, with fine lines, might be collected from this applauded Ode, so very inferior in all respects to the

Rich with immortal green above the rest : 5
 Whether, adopted to some neighb'ring star,
 Thou roll'st above us, in thy wand'ring race,
 Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
 Mov'st with the heaven's majestic pace ;
 Or, call'd to more superior blifs, 10
 Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast abyfs :
 Whatever happy region is thy place,
 Cease thy celestial song a little space ;

divine Ode on St. Cecilia's Day. But such a paradoxical judgment cannot be wondered at in a critic, that despised the Lycidas of Milton, and the Bard of Gray. I have been censured, I am informed, for contradicting some of Johnson's critical opinions. As I knew him well, I ever respected his talents, and more so his integrity; but a love of paradox and contradiction, at the bottom of which was vanity, gave an unpleasant tincture to his manners, and made his conversation boisterous and offensive. I often used to tell the mild and sensible Sir Joshua Reynolds, that he and his friends had contributed to spoil Johnson, by constantly and cowardly assenting to all he advanced on any subject. Mr. Burke only kept him in order, as did Mr. Beauclerc also, sometimes by his playful wit. It was a great pleasure for Beauclerc to lay traps for him to induce him to oppose and contradict one day what he had maintained on a former. Lest the censure presumed to be passed on this Ode should be thought too uncandid and severe, the reader is desired attentively to consider stanzas the third, sixth, seventh, ninth, and tenth. In a word, Dryden, by his inequality, much resembles another great genius, Casimir, of Poland; who, in the very midst of some poetical strokes in his Ode on the Deluge, mars all by his usual mixtures of Ovidian puerilities. After saying

———— vacuas spatiosa cete
 Ludunt per aulas, ac thalamos pigræ
 Pressere Phocæ ;————

Comes this idle conceit,

———— et refixæ
 Ad pelagus rediere Gemmæ.

Lib. iv. Od.

Mason has too much commended an Ode of Casimir on the
 Æolian Harp.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
 Since heaven's eternal year is thine. 15
 Hear then a mortal muse thy praise rehearse,
 In no ignoble verse;
 But such as thy own voice did practise here,
 When thy first fruits of Poesy were given;
 To make thyself a welcome inmate there: 20
 While yet a young probationer,
 And candidate of heaven.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,
 Our wonder is the less to find
 A soul so charming from a stock so good; 25
 Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:
 So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
 An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
 But if thy pre-existing soul
 Was form'd, at first, with myriads more, 30
 It did through all the mighty poets roll,
 Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
 And was that Sappho last, which once it was
 before.

Ver. 33. *And was that Sappho last, &c.*] Our author here compliments Mrs. Killigrew, with admitting the doctrine of metempsychosis and supposing the soul that informs her body to be the same with that of Sappho's, who lived six hundred years before the birth of Christ, and was equally renowned for poetry and love. She was called the tenth Muse. Phaon, whom she loved, treating her with indifference, she jumped into the sea, and was drowned.

DERRICK.

If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born
mind!

Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich
ore : 35

Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
Than was the beauteous frame she left be-
hind : }

Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celest-
tial kind. }

III.

May we presume to say, that, at thy birth,
New joy was sprung in heaven, as well as here
on earth. 40

For sure the milder planets did combine
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And e'en the most malicious were in trine. }

Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high, 45

That all the people of the sky
Might know a poetess was born on earth.

And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the music of the spheres.

And if no clustering swarm of bees 50

On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,

'Twas that such vulgar miracles

Heaven had not leisure to renew :

For all thy blest fraternity of love
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holy-
day above. 55

IV.

O gracious God ! how far have we
Prophan'd thy heavenly gift of poesy ?
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above 60
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love ?
O wretched we ! why were we hurry'd down
This lubrique and adulterate age,
(Nay added fat pollutions of our own)
To increase the streaming ordures of the stage ?
What can we say to excuse our second fall ? 66
Let this thy vestal, heaven, atone for all :
Her Arethufian stream remains unsoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd ;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a
child. 70

V.

Art she had none, yet wanted none ;
For nature did that want supply :
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy :
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn, 75
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the best of books, her father's life, she
read.

And to be read herself she need not fear ; 80
 Each test, and every light, her muse will bear,
 'Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.
 E'en love (for love sometimes her muse exprest)
 Was but a lambent flame which play'd about
 her breast :

Light as the vapours of a morning dream, 85
 So cold herself, whilst she such warmth exprest,
 'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

VI.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
 One would have thought, she should have been
 content

To manage well that mighty government ; 90
 But what can young ambitious souls confine ?

To the next realm she stretch'd her sway, }
 For Painture near adjoining lay, }
 A plenteous province, and alluring prey.

A Chamber of Dependencies was fram'd, 95
 (As conquerors will never want pretence,
 When arm'd, to justify the offence)

And the whole fief, in right of poetry, she
 claim'd.

The country open lay without defence :
 For poets frequent inroads there had made, 100
 And perfectly could represent
 The shape, the face, with every lineament,

And all the large domains which the Dumb
Sister sway'd.

All bow'd beneath her government,
Receiv'd in triumph wherefoe'er she went. 105
Her pencil drew, whate'er her soul design'd,
And oft the happy draught surpass'd the image
in her mind.

The sylvan scenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
Of shallow brooks that flow'd so clear, 110

The bottom did the top appear ;
Of deeper too and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrors, shew'd the woods ;
Of lofty trees, with sacred shades,
And perspectives of pleasant glades, 115
Where nymphs of brightest form appear,
And shaggy satyrs standing near,
Which them at once admire and fear. }

The ruins too of some majestic piece,
Boasting the power of ancient Rome, or
Greece, 120

Whose statues, freezes, columns, broken lie,
And, though defac'd, the wonder of the eye ;
What nature, art, bold fiction, e'er durst
frame,

Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
So strange a concourse ne'er was seen before,
But when the peopled ark the whole creation
bore. 126

VII.

The scene then chang'd, with bold erected
look
Our martial king the fight with reverence
strook :

For not content to express his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his heart : 130
His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
His high-designing thoughts were figur'd }
there, }

As when, by magic, ghosts are made appear. }

Our phoenix queen was pourtray'd too so
bright,

Beauty alone could beauty take so right : 135

Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,

Were all observ'd, as well as heavenly face.

With such a peerless majesty she stands,

As in that day she took the crown from sacred
hands :

Before a train of heroines was seen, 140

In beauty foremost, as in rank, the queen.

Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,

But like a ball of fire the further thrown,

Still with a greater blaze she shone,

And her bright soul broke out on every side. 145

What next she had design'd, heaven only knows:

To such immoderate growth her conquest rose,

That fate alone its progress could oppose.

VIII.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportion'd shape, and beauteous face,
Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes ; 151
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.

Not wit, nor piety could fate prevent ;
Nor was the cruel destiny content
To finish all the murder at a blow, 155
To sweep at once her life, and beauty too ;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more mischievously slow,
And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.
O double sacrilege on things divine, 160
To rob the relick, and deface the shrine !

But thus Orinda dy'd :
Heaven, by the same disease, did both tran-
flate ;
As equal were their souls, so equal was their
fate.

IX.

Mean-time her warlike brother on the seas 165
His waving streamers to the winds displays,
And vows for his return, with vain devotion,
pays.

Ver. 162. *But thus Orinda dy'd :*] The matchless Orinda, Mrs. Katherine Philips, was author of a book of poems published in folio, and wrote several other things. She died also of the small-pox in 1664, being only thirty-two years of age. She was a woman of an indifferent appearance ; but of great virtue, taste, and erudition, which endeared her to the first people of the age. The Duke of Ormond, the Earls of Orrery and Roscommon, Lady Corke, &c. Mr. Dryden, Mr. Cowley, &c. &c. were all her friends.

DERRICK.

Ah, generous youth, that wish forbear,
 The winds too soon will waft thee here !
 Slack all thy fails, and fear to come, 170
 Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at
 home !

No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,
 Thou hast already had her last embrace.
 But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far
 Among the Pleiads a new-kindled star, 175
 If any sparkles than the rest more bright ;
 'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

X.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall
 found,
 To raise the nations under ground :
 When in the valley of Jehosaphat, 180
 The judging God shall close the book of fate ;
 And there the last assizes keep,
 For those who wake, and those who sleep :
 When rattling bones together fly,
 From the four corners of the sky ; 185
 When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
 Those cloth'd with flesh, and life inspires the
 dead ;
 The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
 And foremost from the tomb shall bound, }
 For they are cover'd with the lightest ground ; }
 And straight, with in-born vigour, on the wing,
 Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.

There thou, sweet faint, before the quire
 shall go,
 As harbinger of heaven, the way to show,
 The way which thou so well hast learnt
 below.

195

209

EPITAPHES

There thou, sweet saint, before the pure
shall go,
As harpinger of glory to those
The way which thou, so well hast learnt
below.

UPON THE DEATH
OF THE
EARL OF DUNDEE.

OH last and best of Scots! who didst maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign;
New people fill the land now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the
throne.

Scotland and thee did each in other live; 5
Nor would'st thou her, nor could she thee sur-
vive.

Farewell, who dying didst support the state,
And couldst not fall but with thy country's fate.

Ver. 1. *Oh last and best*] The conduct and death of this truly valiant chieftain is described with much eloquence and animation in his account of the important battle at Killikranky, by Sir John Dalrymple, in the first volume of his Memoirs. Dundee, being wounded by a musket-ball, rode off the field, desiring his mischance to be concealed, and fainting, dropped from his horse; as soon as he was recovered, he desired to be raised, looked to the field, and asked, "How things went?" Being told, "All well;" then said he, "I am well," and expired.

Dr. J. WARTON.

ELEONORA;
A
PANEGYRICAL POEM,
DEDICATED TO
THE MEMORY
OF THE LATE
COUNTESS OF ABINGDON.

THE EPIGRAMS OF THE EARL OF ABERCROMBIE

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THE commands of the gods are not to be despised
months ago, and now performed: that had been
looser, but better: the gods are not to be despised
many months, I had feared to hear them in this
time. Ovid, going to his punishment, and seeing
him on his shipboard to his friends, seemed to say
of his punishment of ABERCROMBIE, that
that good verse never flows, but from a source and
compelled spirit. He, which is a kind of deity,
with wings, launched to his head, and body, can fly
but slowly in a company: I therefore the more
to obey you late than I am, and I am capable of
writing many lines, as you wish, who is worthy you
petrified and petrified: I cannot say that I
have known you as a poet: but I have seen you
ed a rock in the mountains: where I have seen a
white and golden breast: for the deliverance of
his absence, I am my friend's new, and as I have of

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
EARL OF ABINGDON, &c.

MY LORD,

THE commands, with which you honoured me some months ago, are now performed: they had been sooner; but betwixt ill health, some business, and many troubles, I was forced to defer them till this time. Ovid, going to his banishment, and writing from on shipboard to his friends, excused the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes; and told them, that good verses never flow, but from a serene and composed spirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury, with wings fastened to his head and heels, can fly but slowly in a damp air. I therefore chose rather to obey you late than ill: if at least I am capable of writing any thing, at any time, which is worthy your perusal and your patronage. I cannot say that I have escaped from a shipwreck; but have only gained a rock by hard swimming; where I may pant a while and gather breath; for the doctors give me a sad assurance, that my disease never took its leave of

any man, but with a purpose to return. However, my lord, I have laid hold on the interval, and managed the small stock, which age has left me, to the best advantage, in performing this inconsiderable service to my lady's memory. We, who are priests of Apollo, have not the inspiration when we please; but must wait till the god comes rushing on us, and invades us with a fury, which we are not able to resist: which gives us double strength while the fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent, at its departure. Let me not seem to boast, my lord, for I have really felt it on this occasion, and prophesied beyond my natural power. Let me add, and hope to be believed, that the excellency of the subject contributed much to the happiness of the execution; and that the weight of thirty years was taken off me, while I was writing. I swam with the tide, and the water under me was buoyant. The reader will easily observe, that I was transported by the multitude and variety of my similitudes; which are generally the product of a luxuriant fancy, and the wantonness of wit. Had I called in my judgment to my assistance, I had certainly retrenched many of them. But I defend them not; let them pass for beautiful faults amongst the better sort of critics: for the whole poem, though written in that which they call Heroic verse, is of the Pindaric nature, as well in the thought as the expression; and, as such, requires the same grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as your lordship sees in the title, not for an elegy, but a panegyric: a kind of apotheosis, indeed, if a heathen word may be applied to a Chris-

tian use. And on all occasions of praise, if we take the ancients for our patterns, we are bound by prescription to employ the magnificence of words, and the force of figures, to adorn the sublimity of thoughts. Isocrates amongst the Grecian orators, and Cicero, and the younger Pliny, amongst the Romans, have left us their precedents for our security: for I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who stretches on these pinions out of sight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another world.

This, at least, my lord, I may justly plead, that, if I have not performed so well as I think I have, yet I have used my best endeavours to excel myself. One disadvantage I have had; which is, never to have known or seen my lady: and to draw the lineaments of her mind, from the description, which I have received from others, is for a painter to set himself at work without the living original before him: which, the more beautiful it is, will be so much the more difficult for him to conceive, when he has only a relation given him of such and such features by an acquaintance or a friend, without the nice touches, which give the best resemblance, and make the graces of the picture. Every artist is apt enough to flatter himself (and I amongst the rest) that their own ocular observations would have discovered more perfections, at least others, than have been delivered to them: though I have received mine from the best hands, that is, from persons who neither want a just understanding of my lady's worth, nor a due veneration for her memory.

Doctor Donne, the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet of our nation, acknowledges, that he had never seen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable Anniversaries. I have had the same fortune, though I have not succeeded to the same genius. However, I have followed his footsteps in the design of his panegyric; which was to raise an emulation in the living, to copy out the example of the dead. And therefore it was, that I once intended to have called this poem, The Pattern: and though, on a second consideration, I changed the title into the name of the illustrious person, yet the design continues, and Eleonora is still the pattern of charity, devotion, and humility; of the best wife, the best mother, and the best of friends.

And now, my lord, though I have endeavoured to answer your commands, yet I could not answer it to the world, nor to my conscience, if I gave not your lordship my testimony of being the best husband now living: I say my testimony only; for the praise of it is given you by yourself. They who despise the rules of virtue both in their practice and their morals, will think this a very trivial commendation. But I think it the peculiar happiness of the Countess of Abingdon, to have been so truly loved by you, while she was living, and so gratefully honoured, after she was dead. Few there are who have either had, or could have, such a loss; and yet fewer who carried their love and constancy beyond the grave. The exteriors of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the usual stints of common husbands: and

perhaps their wives deserve no better than to be mourned with hypocrisy, and forgot with ease. But you have distinguished yourself from ordinary lovers, by a real and lasting grief for the deceased; and by endeavouring to raise for her the most durable monument, which is that of verse. And so it would have proved, if the workman had been equal to the work, and your choice of the artificer as happy as your design. Yet, as Phidias, when he had made the statue of Minerva, could not forbear to engrave his own name, as author of the piece: so give me leave to hope, that, by subscribing mine to this poem, I may live by the goddess, and transmit my name to posterity by the memory of hers. 'Tis no flattery to assure your lordship, that she is remembered, in the present age, by all who have had the honour of her conversation and acquaintance; and that I have never been in any company since the news of her death was first brought me, where they have not extolled her virtues, and even spoken the same things of her in prose, which I have done in verse.

I therefore think myself obliged to thank your lordship for the commission which you have given me: how I have acquitted myself of it, must be left to the opinion of the world, in spite of any protestation which I can enter against the present age, as incompetent or corrupt judges. For my comfort, they are but Englishmen, and, as such, if they think ill of me to-day, they are inconstant enough to think well of me to-morrow. And after all, I have not much to thank my fortune that I was born amongst them. The good of both sexes are so few, in Eng-

land, that they stand like exceptions against general rules: and though one of them has deserved a greater commendation than I could give her, they have taken care that I should not tire my pen with frequent exercise on the like subjects; that praises, like taxes, should be appropriated, and left almost as individual as the person. They say, my talent is satire: if it be so, 'tis a fruitful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to gather. But a single hand is insufficient for such a harvest: they have sown the dragon's teeth themselves, and 'tis but just they should reap each other in lampoons. You, my lord, who have the character of honour, though 'tis not my happiness to know you, may stand aside, with the small remainders of the English nobility, truly such, and, unhurt yourselves, behold the mad combat. If I have pleased you, and some few others, I have obtained my end. You see I have disabled myself, like an elected Speaker of the House: yet like him I have undertaken the charge, and find the burden sufficiently recompensed by the honour. Be pleased to accept of these my unworthy labours, this paper monument; and let her pious memory, which I am sure is sacred to you, not only plead the pardon of my many faults, but gain me your protection, which is ambitiously sought by,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

*ELEONORA†:

A PANEGYRICAL POEM,

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE

COUNTESS OF ABINGDON.

AS when some great and gracious monarch
dies,
Soft whispers, first, and mournful murmurs rise
Among the sad attendants; then the sound
Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news
around,
Through town and country, till the dreadful
blast
Is blown to distant colonies at last; 5

* It appears, from the dedication to the Earl of Abingdon, that this poem was written at his Lordship's own desire. The lady whom the poem affects to praise, was one of the coheiresses of Sir Henry Lee of Chicheley in Oxfordshire, and sister to the celebrated Mrs. Anne Wharton, a lady eminent for her poetical genius, whom Mr. Waller has celebrated in an elegant copy of verses.

DERRICK.

† The Earl is said to have given Dryden 500 guineas for this poem.

TODD.

Who, then, perhaps, were offering vows in
vain,

For his long life, and for his happy reign :

So slowly, by degrees, unwilling fame

Did matchless Eleonora's fate proclaim, 10

Till public as the loss the news became.

The nation felt it in the extremest parts,
With eyes o'erflowing, and with bleeding
hearts ;

But most the poor, whom daily she supply'd,
Beginning to be such, but when she dy'd. 15
For, while she liv'd, they slept in peace by
night,

Secure of bread, as of returning light ;
And with such firm dependence on the day,
That need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray :
So sure the dole, so ready at their call, 20
They stood prepar'd to see the manna fall.

Such multitudes she fed, she cloth'd, she
nurst,

That she herself might fear her wanting first.
Of her five talents, other five she made ;
Heaven, that had largely given, was largely
paid : 25

And in few lives, in wondrous few, we find
A fortune better fitted to the mind.

Nor did her alms from ostentation fall,
Or proud desire of praise ; the soul gave all :

Unbrib'd it gave ; or, if a bribe appear, 30
 No less than heaven ; to heap huge treasures
 there.

Want pass'd for merit at her open door :
 Heaven saw, he safely might increase his poor,
 And trust their sustenance with her so well,
 As not to be at charge of miracle. 35
 None could be needy, whom she saw, or knew ;
 All in the compass of her sphere she drew :
 He, who could touch her garment, was as sure,
 As the first Christians of the apostles' cure.
 The distant heard, by fame, her pious deeds,
 And laid her up for their extremest needs ; 41
 A future cordial for a fainting mind ;
 For, what was ne'er refus'd, all hop'd to find,
 Each in his turn : the rich might freely come,
 As to a friend ; but to the poor, 'twas home. 45
 As to some holy house the afflicted came,
 The hunger-starv'd, the naked and the lame ; }
 Want and diseases fled before her name. }
 For zeal like her's her servants were too slow ; }
 She was the first, where need requir'd, to go ; }
 Herself the foundress and attendant too. 51 }

Sure she had guests sometimes to entertain,
 Guests in disguise, of her great Master's train :
 Her Lord himself might come, for ought we
 know ;
 Since in a servant's form he liv'd below : 55

Beneath her roof he might be pleas'd to stay ;
 Or some benighted angel, in his way,
 Might ease his wings, and, seeing heaven ap-
 pear

In its best work of mercy, think it there,
 Where all the deeds of charity and love 60
 Were in as constant method, as above,
 All carry'd on ; all of a piece with theirs ;
 As free her alms, as diligent her cares ;
 As loud her praises, and as warm her prayers. }

Yet was she not profuse ; but fear'd to waste,
 And wisely manag'd, that the stock might last ;
 That all might be supply'd, and she not grieve,
 When crowds appear'd, she had not to relieve ;
 Which to prevent, she still increas'd her store ;
 Laid up, and spar'd, that she might give the
 more. 70

So Pharaoh, or some greater king than he,
 Provided for the seventh necessity :
 Taught from above his magazines to frame ;
 That famine was prevented ere it came.
 Thus Heaven, though all-sufficient, shews a
 thrift 75

In his œconomy, and bounds his gift :

Ver. 59. ————— *think it there,*
Where all the deeds &c.]

So the original edition points the passage. Derrick places a
 colon after *there*. TOPP.

Creating, for our day, one single light ;
 And his reflection too supplies the night.
 Perhaps a thousand other worlds, that lie
 Remote from us, and latent in the sky, 80
 Are lighten'd by his beams, and kindly nurs'd ;
 Of which our earthly dunghill is the worst.

Now, as all virtues keep the middle line,
 Yet somewhat more to one extreme incline,
 Such was her soul ; abhorring avarice, 85
 Bounteous, but almost bounteous to a vice :
 Had she given more, it had profusion been,
 And turn'd the excess of goodness into sin.

These virtues rais'd her fabric to the sky ;
 For that, which is next heaven, is charity. 90
 But, as high turrets, for their airy steep,
 Require foundations, in proportion deep ;
 And lofty cedars as far upward shoot,
 As to the nether heavens they drive the root :
 So low did her secure foundation lie, 95
 She was not humble, but Humility.
 Scarcely she knew that she was great, or fair,
 Or wise, beyond what other women are,
 Or, which is better, knew, but never durst
 compare.

For to be conscious of what all admire, 100
 And not be vain, advances virtue higher.
 But still she found, or rather thought she found,
 Her own worth wanting, other's to abound ;

Ascrib'd above their due to every one,
Unjust and scanty to herself alone. 105

Such her devotion was, as might give rules
Of speculation to disputing schools,
And teach us equally the scales to hold
Betwixt the two extremes of hot and cold ;
That pious heat may moderately prevail, 110
And we be warm'd, but not be scorch'd with
zeal.

Business might shorten, not disturb, her prayer ;
Heaven had the best, if not the greater share.
An active life long oraisons forbids ;
Yet still she pray'd, for still she pray'd by deeds.

Her every day was sabbath ; only free 116
From hours of prayer, for hours of charity.
Such as the Jews from servile toil releas'd ;
Where works of mercy were a part of rest ;
Such as blest angels exercise above, 120
Vary'd with sacred hymns and acts of love :
Such sabbaths as that one she now enjoys,
E'en that perpetual one, which she employs,
(For such vicissitudes in heaven there are)
In praise alternate, and alternate prayer. 125
All this she practis'd here ; that when she sprung
Amidst the choirs, at the first sight she sung :
Sung, and was sung herself in angels' lays ;
For, praising her, they did her Maker praise.
All offices of heaven so well she knew, 130
Before she came, that nothing there was new :

And she was so familiarly receiv'd,
As one returning, not as one arriv'd.

Muse, down again precipitate thy flight:
For how can mortal eyes sustain immortal light?
But as the sun in water we can bear, 136

Yet not the sun, but his reflexion there,
So let us view her, here, in what she was,
And take her image in this watery glass:

Yet look not every lineament to see; 140
Some will be cast in shades, and some will be
So lamely drawn, you'll scarcely know, 'tis
she.

For where such various virtues we recite,
'Tis like the milky-way, all over bright,
But sown so thick with stars, 'tis undistin-
guish'd light. 145

Her virtue, not her virtues, let us call;
For one heroic comprehends them all:
One, as a constellation is but one,
Though 'tis a train of stars, that, rolling on,
Rise in their turn, and in the zodiac run: 150
Ever in motion; now 'tis Faith ascends,
Now Hope, now Charity, that upward tends,
And downwards with diffusive good descends.

Ver. 142. So lamely drawn, *you'll* scarcely know, &c.] Der-
rick. The original edition reads,

So lamely drawn, *you* scarcely know, &c.

Todd.

As in perfumes compos'd with art and cost,
 'Tis hard to say what scent is uppermost ; 155
 Nor this part musk or civet can we call,
 Or amber, but a rich result of all ;
 So she was all a sweet, whose every part,
 In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Ma-
 ker's art.

No single virtue we could most commend, 160
 Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend ;
 For she was all, in that supreme degree,
 That as no one prevailed, so all was she.
 The several parts lay hidden in the piece ;
 The occasion but exerted that, or this. 165

A wife as tender, and as true withal,
 As the first woman was before her fall :
 Made for the man, of whom she was a part ;
 Made to attract his eyes, and keep his heart.
 A second Eve, but by no crime accurst ; 170
 As beauteous, not as brittle as the first.
 Had she been first, still Paradise had been,
 And death had found no entrance by her sin.
 So she not only had preserv'd from ill 174
 Her sex and ours, but liv'd their pattern still.

Love and obedience to her lord she bore ;
 She much obey'd him, but she lov'd him
 more :

Not aw'd to duty by superior sway,
 But taught by his indulgence to obey.

Thus we love god, as author of our good ; 180
 So subjects love just kings, or so they shou'd.
 Nor was it with ingratitude return'd ;
 In equal fires the blissful couple burn'd ;
 One joy possess'd them both, and in one grief
 they mourn'd.

His passion still improv'd ; he lov'd so fast, 185
 As if he fear'd each day would be her last.
 Too true a prophet to foresee the fate
 That should so soon divide their happy state:
 When he to heaven entirely must restore
 That love, that heart, where he went halves
 before. 190

Yet as the soul is all in every part,
 So God and he might each have all her heart.

So had her children too for Charity
 Was not more fruitful, or more kind than she :
 Each under other by degrees they grew ; 195
 A goodly perspective of distant view.
 Anchises look'd not with so pleas'd a face,
 In numbering o'er his future Roman race,
 And marshalling the heroes of his name,
 As, in their order, next to light they came. 200
 Nor Cybele, with half so kind an eye,
 Survey'd her sons and daughters of the sky ;

Ver. 180. ——— author of our good

So subjects love just kings, or, they shou'd.]

The original edition here rightly prints, for the sake both of
 the eye and ear I suppose, *shou'd.* Derrick as *should.*

TODD.

Proud, shall I say, of her immortal fruit?
 As far as pride with heavenly minds may suit.
 Her pious love excell'd to all she bore; 205
 New objects only multiply'd it more.
 And as the chosen found the pearly grain
 As much as every vessel could contain;
 As in the blissful vision each shall share
 As much of glory as his soul can bear; 210
 So did she love, and so dispense her care.
 Her eldest thus, by consequence, was best,
 As longer cultivated than the rest.
 The babe had all that infant care beguiles,
 And early knew his mother in her smiles: 215
 But when dilated organs let in day
 To the young soul, and gave it room to play,
 At his first aptness, the maternal love
 Those rudiments of reason did improve:
 The tender age was pliant to command; 220
 Like wax it yielded to the forming hand:
 True to the artifier, the labour'd mind
 With ease was pious, generous, just, and kind:
 Soft for impression, from the first prepar'd,
 'Till virtue with long exercise grew hard: 225
 With every act confirm'd, and made at last
 So durable as not to be effac'd,
 It turn'd to habit; and, from vices free,
 Goodness resolv'd into necessity.

Thus fix'd the virtue's image, that's her own,
 'Till the whole mother in the children shone;

For that was their perfection : she was such,
 They never could express her mind too much.
 So unexhausted her perfections were,
 That, for more children, she had more to
 spare ;

235

For souls unborn, whom her untimely death
 Depriv'd of bodies, and of mortal breath ;
 And (could they take the impressions of her
 mind)

Enough still left to sanctify her kind.

Then wonder not to see this soul extend 240
 The bounds, and seek some other self, a friend :
 As swelling seas to gentle rivers glide,
 To seek repose, and empty out the tide ;
 So this full soul, in narrow limits pent,
 Unable to contain her, sought a vent, 245
 To issue out, and in some friendly breast
 Discharge her treasures, and securely rest :
 To unbosom all the secrets of her heart,
 Take good advice, but better to impart.

For 'tis the bliss of friendship's holy state, 250
 To mix their minds, and to communicate ;
 Though bodies cannot, souls can penetrate : }
 Fixt to her choice, inviolably true,
 And wisely choosing, for she chose but few.
 Some she must have ; but in no one could find
 A tally fitted for so large a mind. 256

The souls of friends like kings in progress are ;
 Still in their own, though from the palace far :

Thus her friend's heart her country dwelling
was,

A sweet retirement to a coarser place ; 260

Where pomp and ceremonies entered not,

Where greatness was shut out, and business
well forgot.

This is the imperfect draught ; but short as
far

As the true height and bigness of a star

Exceeds the measures of the astronomer. 265

She shines above, we know ; but in what place,

How near the throne, and heaven's imperial
face,

By our weak optics is but vainly guest ;

Distance and altitude conceal the rest.

Though all these rare endowments of the
mind 270

Were in a narrow space of life confin'd,

The figure was with full perfection crown'd ;

Though not so large an orb, as truly round.

As when in glory, through the public place,

The spoils of conquer'd nations were to pass, 275

And but one day for triumph was allow'd,

The consul was constrain'd his pomp to crowd ;

And so the swift procession hurry'd on,

That all, though not distinctly, might be
shown :

So in the straiten'd bounds of life confin'd, 280

She gave but glimpses of her glorious mind ;

And multitudes of virtues pass'd along ;
Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be seen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were to come. 285

Yet unemploy'd no minute slip'd away ;
Moments were precious in so short a stay.
The haste of heaven to have her was so great,
That some were single acts, though each com-
pleat ;

But every act stood ready to repeat. 290

Her fellow-faints with busy care will look
For her blest name in fate's eternal book ;
And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will see
Numberless virtues, endless charity :
But more will wonder at so short an age, 295
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page:
And with a pious fear begin to doubt
The piece imperfect, and the rest torn out.
But 'twas her Saviour's time ; and, could there be
A copy near the original, 'twas she. 300

As precious gums are not for lasting fire,
They but perfume the temple, and expire :
So was she soon exhal'd, and vanish'd hence ;
A short sweet odour, of a vast expence.
She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she dy'd ; 305
For but a now did heaven and earth divide ;
She pass'd serenely with a single breath ;
This moment perfect health, the next was
death ;

One sigh did her eternal bliss assure ;
 So little penance needs, when souls are almost
 pure. 310

As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue ;

Or, one dream pass'd, we slide into a new ;
 So close they follow, such wild order keep,
 We think ourselves awake, and are asleep :
 So softly death succeeded life in her : 315

She did but dream of heaven, and she was
 there.

No pains she suffer'd, nor expir'd with noise ;
 Her soul was whisper'd out with God's still
 voice ;

As an old friend is beckon'd to a feast,
 And treated like a long-familiar guest. 320

He took her as he found, but found her so,
 As one in hourly readiness to go :

E'en on that day, in all her trim prepar'd ;
 As early notice she from heaven had heard,

And some descending courier from above 325
 Had given her timely warning to remove ;

Or counsell'd her to dress the nuptial room,
 For on that night the bridegroom was to

come.

Ver. 325. ——— *descending* courier] The original edition by a
 laughable error of the press—*descending courtier*,

TODD.

He kept his hour, and found her where she
lay

Cloth'd all in white, the livery of the day: 330
Scarce had she finn'd in thought, or word, or
act;

Unless omissions were to pass for fact:
That hardly death a consequence could draw,
To make her liable to nature's law.

And, that she dy'd, we only have to show 335
The mortal part of her she left below:

The rest, so smooth, so suddenly she went,
Look'd like translation through the firma-
ment,

Or, like the fiery car on the third errand
sent.

O happy soul! if thou canst view from high, 340

Where thou art all intelligence, all eye,

If looking up to God, or down to us,

Thou find'st that any way be pervious,

Survey the ruins of thy house, and see

Thy widow'd, and thy orphan family: 345

Look on thy tender pledges left behind;

And, if thou canst a vacant minute find

Ver. 341. *Where thou art all intelligence, all eye,*] Dryden
perhaps had in memory his master's description of spirits, Par.
L. B. vi. 350.

"All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,

"All intellect, all sense ——"

TODD.

From heavenly joys, that interval afford
 To thy sad children, and thy mourning lord.
 See how they grieve, mistaken in their love, 350
 And shed a beam of comfort from above ;
 Give them, as much as mortal eyes can bear,
 A transient view of thy full glories there ;
 That they with moderate sorrow may sustain
 And mollify their losses in thy gain. 355

Or else divide the grief ; for such thou wert, }
 That should not all relations bear a part, }
 It were enough to break a single heart. }

Let this suffice : nor thou, great saint, refuse
 This humble tribute of no vulgar muse : 360

Who, not by cares, or wants, or age deprest,
 Stems a wild deluge with a dauntless breast ;
 And dares to sing thy praises in a clime
 Where vice triumphs, and virtue is a crime ;
 Where e'en to draw the picture of thy mind,
 Is satire on the most of human kind : 366

Take it, while yet 'tis praise ; before my rage,
 Unsafely just, break loose on this bad age ;
 So bad, that thou thyself hadst no defence
 From vice, but barely by departing hence. 370

Be what, and where thou art : to wish thy
 place,
 Were, in the best, presumption more than
 grace.

Thy relics, (such thy works of mercy are)
 Have, in this poem, been my holy care..

As earth thy body keeps, thy soul the sky, 375
 So shall this verse preserve thy memory;
 For thou shalt make it live, because it sings
 of thee.

Ver. 277. *For thou shalt make*] Our author owned he did not know the person on whom he wrote this long panegyric. This must be his excuse for the coldness and insipidity of the piece.

Dr. J. WARTON.

ON THE DEATH OF

AMYN T A S.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

'T WAS on a joyless and a gloomy morn,
Wet was the grass, and hung with pearls the
thorn ;

When Damon, who design'd to pass the day
With hounds and horns, and chase the flying
prey, 4

Rose early from his bed ; but soon he found
The welkin pitch'd with fullen clouds around,
An eastern wind, and dew upon the ground. }

Thus while he stood, and sighing did survey
The fields, and curst the ill omens of the day,
He saw Menalcas come with heavy pace ; 10
Wet were his eyes, and cheerless was his face :
He wrung his hands, distracted with his care,
And sent his voice before him from afar.

Return, he cry'd, return, unhappy swain,
The spungy clouds are fill'd with gathering rain :
The promise of the day not only cross'd, 16
But e'en the spring, the spring itself is lost.

Amyntas—oh !—he could not speak the rest,
 Nor needed, for presaging Damon guefs'd.
 Equal with heaven young Damon lov'd the boy,
 The boast of nature, both his parents' joy. 21
 His graceful form revolving in his mind ;
 So great a genius, and a soul so kind,
 Gave sad assurance that his fears were true ;
 Too well the envy of the gods he knew : 25
 For when their gifts too lavishly are plac'd,
 Soon they repent, and will not make them last,
 For sure it was too bountiful a dole,
 The mother's features, and the father's soul.
 Then thus he cry'd : The morn bespoke the
 news : 30

The morning did her chearful light diffuse :
 But see how suddenly she chang'd her face,
 And brought on clouds and rain, the day's
 disgrace ;
 Just such, Amyntas, was thy promis'd race. }
 What charms adorn'd thy youth, where nature
 smil'd, 35

And more than man was given us in a child !
 His infancy was ripe : a soul sublime
 In years so tender that prevented time :
 Heaven gave him all at once ; then snatch'd
 away,
 Ere mortals all his beauties could survey : 40
 Just like the flower that buds and withers in a
 day.

MENALCAS.

The mother, lovely, though with grief oppress'd,
 Reclin'd his dying head upon her breast.
 The mournful family stood all around;
 One groan was heard, one universal sound:
 All were in floods of tears and endless sorrow
 drown'd. 46

So dire a sadness sat on every look,
 E'en Death repented he had given the stroke.
 He griev'd his fatal work had been ordain'd,
 But promis'd length of life to those who yet remain'd. 50

The mother's and her eldest daughter's grace,
 It seems, had brib'd him to prolong their space.
 The father bore it with undaunted soul,
 Like one who durst his destiny controul:
 Yet with becoming grief he bore his part, 55
 Resign'd his son, but not resign'd his heart.
 Patient as Job; and may he live to see,
 Like him, a new increasing family!

DAMON.

Such is my wish, and such my prophecy,
 For yet, my friend, the beauteous mould remains; 60

Long may she exercise her fruitful pains!
 But, ah! with better hap, and bring a race
 More lasting, and endu'd with equal grace!

Equal she may, but farther none can go :
 For he was all that was exact below. 65

MENALCAS.

Damon, behold yon breaking purple cloud ;
 Hear'st thou not hymns and songs divinely
 loud ?

There mounts Amyntas ; the young cherubs
 play

About their godlike mate, and sing him on his
 way.

He cleaves the liquid air, behold, he flies, 70
 And every moment gains upon the skies.

The new-come guest admires the ætherial state,
 The saphir portal, and the golden gate ;

And now admitted in the shining throng,
 He shows the passport which he brought along.

His passport is his innocence and grace, 76
 Well known to all the natives of the place.

Now sing, ye joyful angels, and admire
 Your brother's voice that comes to mend your
 quire :

Sing you, while endless tears our eyes bestow ;
 For like Amyntas none is left below. 81

Ver. 81. *For like Amyntas*] This pastoral is very unworthy
 of our author. Dr. J. WARTON.

ON THE DEATH OF A

VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

HE who could view the book of destiny,
And read whatever there was writ of thee,
O charming youth, in the first opening page,
So many graces in so green an age,
Such wit, such modesty, such strength of mind,
A soul at once so manly, and so kind ; 6
Would wonder, when he turn'd the volume o'er,
And after some few leaves should find no more,
Nought but a blank remain, a dead void space,
A step of life that promis'd such a race. 10
We must not, dare not think, that Heaven
began

A child, and could not finish him a man ;
Reflecting what a mighty store was laid
Of rich materials, and a model made :
The cost already furnish'd ; so bestow'd, 15
As more was never to one soul allow'd :
Yet after this profusion spent in vain,
Nothing but mouldering ashes to remain,
I guess not, lest I split upon the shelf,
Yet durst I guess, Heaven kept it for himself ;

And giving us the use, did soon recal, 21
Ere we could spare, the mighty principal.

Thus then he disappear'd, was rarify'd ;
For 'tis improper speech to say he dy'd :
He was exhal'd ; his great Creator drew 25
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.

'Tis sin produces death ; and he had none,
But the taint Adam left on every son.

He added not, he was so pure, so good,
'Twas but the original forfeit of his blood ; 30

And that so little, that the river ran
More clear than the corrupted fount began.

Nothing remain'd of the first muddy clay ;
The length of course had wash'd it in the way :

So deep, and yet so clear, we might behold 35
The gravel bottom, and that bottom gold.

As such we lov'd, admir'd, almost ador'd,
Gave all the tribute mortals could afford.

Perhaps we gave so much, the powers above
Grew angry at our superstitious love : 40

For when we more than human homage pay,
The charming cause is justly snatch'd away.

Thus was the crime not his, but ours alone :
And yet we murmur that he went so soon ; 44
Though miracles are short and rarely shown. }

Learn then, ye mournful parents, and divide
That love in many, which in one was ty'd.

That individual blessing is no more,
But multiply'd in your remaining store, 49

The flame's dispers'd, but does not all expire ;
The sparkles blaze, though not the globe of
fire. 51

Love him by parts, in all your numerous race,
And from those parts form one collected grace ;
Then, when you have refin'd to that degree,
Imagine all in one, and think that one is he. 55

UPON
YOUNG MR. ROGERS,
OF
GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

OF gentle blood, his parents' only treasure,
Their lasting sorrow, and their vanish'd pleasure,
Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
A large provision for so short a race;
More moderate gifts might have prolong'd his
date, 5
Too early fitted for a better state;
But, knowing heaven his home, to shun delay,
He leap'd o'er age, and took the shortest way.

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. PURCELL.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. BLOW.

I.

MARK how the lark and linnet sing ;
With rival notes
They strain their warbling throats,
To welcome in the spring.
But in the close of night,
When Philomel begins her heavenly lay,
They cease their mutual spite,
Drink in her music with delight,
And, list'ning, silently obey.

II.

So ceas'd the rival crew, when Purcell came ;
They sung no more, or only sung his fame : 11
Struck dumb, they all admir'd the godlike man :
The godlike man,
Alas ! too soon retired,
As he too late began.

We beg not hell our Orpheus to restore :

Had he been there,

Their sovereign's fear

Had sent him back before.

The power of harmony too well they knew : 20

He long ere this had tun'd their jarring sphere,

And left no hell below.

III.

The heavenly choir, who heard his notes from
high,

Let down the scale of music from the sky :

They handed him along, 25

And all the way he taught, and all the way
they sung.

Ye brethren of the lyre, and tuneful voice,

Lament his lot ; but at your own rejoice :

Now live secure, and linger out your days ;

The gods are pleas'd alone with Purcell's lays,

Nor know to mend their choice, 31

EPITAPH

ON THE

LADY WHITMORE.

FAIR, kind, and true, a treasure each alone,
A wife, a mistress, and a friend in one,
Rest in this tomb, rais'd at thy husband's cost,
Here sadly summing, what he had, and lost.

Come, virgins, ere in equal bands ye join, 5
Come first, and offer at her sacred shrine;
Pray but for half the virtues of this wife,
Compound for all the rest, with longer life;
And wish your vows, like hers, may be return'd,
So lov'd when living, and when dead so
mourn'd. 10

E P I T A P H
ON
SIR PALMES FAIRBONE'S TOMB
IN
WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

Sacred to the immortal memory of Sir Palmes Fairbone,
Knight, Governor of Tangier; in execution of which com-
mand, he was mortally wounded by a shot from the
Moors, then besieging the town, in the forty-sixth year of
his age. October 24, 1680.

Y E sacred relics, which your marble keep,
Here, undisturb'd by wars, in quiet sleep:
Discharge the trust, which, when it was be-
low,
Fairbone's undaunted soul did undergo,
And be the town's Palladium from the foe. 5
Alive and dead these walls he will defend:
Great actions great examples must attend.
The Candian siege his early valour knew,
Where Turkish blood did his young hands im-
brue.

From thence returning with deserv'd applause,
Against the Moors his well-flesh'd sword he
draws ;

11

The same the courage, and the same the cause.
His youth and age, his life and death, com-
bine,

As in some great and regular design,
All of a piece throughout, and all divine, 15
Still nearer heaven his virtues shone more
bright,

Like rising flames expanding in their height ;
The martyrs glory crown'd the foldier's fight.
More bravely British general never fell,
Nor general's death was e'er reveng'd so well ;
Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their
close,

21

Follow'd by thousand victims of his foes.
To his lamented loss for time to come
His pious widow consecrates this tomb,

UNDER

MR. MILTON'S PICTURE,
BEFORE HIS PARADISE LOST.

THREE Poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn.
The first, in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next, in majesty; in both the last.
The force of nature cou'd no further go; 5
To make a third, she join'd the former two.

Ver. 1. *Three Poets*] If any other proof was wanting of the high respect and veneration which our poet entertained of the superior genius of Milton, these six nervous lines will for ever remain as a strong and indisputable testimony. They are a confirmation of an anecdote communicated by Richardson, that, the earl of Dorset, having sent the *Paradise Lost* to Dryden, when he returned the book, he said, "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too." I cannot therefore be induced to think that Dryden himself would have been pleased with the preference Johnson endeavours to give him to Milton, especially after saying (in express contradiction to Addison) that Milton wrote no language, but formed a Babylonish dialect, harsh and barbarous. He adds, that with respect to English poetry, Dryden

Lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit.

Milton most assuredly did not build his lofty rhyme with coarse and perishable brick, but with the most costly and durable porphyry; nor would Dryden have thanked Johnson for saying in

another place, that "*From his contemporaries he was in no danger; that he stood in the highest place; and that there was no name above his own.*"

The genius of Milton is universally allowed; but I am of opinion that his taste and judgment were equally excellent: witness the majesty with which he has drawn the figure of Satan, so different from what his favorite Dante had done, who was so likely to dazzle and mislead him, and who has so strangely mixed the grotesque with the great. Satan, says Dante in the *Inferno*, had a vast and most gigantic appearance; he stood up to his middle in ice, eagerly trying to disentangle himself, and for that purpose violently flapping his huge leathern wings. He has three different faces, a livid, a black, and a scarlet one. He has six blood-shot eyes; three mouths that pour forth torrents of blood; and in each mouth he holds a sinner. This is not, like Milton's, the figure of an archangel fallen. The Satan in the *Davideis* disgraces Cowley. Dr. J. WARTON.

ON THE
MONUMENT

OF A

FAIR MAIDEN LADY,

WHO DYED AT BATH, AND IS THERE INTERRED *.

BELOW this marble monument is laid
All that heaven wants of this celestial maid.
Preserve, O sacred tomb, thy trust consign'd
The mold was made on purpose for the mind :
And she would lose, if, at the latter day, 5
One atom could be mix'd of other clay.
Such were the features of her heavenly face,
Her limbs were form'd with such harmonious
grace :

* This Lady is interred in the Abbey-church. The epitaph is on a white marble stone fixed in the wall, together with this inscription : " Here lies the body of Mary, third daughter of
" Richard Frampton of Moreton in Dorsetshire, Esq; and of
" Jane his wife, sole daughter of Sir Francis Cossington of Fount-
" hill in Wilts, who was born January 1, 1676, and died after
" seven weeks illness on the 6th of September, 1698.

" This monument was erected by Catharine Frampton, her se-
" cond sister and executrix, in testimony of her grief, affection,
" and gratitude."

DERRICK.

So faultless was the frame, as if the whole
 Had been an emanation of the soul ; 10
 Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd ;
 And like a picture shone, in glass anneal'd.
 Or like the sun eclips'd, with shaded light :
 Too piercing, else, to be sustain'd by sight.
 Each thought was visible that roll'd within : 15
 As through a crystal case the figur'd hours are
 seen.

And heaven did this transparent veil provide,
 Because she had no guilty thought to hide.
 All white, a virgin-faint, she sought the skies :
 For marriage, though it sullies not, it dyes. 20
 High though her wit, yet humble was her
 mind ;
 As if she could not, or she would not find
 How much her worth transcended all her
 kind.

Yet she had learn'd so much of heaven below,
 That when arriv'd, she scarce had more to
 know : 25

But only to refresh the former hint ;
 And read her Maker in a fairer print.
 So pious, as she had no time to spare
 For human thoughts, but was confin'd to
 prayer.

Yet in such charities she pass'd the day, 30
 'Twas wond'rous how she found an hour to pray.

A soul so calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
Which passion could but curl, not discompose.
A female softness, with a manly mind :
A daughter duteous, and a sister kind : 35
In sickness patient, and in death resign'd.

MRS. MARGARET PASTON.

EPITAPH

ON

MRS. MARGARET PASTON,

OF

BURNINGHAM IN NORFOLK.

SO fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet, }
So ripe a judgment, and so rare a wit, }
Require at least an age in one to meet. }
In her they met ; but long they could not stay,
'Twas gold too fine to mix without allay. 5
Heaven's image was in her so well exprest,
Her very sight upbraided all the rest ;
Too justly ravish'd from an age like this,
Now she is gone, the world is of a piece.

ON THE
MONUMENT

OF THE

MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER.

HE who in impious times undaunted stood,
And midst rebellion durst be just and good :
Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more
Confirm'd the cause for which he fought before,
Rests here, rewarded by an heavenly prince ; 5
For what his earthly could not recompence.
Pray, reader, that such times no more appear :
Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.

Ver. 1. *He who in impious*] He was a nobleman of great spirit and intrepidity, who withstood in his magnificent castle of Basing in Hampshire, an obstinate siege of two years against the rebels, who levelled it to the ground, because in every window was written *Aymer Loyauté*. He died in 1674, and was buried in the church of Englefield in Berkshire, where his monument with this epitaph still remains. It is remarkable that Milton wrote a beautiful epitaph on the Marchioness his lady. It was the singular lot, both of husband and wife, to have received the honour of being celebrated by two such poets.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ask of this age's faith and loyalty,
Which, to preserve them, heaven confin'd in
thee. 10

Few subjects could a king like thine deserve :
And fewer, such a king so well could serve.
Blest king, blest subject, whose exalted state
By sufferings rose, and gave the law to fate. 14
Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns given
To earth, and meant for ornaments to heaven.

Ver. 1. He who in impious times undaunted stood,
And midst rebellion durst be just and good :
Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more
Confirm'd the cause which he fought before,
Bests here, rewarded by an heavenly prince ;
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Dr. J. WATSON.

SONGS, ODES,

AND A

MASQUE.

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THE
FAIR STRANGER*,

A
SONG.

I.

HAPPY and free, securely blest,
No beauty could disturb my rest ;
My amorous heart was in despair,
To find a new victorious fair.

II.

Till you descending on our plains,
With foreign force renew my chains ;
Where now you rule without controul
The mighty sovereign of my soul.

5

* This song is a compliment to the Dutchess of Portsmouth
on her first coming to England.

DERRICK

III.

Your smiles have more of conquering charms,
 Than all your native country arms: 10
 Their troops we can expel with ease,
 Who vanquish only when we please.

IV.

But in your eyes, oh ! there's the spell,
 Who can see them, and not rebel ?
 You make us captives by your stay, 15
 Yet kill us if you go away.

ON THE
YOUNG STATESMEN.

CLARENDON had law and sense,
Clifford was fierce and brave;
Bennet's grave look was a pretence,
And Danby's matchless impudence
Help'd to support the knave. 5

But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,
These will appear such chits in story,
'Twill turn all politics to jests,
To be repeated like John Dory,
When fiddlers sing at feasts. 10

Ver. 6. *But Sunderland,*] This nobleman had certainly great and various abilities, with a complete versatility of genius, and a most insinuating address; but he was totally void of all principles, moral or religious, and a much more abandoned character than Shaftesbury, whom it is so common to calumniate. He certainly urged James II. to pursue arbitrary and illegal measures, that he intended should be his ruin, and betrayed him to the Prince of Orange. The Abbé de Longuerue relates, that Dr. Masséy, of Christ Church, assured him, he once received an order from King James to expel twenty-four students of that college in Oxford, if they did not embrace popery. Masséy, astonished at the order, was advised by a friend to go to London, and shew it to the king; who assured him he had never given such an order, and commended Masséy for not having obeyed it; yet still this infatuated monarch continued to trust Sunderland.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Protect us, mighty Providence,
What would these madmen have ?
First, they would bribe us without pence,
Deceive us without common sense,
And without power enslave.

15

Shall free-born men, in humble awe,
Submit to servile shame ;
Who from consent and custom draw
The same right to be rul'd by law,
Which kings pretend to reign ?

20

The duke shall wield his conquering sword,
The chancellor make a speech,
The king shall pass his honest word,
The pawn'd revenue fums afford,
And then, come kiss my breech.

25

So have I seen a king on chess
(His rooks and knights withdrawn,
His queen and bishops in distress)
Shifting about, grow less and less,
With here and there a pawn.

30

A
SONG

FOR

ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

I.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began :
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And cou'd not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey. 10
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began :
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man. 15

Ver. 1. *From harmony,*] The picture of Jubal in the second stanza is finely imagined ; but this Ode is lost in the lustre of the subsequent one upon this subject. Dr. J. WARTON.

II.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

When Jubal struck the corded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound. 20

Less than a God they thought there could not
dwell

Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

III.

The trumpet's loud clangor 25

Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger,
And mortal alarms.

The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum 30

Cries, hark! the foes come;
Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers

The woes of hopeless lovers, 35

Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depth of pains, and height of passion, 40
 For the fair, disdainful, dame.

VI.

But oh ! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach,
 The sacred organ's praise ?
 Notes inspiring holy love, 45
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus could lead the savage race ;
 And trees uprooted left their place,
 Sequacious of the lyre : 50
 But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher :
 When to her organ vocal breath was given,
 An angel heard, and straight appear'd
 Mistaking earth for heaven.

Ver. 37. *Sharp violins*] It is a judicious remark of Mr. Mason, that Dryden with propriety gives this epithet to the instrument ; because, in the poet's time, they could not have arrived at that delicacy of tone, even in the hands of the best masters, which they now have in those of an inferior kind. See *Essays on English Church Musick*, by the Rev. W. Mason, M. A. Precentor of York, 12mo. 1795, p. 218. TODD.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays 55
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above ;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour, 60
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

SONG.

FAREWELL, FAIR ARMIDA*.

FAREWELL, fair Armida, my joy and my
grief,
In vain I have lov'd you, and hope no relief;

* This song, written on the death of Captain Digby, has been given by Mr. Malone in his *Life of Dryden*, on account, he says, of its "not having been preserv'd in Dryden's works, and being found entire *only in a scarce Miscellany*, viz. *Covent Garden Drollery*." I must, however, observe, that the Song is printed entire in *New Court-Songs and Poems*, by R. V. Gent. 8vo. 1672, p. 78. In this collection the second line runs thus:—

"In vain I have lov'd you, and *find* no relief."

The sixth,

"A fate which in pity, &c."

The twelfth,

"My *fate* from your fight, &c."

An answer from *Armida*, as she is called, follows the Song in this collection; but it is not worth citing. The ridiculous parody on this Song in the *REHEARSAL* is too well known to require copying here. But the following ludicrous stanza, which I have seen in MS. and which is a coeval parody on Dryden's Song to Armida, deserves to be cited:—

"Or if the king please that I may, at his charge,
"Just under your window be brought in a barge;
"Nay, 'twill be enough, as I died a brave fighter,
"If but to your window I come in a lighter;
"Or, rather than faile to shew my love fuller,
"I would be content to arrive in a sculler;
"But if me these favours my fate hath deny'd,
"I hope to come floating up with a spring tyde.

Undone by your virtue, too strict and severe,
Your eyes gave me love, and you gave me de-
spair :

Now call'd by my honour, I seek with content 5
The fate which in pity you would not prevent :
To languish in love, were to find by delay
A death that's more welcome the speediest way.

On seas and in battles, in bullets and fire,
The danger is less than in hopeless desire ; 10
My death's wound you give, though far off I
bear

My fall from your fight—not to cost you a tear :
But if the kind flood on a wave should convey
And under your window my body should lay,
The wound on my breast when you happen to
see, 15

You'll say with a sigh—it was given by me.

Armida is said to have been the beautiful Frances Stuart, wife of Charles, Duke of Richmond. Captain Digby was killed at sea in the engagement between the English and Dutch fleet, off Southwold Bay, in 1672. Topp.

THE
LADY'S SONG.

I.

A CHOIR of bright beauties in spring did
appear,
To choofe a May-lady to govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white, and the shep-
herds in green;
The garland was given, and Phyllis was queen:
But Phyllis refus'd it, and sighing did say, 5
I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

II.

While Pan and fair Syrinx are fled from our
shore,
The Graces are banish'd, and Love is no more:
The soft god of pleasure, that warm'd our de-
sires,
Has broken his bow, and extinguish'd his fires:
And vows that himself, and his mother, will
mourn, 11
'Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

III.

Forbear your addressees, and court us no more,
For we will perform what the deity swore :

But if you dare think of deserving our charms,
Away with your sheephooks, and take to your
arms : 16

Then laurels and myrtles your brows shall
adorn,

When Pan, and his son, and fair Syrinx, return.

A SONG.

I.

FAIR, sweet, and young, receive a prize
Reserv'd for your victorious eyes :
From crouds, whom at your feet you see,
O pity, and distinguish me !
As I from thousand beauties more 5
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

II.

Your face for conquest was design'd,
Your every motion charms my mind ;
Angels, when you your silence break,
Forget their hymns, to hear you speak ; 10
But when at once they hear and view,
Are loth to mount, and long to stay with you.

III.

No graces can your form improve,
But all are lost, unless you love ;
While that sweet passion you disdain, 15
Your veil and beauty are in vain :
In pity then prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieve's too late.

A SONG.

HIGH state and honours to others impart,

But give me your heart :

That treasure, that treasure alone,

I beg for my own.

So gentle a love, so fervent a fire,

My soul does inspire ;

That treasure, that treasure alone,

I beg for my own.

Your love let me crave ;

Give me in possessing

So matchless a blessing ;

That empire is all I would have.

Love's my petition,

All my ambition ;

If e'er you discover

So faithful a lover,

So real a flame,

I'll die, I'll die,

So give up my game.

A SONG.

I.

GO tell Amynta, gentle fwain,
I would not die, nor dare complain :
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine.
To souls opprefs'd, and dumb with grief, 5
The gods ordain this kind relief ;
That music should in sounds convey,
What dying lovers dare not say.

II.

A sigh or tear, perhaps, she'll give,
But love on pity cannot live. 10
Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her my pains so fast increase,
That soon they will be past redress ;
But ah ! the wretch, that speechless lies, 15
Attends but death to close his eyes.

A
SONG

TO A

FAIR YOUNG LADY,

GOING OUT OF THE TOWN IN THE SPRING.

I.

ASK not the cause, why fullen Spring
So long delays her flowers to bear ;
Why warbling birds forget to sing,
And winter storms invert the year :
Chloris is gone, and fate provides
To make it Spring, where she resides.

II.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair ;
She cast not back a pitying eye :
But left her lover in despair,
To sigh, to languish, and to die :
Ah, how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure !

III.

Great god of love, why hast thou made
A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade, 15
And change the laws of every land?
Where thou hadst plac'd such power before,
Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.

IV.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
Adoring crowds before her fall; 20
She can restore the dead from tombs,
And every life but mine recal.
I only am by Love design'd
To be the victim for mankind.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST;
OR,
THE POWER OF MUSIC;
AN ODE,

IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

'TWAS at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero fate
On his imperial throne : 5
His valiant peers were plac'd around ;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound :
(So should desert in arms be crown'd.)
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride 10
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair. 15

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus, plac'd on high 20
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove, 25
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the power of mighty love.)
 A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god:
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia press'd: 30
 And while he fought her snowy breast:
 Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign
 of the world.

Ver. 20. Dr. Burney has given a learned, full, and entertaining account of Timotheus, the musician, in his first volume of his History of Music, p. 405. Mr. Jackson, whose taste and feeling on the subject of music must be allowed to be just and exquisite, censures Dryden for extending the powers of music over the passions, and affirms that pleasure only can be excited.

Dr. J. WARTON.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around : 35

A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound :

With ravish'd ears

The monarch hears,

Affumes the god,

Affects to nod, 40

And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravish'd ears

The monarch hears,

Affumes the god,

Affects to nod, 45

And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician
fung,

Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :

The jolly god in triumph comes ;

Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums ; 50

Flush'd with a purple grace

He shews his honest face :

Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he
comes.

Bacchus, ever fair and young,

Drinking joys did first ordain ; 55

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the foldier's pleasure :
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain. 60

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the foldier's pleasure :
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain. 65

IV.

Sooth'd with the found the king grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;
 And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he
 slew the slain.

Ver. 56. *Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.]*

“ I know not how, but martial men are given to love ; I think it is, but as they are given to wine ; for perils commonly ask to be paid with pleasure.” Bacon.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 66. Suidas, tom. ii. p. 713, mentions the Orthian style in music, in which Timotheus is said to have played to Alexander ; and one Antigenides inflamed this prince still more by striking into what were called Harmatian measures. See Plutarch de Fortunâ Alexand. II. Orat. and Suidas in the word ἄρματειος, a strain usually played in the theatres when Hector was dragged at the chariot wheels, ὑφ' ἄρματος. Q. Curtius, lib. v. 67, gives a minute description of the burning the palace at Persepolis, when Alexander was attended by Thais. But it does not

'The master saw the madness rise ;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ; 70
 And, while he heaven and earth defy'd,
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
 He chose a mournful muse
 Soft pity to infuse :
 He sung Darius great and good, 75
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltring in his blood ;

appear in the accurate Arrian, lib. iii. cap. 18. that Thais had any share in this transaction. Arrian, but more so Aristobulus, endeavoured to exculpate Alexander from the charge of frequent ebriety ; but from a fragment of Menander, preserved in the curious repository of anecdotes, Athenæus, lib. x. p. 434, *εὐκολακί*, he plainly mentions the drunkenness of Alexander as proverbial.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 73. The mention of this pathetic air reminds me of a story of the celebrated Lully, who having been one day accused of never setting any thing to music, but the languid verses of Quinault, was immediately animated with the reproach, and, as it were, seized with a kind of enthusiasm ; he ran instantly to his harpsichord, and striking a few chords, sung in recitative these four lines in the Iphigenia of Racine, which are full of the strongest imagery, and are therefore much more difficult to express in music, than verses of more sentiment :

Un prêtre environné d'une foule cruelle,
 Portera sur ma fille une main criminelle,
 Dechirera son sein, et d'un œil curieux,
 Dans son cœur palpitant consultera les dieux.

One of the company has often declared, that they all thought themselves present at this dreadful spectacle, and that the notes, with which Lully accompanied these words, erected the hair of their heads with horror.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Deserted, at his utmost need, 80
 By those his former bounty fed ;
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast looks the joyless victor fate,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul 85
 The various turns of chance below ;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;
 And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of chance below ; 90
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;
 And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
 That love was in the next degree :
 'Twas but a kindred-sound to move, 95
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures,
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honour, but an empty bubble ; 100
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying :
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying ;

Lovely Thais sits besides thee, 105
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause;
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair 110
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast. 115

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again: 120
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.

Ver. 114. *with love and wine at once oppress'd,*] Alexander, however inclined to hard drinking, as indeed were the Greeks, yet multiplied his debauches of this kind after he conquered Persia, in which country the character of a drunkard was reckoned honourable, as may be seen in Plutarch's Sympos. lib. i.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Break his bands of sleep afunder, 125

And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound

Has rais'd up his head :

As awak'd from the dead,

And amaz'd, he stares around. 130

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,

See the furies arise :

See the snakes that they rear,

How they hiss in their hair,

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !

Behold a ghastly band, 136

Each a torch in his hand !

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were
slain,

And unbury'd remain

Inglorious on the plain :

Give the vengeance due 141

To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,

How they point to the Persian abodes,

And glittering temples of their hostile gods. 145

The princes applaud, with a furious joy ;

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to
destroy ;

Thais led the way,

To light him to his prey,

And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy. 150

CHORUS.

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to
destroy ;

Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

VII.

Thus, long ago, 155
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute ;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And founding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft de-
fire. 160

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds, 165
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;
She drew an angel down. 170

GRAND CHORUS.

At last, divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
 before. 176

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown ;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down. 180

Ver. 180. If Dryden had never written any thing but this Ode, his name would have been immortal, as would that of Gray, if he had never written any thing but his Bard. It is difficult to find new terms to express our admiration of the variety, richness, and melody of its numbers; the force, beauty, and distinctness of its images; the succession of so many different passions and feelings; and the matchless perspicuity of its diction. The scene opens, in the first stanza, in an awful and august manner. The amours of Jupiter are described in a majestic manner in the second, with allusions to Alexander's being flattered with the idea of his being the son of Jupiter and a god. But the sweet musician alters his tone in the third stanza to the praises of Bacchus, and the effects of wine; which inspiring the king with a kind of momentary phrenzy and pride, Timotheus suddenly changes his hand, and in an air exquisitely pathetic, particularly the repetition of the words *fallen, fallen, &c.* sets before our eyes the fall and death of Darius, without a friend to attend him in his last moments. But the artist knowing how nearly allied Pity was to Love, reminds the hero of the presence of his beautiful Thais, and describes minutely the effects of his passion for her. He does not, however, suffer him long to loiter in the lap of pleasure, but instantly rouses him with deeper and louder notes, till he staring around, Eumenidum demens videt agmina, with their eyes full of indignation, and their hair crowded with

hissing serpents, followed by a band of Grecian ghosts, who demand vengeance from their leader, tossing on high the torches they held in their hands, and pointing to the Persian temples and palaces, urging him to destroy them with fire. Such is the unexampled combination of poetical beauties, of almost every sort, in which this justly admired Ode abounds. No particle of it can be wished away, but the epigrammatic turn of the four concluding lines.

Dr. J. WARTON.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS,

PARAPHRASED.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind ;
Come pour thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free, 5
And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete !
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ; 10
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy !
'Thou strength of his Almighty hand, 15
Whose power does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence, }
Who do'st the gifts of tongues dispense, }
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence ! }

Refine and purge our earthly parts ; 20
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts !

Our frailties help, our vice controul,
 Submit the senses to the soul;
 And when rebellious they are grown,
 Then lay thy hand, and hold 'em down. 25

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
 And lest our feet should step astray,
 Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive, 30
 And practise all that we believe:
 Give us thyself, that we may see
 The Father, and the Son, by thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend the Almighty Father's name: 35
 The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
 Who for lost man's redemption dy'd:
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

Ver. 39. *Eternal Paraclete,*] This is a most elegant and beautiful little morsel, and one of his most correct compositions. Its poetry and piety aid each other. Dr. J. WARTON.

THE
SECULAR MASQUE.

Enter JANUS.

JANUS.

CHRONOS, Chronos, mend thy pace,
An hundred times the rolling fun
Around the radiant belt has run
In his revolving race.
Behold, behold, the goal in fight, 5
Spread thy fans, and wing thy flight.

*Enter CHRONOS, with a scythe in his hand, and a
globe on his back, which he sets down at his
entrance.*

CHRONOS.

Weary, weary of my weight,
Let me, let me drop my freight,
And leave the world behind.
I could not bear, 10
Another year,
The load of human-kind.

Enter MOMUS laughing.

MOMUS.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! well hast thou done
 To lay down thy pack,
 And lighten thy back, 15
 The world was a fool, e'er since it begun,
 And since neither Janus, nor Chronos, nor I,
 Can hinder the crimes,
 Or mend the bad times,
 'Tis better to laugh than to cry. 20

CHORUS OF ALL THREE.

'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

JANUS.

Since Momus comes to laugh below,
 Old Time begin the show,
 That he may see, in every scene,
 What changes in this age have been. 25

CHRONOS.

Then goddesses of the silver bow begin.

[*Horns, or hunting-music within.*]

Enter DIANA.

DIANA.

With horns and with hounds, I waken the day;
 And hye to the woodland-walks away :
 I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
 And tie to my forehead a waxing moon. 30
 I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
 And chase the wild goats o'er summits of
 rocks,
 With shouting and hooting we pierce through
 the sky,
 And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

CHORUS OF ALL.

With shouting and hooting we pierce through
 the sky, 35
 And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

JANUS.

Then our age was in it's prime :

CHRONOS.

Free from rage :

DIANA.

—— And free from crime :

MOMUS.

A very merry, dancing, drinking, 40
 Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

CHORUS OF ALL.

Then our age was in it's prime,
 Free from rage, and free from crime,
 A very merry, dancing, drinking,
 Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time. 45

[Dance of DIANA's attendants.]

Enter MARS.

MARS.

Inspire the vocal brafs, inspire ;
 The world is past its infant age :
 Arms and honour,
 Arms and honour,
 Set the martial mind on fire, 50
 And kindle manly rage.
 Mars has look'd the fky to red ;
 And Peace, the lazy good, is fled.
 Plenty, peace, and pleasure fly ;
 The fprightly green, 55
 In woodland-walks, no more is feen ;
 'The fprightly green has drunk the Tyrian dye.

CHORUS OF ALL.

Plenty, peace, &c.

MARS.

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum ;
 Through all the world around, 60
 Sound a reveillé, found, found,
 The warrior god is come.

CHORUS OF ALL.

Sound the trumpet, &c.

MOMUS.

Thy sword within the scabbard keep,
 And let mankind agree ; 65
 Better the world were fast asleep,
 Than kept awake by thee.
 The fools are only thinner,
 With all our cost and care ;
 But neither side a winner, 70
 For things are as they were.

CHORUS OF ALL.

The fools are only, &c.

Enter VENUS.

VENUS.

Calms appear, when storms are past ;
 Love will have his hour at last :
 Nature is my kindly care ; 75
 Mars destroys, and I repair ;

Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not every day.

CHORUS OF ALL.

Take her, take her, &c.

CHRONOS.

The world was then so light, 80
I scarcely felt the weight ;
Joy rul'd the day, and Love the night.
But, since the queen of pleasure left the ground,
I faint, I lag,
And feebly drag 85
The pondrous orb around.

MOMUS.

All, all of a piece throughout :
Thy chace had a beast in view ;
[*Pointing to Diana.*
Thy wars brought nothing about ;
[*To Mars.*
Thy lovers were all untrue. 90
[*To Venus.*

JANUS.

'Tis well an old age is out.

CHRONOS.

And time to begin a new.

CHORUS OF ALL.

All, all of a piece throughout ;
Thy chace had a beast in view :
Thy wars brought nothing about ; 95
Thy lovers were all untrue.
'Tis well an old age is out,
And time to begin a new.

Dance of huntsmen, nymphs, warriors, and lovers.

SONG

OF A

SCHOLAR AND HIS MISTRESS,

WHO BEING CROSSED BY THEIR FRIENDS, FELL MAD FOR
ONE ANOTHER; AND NOW FIRST MEET IN BEDLAM.

[*Music within.*]

*The Lovers enter at opposite doors, each held
by a Keeper.*

PHILLIS.

LOOK, look, I see—I see my love appear!
'Tis he——'Tis he alone;
For, like him, there is none:
'Tis the dear, dear man, 'tis thee, dear.

AMYNTAS.

Hark! the winds war;
The foam y waves roar;
I see a ship afar,
Tossing and toffing, and making to the shore:
But what's that I view,
So radiant of hue,
St. Hermo, St. Hermo, that fits upon the sails?

Ah ! No, no, no.

St. Hermo, never, never shone so bright ;
 'Tis Phillis, only Phillis, can shoot so fair a light ;
 'Tis Phillis, 'tis Phillis, that saves the ship alone,
 For all the winds are hush'd, and the storm is
 overblown. 16

PHILLIS.

Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his arms.

AMYNTAS.

If all the fates combine,
 And all the furies join,
 I'll force my way to Phillis, and break through
 the charm. 20

*[Here they break from their keepers, run to
 each other, and embrace.]*

PHILLIS.

Shall I marry the man I love ?
 And shall I conclude my pains ?
 Now blest'd be the powers above,
 I feel the blood bound in my veins ;
 With a lively leap it began to move, 25
 And the vapours leave my brains.

AMYNTAS.

Body join'd to body, and heart join'd to heart,
 To make sure of the cure,
 Go call the man in black, to mumble o'er his
 part

PHILLIS.

But suppose he should stay—— 30

AMYNTAS.

At worst if he delay,
'Tis a work must be done,
We'll borrow but a day,
And the better, the sooner begun.

CHORUS OF BOTH.

At worst if he delay, &c. 35

[They run out together hand in hand.]

* S O N G,

IN THE INDIAN EMPEROR.

AH fading joy ! how quickly art thou past !
Yet we thy ruin haste.

As if the cares of human life were few,

We seek out new :

And follow fate, which would too fast pursue.

See, how on every bough the birds express,
In their sweet notes, their happiness.

They all enjoy, and nothing spare ;

But on their mother Nature lay their care :

Why then should man, the lord of all below, 10

Such troubles choose to know,

As none of all his subjects undergo ?

Hark, hark, the waters fall, fall, fall,

And with a murmuring sound

Dash, dash, upon the ground,

15

To gentle slumbers call.

* I cannot forbear adding in this place, some beautiful little lyrical pieces of our author, which by being scattered up and down in his voluminous dramatic works, are, from their situation, not so much known and noticed as they should be, but which contain some of the most musical and mellifluous lines he has ever written.

Dr. J. WARTON.

SONG,

IN THE INDIAN EMPEROR.

I LOOK'D and saw within the book of fate,
When many days did lour,
When lo ! one happy hour
Leap'd up, and smil'd to save the sinking state ;
A day shall come when in thy power
Thy cruel foes shall be ;
Then shall thy land be free :
And then in peace shall reign ;
But take, O take that opportunity,
Which once refus'd will never come again.

SONG,

IN THE MAIDEN QUEEN.

I FEED a flame within, which so torments
me,

That it both pains my heart, and yet contents
me:

'Tis such a pleasing smart, and I so love it,
That I had rather die, than once remove it.

Yet he, for whom I grieve, shall never know
it; 5

My tongue does not betray, nor my eyes show
it.

Not a sigh, nor a tear, my pain discloses,
But they fall silently, like dew on roses.

Thus, to prevent my love from being cruel,
My heart's the sacrifice, as 'tis the fuel: 10
And while I suffer this to give him quiet,
My faith rewards my love, though he deny it.

On his eyes will I gaze, and there delight me;
Where I conceal my love no frown can fright
me:

To be more happy, I dare not aspire; 15
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

SONG,
IN THE FIRST PART OF THE CONQUEST OF
GRANADA.

I.

WHEREVER I am, and whatever I do,
My Phillis is still in my mind;
When angry, I mean not to Phyllis to go,
My feet, of themselves, the way find:
Unknown to myself I am just at her door, 5
And, when I would rail, I can bring out no
more,
Than, Phyllis too fair and unkind!

II.

When Phyllis I see, my heart bounds in my
breast,
And the love I would stifle is shown;
But asleep, or awake, I am never at rest, 10
When from my eyes Phyllis is gone.
Sometimes a sad dream does delude my sad
mind;
But, alas! when I wake, and no Phyllis I find,
How I sigh to myself all alone!

III.

Should a king be my rival in her I adore, 15
He should offer his treasure in vain :
O, let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my Phyllis again !
Let Phyllis be mine, and but ever be kind,
I could to a desert with her be confin'd, 20
And envy no monarch his reign.

IV.

Alas ! I discover too much of my love,
And she too well knows her own power !
She makes me each day a new martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow jealous each hour : 25
But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
I had rather love Phyllis, both false and un-
kind,
Than ever be freed from her power.

SONG, IN TWO PARTS,
IN THE SECOND PART OF THE CONQUEST
OF GRANADA.

I.

He. **HOW** unhappy a lover am I,
While I fight for my Phyllis in vain ;
All my hopes of delight
Are another man's right,
Who is happy, while I am in pain ! 5

II.

She. Since her honour allows no relief,
But to pity the pains which you bear,
'Tis the best of your fate,
In a hopeless estate,
To give o'er, and betimes to despair.

III.

He. I have tried the false med'cine in vain ; 11
For I wish what I hope not to win :
From without, my desire
Has no food to its fire ;
But it burns and consumes me within.

IV.

She. Yet, at least, 'tis a pleasure to know
That you are not unhappy alone :
For the nymph you adore
Is as wretched, and more ;
And counts all your sufferings her
own. 20

V.

He. O ye gods, let me suffer for both ;
At the feet of my Phyllis I'll lie :
I'll resign up my breath,
And take pleasure in death,
To be pitied by her when I die. 25

VI.

She. What her honour denied you in life,
In her death she will give to your
love.
Such a flame as is true
After fate will renew,
For the souls to meet closer above. 30

SONG OF THE SEA-FIGHT,

IN AMBOYNA.

WHO ever saw a noble fight,
That never view'd a brave sea-fight!
Hang up your bloody colours in the air,
Up with your fights, and your nettings pre-
pare ;
Your merry mates cheer, with a lusty bold
spright, 5
Now each man his brindice, and then to the
fight.
St. George, St. George, we cry,
The shouting Turks reply.
Oh now it begins, and the gun-room grows
hot,
Ply it with culverin and with small shot ; 10
Hark, does it not thunder? no, 'tis the guns
roar,
The neighbouring billows are turned into gore ;
Now each man must resolve to die,
For here the coward cannot fly.
Drums and trumpets toll the knell, 15
And culverins the passing bell.

Now, now they grapple, and now board amain;
Blow up the hatches, they're off all again:
Give them a broadside, the dice run at all,
Down comes the mast and yard, and tacklings
fall;

20

She grows giddy now, like blind Fortune's
wheel,

She finks there, she finks, she turns up her keel.
Who ever beheld so noble a fight,
As this so brave, so bloody sea-fight!

INCANTATION IN ÆDIPUS.

TIR. CHUSE the darkeſt part o' th' grove,
Such as ghoſts at noon-day love.
Dig a trench, and dig it nigh
Where the bones of Laius lie;
Altars rais'd, of turf or ſtone, 5
Will th' infernal pow'rs have none,
Answer me, if this be done?

ALL PR. 'Tis done.

TIR. Is the ſacrifice made fit?
Draw her backward to the pit: 10
Draw the barren heifer back;
Barren let her be, and black.
Cut the curled hair that grows
Full betwixt her horns and brows:
And turn your faces from the ſun, 15
Answer me, if this be done?

ALL P. 'Tis done.

TIR. Pour in blood, and blood-like wine,
To Mother Earth and Proſerpine:
Mingle milk into the ſtream; 20
Feaſt the ghoſts, that love the ſteam:
Snatch a brand, from funeral pile:
Toſs it in, to make them boil:
And turn your faces from the ſun,
Answer me, if this be done? 25

ALL P. 'Tis done.

SONG,

IN ALBION AND ALBANIUS.

CEASE, Augusta! cease thy mourning,
Happy days appear,
God-like Albion is returning,
Loyal hearts to chear!
Every grace his youth adorning, 5
Glorious as the star of morning,
Or the planet of the year.

SONG,

IN ALBION AND ALBANIUS.

ALBION, by the nymph attended,
Was to Neptune recommended,

Peace and plenty spread the sails;
Venus, in her shell before him,
From the sands in safety bore him,

5

And supply'd Etesian gales.
Archon on the shore commanding,
Lowly met him at his landing,

Crouds of people swarm'd around;
Welcome, rang like peals of thunder,

10

Welcome, rent the skies afunder,
Welcome, heaven and earth resound.

SONG,

IN ALBION AND ALBANIUS.

INFERNAL offspring of the Night,
Debarr'd of heaven your native right,
And from the glorious fields of light,
Condemn'd in shades to drag the chain,
And fill with groans the gloomy plain; 5
Since pleasures here are none below,
Be ill our good, our joy be woe:
Our work t' embroil the worlds above,
Disturb their union, disunite their love,
And blast the beauteous frame of our victorious
foe. 10

SONG,

IN ALBION AND ALBANIUS.

SEE the god of seas attends thee,
Nymphs divine, a beauteous train;
All the calmer gales befriend thee
In thy passage o'er the main:
Every maid her locks is binding,
Every Triton's horn is winding,
Welcome to the watry plain.

SONG,

IN ALBION AND ALBANIUS.

ALBION, lov'd of gods and men,
Prince of Peace too mildly reigning,
Cease thy sorrow and complaining,
Thou shalt be restor'd again :
Albion, lov'd of gods and men.

5

II.

Still thou art the care of heaven,
In thy youth to exile driven :
Heaven thy ruin then prevented,
Till the guilty land repented :
In thy age, when none could aid thee,
Foes conspir'd, and friends betray'd thee.
To the brink of danger driven,
Still thou art the care of heaven.

10

SONG,

IN KING ARTHUR,

Where a battle is supposed to be given behind the scenes, with drums, trumpets, and military shouts and excursions; after which, the Britons, expressing their joy for the victory, sing this song of triumph.

COME, if you dare, our trumpets found;
Come, if you dare, the foes rebound:
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double, double beat of the
thundering drum.

Now they charge on amain, 5
Now they rally again:
The gods from above the mad labour behold,
And pity mankind, that will perish for gold.
The fainting Saxons quit their ground,
Their trumpets languish in the sound: 10
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly;
Victoria, Victoria, the bold Britons cry.

Now the victory's won,
To the plunder we run:
We return to our lasses like fortunate traders,
Triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd in-
vaders. 16

SONG,

IN KING ARTHUR.

Man sings. OH fight, the mother of desires,
What charming objects dost thou yield!
'Tis sweet, when tedious night ex-
pires,

To see the rosy morning gild
The mountain-tops, and paint the
field ! 5

But when Clarinda comes in sight,
She makes the summer's day more
bright ;

And when she goes away, 'tis night.

Chor. When fair Clarinda comes in sight, &c.

Wom. sings. 'Tis sweet the blushing morn to
view ; 10

And plains adorn'd with pearly dew :

But such cheap delights to see,

Heaven and nature

Give each creature ;

They have eyes, as well as we ; 15

This is the joy, all joys above,

To see, to see,

That only she,

That only she we love !

Chor. This is the joy, all joys above, &c.

SONG,
IN KING ARTHUR.

TWO daughters of this aged stream are we ;
And both our sea-green locks have comb'd for
thee ;

Come bathe with us an hour or two,

Come naked in, for we are so :

What danger from a naked foe ?

5

Come bathe with us, come bathe and share,

What pleasures in the floods appear ;

We'll beat the waters till they bound,

And circle round, around, around,

And circle round, around.

10

SONGS TO BRITANNIA,

IN KING ARTHUR.

SONG I.

YE blustering brethren of the skies,
Whose breath has ruffled all the watry plain,
Retire, and let Britannia rise,
In triumph o'er the main.

Serene and calm, and void of fear, 5

The Queen of Islands must appear:

Serene and calm, as when the Spring

The new created world began,

And birds on boughs did softly sing

Their peaceful homage paid to man; 10

While Eurus did his blasts forbear,

In favour of the tender year.

Retreat, rude winds, retreat

To hollow rocks, your stormy feat;

There swell your lungs, and vainly, vainly
threat. 15

SONG II.

For folded flocks, on fruitful plains,
The shepherd's and the farmer's gains,
Fair Britain all the world outvies;
And Pan, as in Arcadia, reigns,
Where pleasure mixt with profit lies. 5

Though Jafon's fleece was fam'd of old,
The British wool is growing gold;
No mines can more of wealth supply;
It keeps the peasant from the cold,
And takes for kings the Tyrian dye. 10

SONG III.

Fairest isle, all isles excelling,
Seat of pleasures and of loves;
Venus here will chuse her dwelling,
And forsake her Cyprian groves.

Cupid from his favourite nation, 5
Care and envy will remove;
Jealousy, that poisons passion,
And despair, that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,
Sighs, that blow the fire of love; 10
Soft repulses, kind disdaining,
Shall be all the pains you prove.

Every swain shall pay his duty,
 Grateful every nymph shall prove;
 And as these excel in beauty,
 Those shall be renown'd for love.

15

SONG OF JEALOUSY,
IN LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

WHAT state of life can be so blest
As love, that warms a lover's breast?
Two souls in one, the same desire
To grant the bliss, and to require!
But if in heaven a hell we find,

5

'Tis all from thee,

O Jealousy!

'Tis all from thee,

O Jealousy!

Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,

10

Thou tyrant of the mind!

All other ills, though sharp they prove,

Serve to refine, and perfect love:

In absence, or unkind disdain,

Sweet hope relieves the lover's pain.

15

But, ah! no cure but death we find,

To set us free

From Jealousy:

O Jealousy!

Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,

20

Thou tyrant of the mind!

False in thy glass all objects are,
 Some set too near, and some too far;
 Thou art the fire of endless night,
 The fire that burns, and gives no light.

All torments of the damn'd we find 20

In only thee,

O Jealousy!

Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,

Thou tyrant of the mind! 24

Fall in thy glass all objects are,
 Some set too near, and some too far;
 Thou art the fire of endless night,
 The fire that burns, and gives no light.
 All torments of the damned we find
 In only thee, THOU TYRANT OF THE MIND!
 O Jealousy!
 Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,
 Thou tyrant of the mind!

PROLOGUES.

EPITLOGUES.

PROLOGUES

AND

EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUE

RIVAL LABIES

PROLOGUES

EPILOGUES

PROLOGUE

TO THE

RIVAL LADIES.

'TIS much desir'd, you judges of the town
Would pass a vote to put all prologues down ;
For who can show me, since they first were writ,
They e'er converted one hard-hearted wit ?
Yet the world's mended well ; in former days
Good prologues were as scarce as now good
 plays.
For the reforming poets of our age,
In this first charge, spend their poetic rage :
Expect no more when once the prologue's done ;
The wit is ended ere the play's begun. 10
You now have habits, dances, scenes, and
 rhimes ;
High language often ; ay, and sense, sometimes.
As for a clear contrivance, doubt it not ;
They blow out candles to give light to th' plot.
And for surprise, two bloody-minded men 15
Fight till they die, then rise and dance again.

Such deep intrigues you're welcome to this day:
But blame yourselves, not him who writ the
play ;

Though his plot's dull, as can be well desired,
Wit stiff as any you have e'er admired : 20
He's bound to please, not to write well ; and
knows,

There is a mode in plays as well as clothes ;
Therefore, kind judges——

A SECOND PROLOGUE ENTERS.

2. Hold ; would you admit
For judges all you see within the pit ?

1. Whom would he then except, or on what
score ?

2. All, who (like him) have writ ill plays be-
fore ;

For they, like thieves condemn'd, are hangmen
made, 5

To execute the members of their trade.

All that are writing now he would disown,
But then he must except—even all the town ;
All cholerick, losing gamesters, who, in spite,
Will damn to day, because they lost last
night ;

All servants, whom their mistrefs' scorn up-
braids ; 11

All maudlin lovers, and all slighted maids ;

All, who are out of humour, or severe ;

All, that want wit, or hope to find it here.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

INDIAN QUEEN.

As the music plays a soft air, the curtain rises slowly, and discovers an Indian boy and girl sleeping under two plantain-trees; and, when the curtain is almost up, the music turns into a tune expressing an alarm, at which the boy awakes, and speaks:

BOY. **W**AKE, wake, Quevira! our soft rest
must cease,

And fly together with our country's peace!
No more must we sleep under plantain shade,
Which neither heat could pierce, nor cold in-
vade;

Where bounteous nature never feels decay, 5
And opening buds drive falling fruits away.

QUE. Why should men quarrel here, where
all possess

As much as they can hope for by success?—
None can have most, where nature is so kind,
As to exceed man's use, though not his mind.

Boy. By ancient prophecies we have been
told, 11

Our world shall be subdued by one more old ;—
And, see, that world already's hither come.

Que. If these be they, we welcome then
our doom !

Their looks are such, that mercy flows from
thence, 15

More gentle than our native innocence.

Boy. Why should we then fear these, our
enemies,

That rather seem to us like deities ?

Que. By their protection, let us beg to live ;
They came not here to conquer, but forgive.—
If so, your goodness may your power express,
And we shall judge both best by our success.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

INDIAN QUEEN.

SPOKEN BY MONTEZUMA.

YOU see what shifts we are enforc'd to try,
To help out wit with some variety ;
Shows may be found that never yet were seen,
'Tis hard to find such wit as ne'er has been :
You have seen all that this old world can do, 5
We, therefore, try the fortune of the new,
And hope it is below your aim to hit
At untaught nature with your practis'd wit :
Our naked Indians, then, when wits appear,
Would as soon choose to have the Spaniards here.
'Tis true, you have marks enough, the plot, the
show, 11
The poet's scenes, nay, more, the painter's too ;
If all this fail, considering the cost,
'Tis a true voyage to the Indies lost :
But if you smile on all, then these designs, 15
Like the imperfect treasure of our minds,
Will pass for current wherefoe'er they go,
When to your bounteous hands their stamps
they owe.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

INDIAN EMPEROUR.

BY A MERCURY.

TO all and singular in this full meeting,
Ladies and gallants, Phœbus fends ye greeting.
To all his sons, by whate'er title known,
Whether of court, or coffee-house, or town;
From his most mighty sons, whose confidence
Is plac'd in lofty sound, and humble sense,
Even to his little infants of the time,
Who write new songs, and trust in tune and
rhime:

Be't known, that Phœbus (being daily grieved
To see good plays condemn'd, and bad received)
Ordains, your judgement upon every cause, 11
Henceforth, be limited by wholesome laws.
He first thinks fit no sonneteer advance
His censure, farther than the song or dance.
Your wit burlesque may one step higher climb,
And in his sphere may judge all doggrel rhime;

All proves, and moves, and loves, and honours
too;

All that appears high sense, and scarce is low.

As for the coffee-wits, he says not much;

Their proper business is to damn the Dutch: 20

For the great dons of wit---

Phœbus gives them full privilege alone,

To damn all others, and cry up their own.

Last, for the ladies, 'tis Apollo's will,

They should have power to save, but not to kill:

For love and he long since have thought it fit, 26

Wit live by beauty, beauty reign by wit.

PROLOGUE

TO

SIR MARTIN MARR-ALL.

FOOLS, which each man meets in his dish
each day,

Are yet the great regalios of a play ;
In which to poets you but just appear,
To prize that highest, which cost them so dear :
Fops in the town more easily will pass ; 5
One story makes a statutable ass :

But such in plays must be much thicker sown,
Like yolks of eggs, a dozen beat to one.
Observing poets all their walks invade,
As men watch woodcocks gliding through a
glade : 10

And when they have enough for comedy,
They stow their several bodies in a pye :
The poet's but the cook to fashion it,
For, gallants, you yourselves have found the
wit.

To bid you welcome, would your bounty
wrong ; 15

None welcome those who bring their cheer
along.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

TEMPEST*.

AS when a tree's cut down, the secret root
Lives under ground, and thence new branches
shoot;

So from old Shakspeare's honour'd dust, this day
Springs up and buds a new-reviving play:

Shakspeare, who (taught by none) did first im-
part 5

To Fletcher wit, to labouring Jonson art.

He, monarch-like, gave those, his subjects, law;

And is that nature which they paint and draw.

Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights did
grow,

While Jonson crept, and gather'd all below. 10

This did his love, and this his mirth, digest:

One imitates him most, the other best.

If they have since outwrit all other men,

'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakspeare's
pen.

* Bonarelli, in his *Filli di Sciro*, has introduced a shepherdes in love with two persons, like the alterations in the *Tempest*.

The storm, which vanish'd on the neighbouring
 shore, 15
 Was taught by Shakspeare's Tempest first to
 roar.

That innocence and beauty, which did smile
 In Fletcher, grew on this enchanted isle.
 But Shakspeare's magic could not copied be ;
 Within that circle none durst walk but he. 20
 I must confess 'twas bold, nor would you now
 That liberty to vulgar wits allow,
 Which works by magic supernatural things :
 But Shakspeare's power is sacred as a king's.
 Those legends from old priesthood were received,
 And he then writ, as people then believed. 26
 But if for Shakspeare we your grace implore,
 We for our theatre shall want it more :

Who, by our dearth of youths, are forc'd to
 employ
 One of our women to present a boy ; 30
 And that's a transformation, you will say,
 Exceeding all the magic in the play.
 Let none expect, in the last act, to find
 Her sex transform'd from man to womankind.
 Whate'er she was before the play began, 35
 All you shall see of her is perfect man.
 Or, if your fancy will be farther led
 To find her woman—it must be a-bed.

PROLOGUE

TO

TYRANNICK LOVE.

SELF-LOVE, which, never rightly understood,
Makes poets still conclude their plays are good,
And malice, in all critics, reigns so high,
That for small errours, they whole plays decry ;
So that to see this fondness, and that spite, 5
You'd think that none but madmen judge or
write.

Therefore our poet, as he thinks not fit
To impose upon you what he writes for wit ;
So hopes, that, leaving you your censures free,
You equal judges of the whole will be : 10 }
They judge but half, who only faults will see.
Poets, like lovers, should be bold and dare,
They spoil their business with an over-care ;
And he, who servilely creeps after sense,
Is safe, but ne'er will reach an excellence. 15
Hence 'tis, our poet, in his conjuring,
Allow'd his fancy the full scope and swing.

But when a tyrant for his theme he had,
He loos'd the reins, and bid his muse run mad :
And though he stumbles in a full career, 20
Yet rashness is a better fault than fear.
He saw his way ; but in so swift a pace,
To choose the ground might be to lose the race.
They then, who of each trip the advantage take,
Find but those faults, which they want wit to
make. 25

EPILOGUE

TO THE

WILD GALLANT,

WHEN REVIVED.

OF all dramatic writing, comic wit,
As 'tis the best, so 'tis most hard to hit.
For it lies all in level to the eye,
Where all may judge, and each defect may spy.
Humour is that, which every day we meet, 5
And therefore known as every public street;
In which, if e'er the poet go astray,
You all can point, 'twas there he lost his way.
But, what's so common, to make pleasant too,
Is more than any wit can always do. 10
For 'tis like Turks, with hen and rice to treat;
To make regalios out of common meat.
But, in your diet, you grow savages:
Nothing but human flesh your taste can please;
And, as their feasts with slaughter'd slaves began,
So you, at each new play, must have a man. 16

Hither you come, as to see prizes fought ;
If no blood's drawn, you cry, the prize is nought.
But fools grow wary now ; and, when they see
A poet eyeing round the company, 20
Straight each man for himself begins to doubt ;
They shrink like seamen when a press comes
out.

Few of them will be found for public use,
Except you charge an oaf upon each house,
Like the train bands, and every man engage 25
For a sufficient fool, to serve the stage.
And when, with much ado, you get him there,
Where he in all his glory should appear,
Your poets make him such rare things to say,
That he's more wit than any man i' th' play : 30
But of so ill a mingle with the rest,
As when a parrot's taught to break a jest.
Thus, aiming to be fine, they make a show,
As tawdry squires in country churches do.
Things well consider'd, 'tis so hard to make 35
A comedy, which should the knowing take,
That our dull poet, in despair to please,
Does humbly beg, by me, his writ of ease.
'Tis a land-tax, which he's too poor to pay ;
You therefore must some other impost lay. 40
Would you but change, for serious plot and
verse,

This motley garniture of fool and farce,

Nor scorn a mode, because 'tis taught at home,
Which does, like vests, our gravity become,
Our poet yields you should this play refuse : 45
As tradesmen, by the change of fashions, lose,
With some content, their fripperies of France,
In hope it may their staple trade advance.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN

THE FIRST DAY OF THE KING'S HOUSE
ACTING AFTER THE FIRE.

SO shipwreck'd passengers escape to land,
So look they, when on the bare beach they stand
Dropping and cold, and their first fear scarce
o'er,

Expecting famine on a desert shore.

From that hard climate we must wait for bread,
Whence e'en the natives, forc'd by hunger,
fled. 6

Our stage does human chance present to view,
But ne'er before was seen so sadly true:
You are chang'd too, and your pretence to see
Is but a nobler name for charity. 10

Your own provisions furnish out our feasts,
While you the founders make yourselves the
guests.

Of all mankind beside fate had some care,
But for poor Wit no portion did prepare,
'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and fair. 15 }

You cherish'd it, and now its fall you mourn,
Which blind unmanner'd zealots make their
scorn,

Who think that fire a judgment on the stage,
Which spar'd not temples in its furious rage.

But as our new-built city rises higher, 20
So from old theatres may new aspire,
Since fate contrives magnificence by fire. }

Our great metropolis does far surpass
Whate'er is now, and equals all that was:

Our wit as far does foreign wit excel, 25
And, like a king, should in a palace dwell.

But we with golden hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and entertain you in a shed:
Your presence here, for which we humbly sue,
Will grace old theatres, and build up new. 30

EPILOGUE

TO THE SECOND PART OF

THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

THEY, who have best succeeded on the stage,
Have still conformed their genius to their age.
Thus Jonson did mechanic humour show,
When men were dull, and conversation low.
Then comedy was faultless, but 'twas coarse : 5
Cobb's tankard was a jest, and Otter's horse.
And, as their comedy, their love was mean ;
Except, by chance, in some one laboured scene,
Which must atone for an ill-written play.
They rose, but at their height could seldom
stay. 10

Fame then was cheap, and the first comer sped ;
And they have kept it since, by being dead.
But, were they now to write, when critics weigh
Each line, and every word, throughout a play,
None of them, no not Jonson in his height, 15
Could pass, without allowing grains for weight.
Think it not envy, that these truths are told ;
Our poet's not malicious, though he's bold.

'Tis not to brand them, that their faults are
shown,

But, by their errors, to excuse his own. 20

If love and honour now are higher rais'd,

'Tis not the poet, but the age is prais'd.

Wit's now arriv'd to a more high degree ;

Our native language more refin'd and free.

Our ladies and our men now speak more wit 25

In conversation, than those poets writ.

Then, one of these is, consequently, true ;

That what this poet writes comes short of you,

And imitates you ill (which most he fears),

Or else his writing is not worse than theirs. 30

Yet, though you judge (as sure the critics will),

That some before him writ with greater skill,

In this one praise he has their fame surpass,

To please an age more gallant than the last.

PROLOGUE

TO

AMBOYNA.

AS needy gallants in the scriveners' hands,
Court the rich knave that gripes their mortgag'd
lands,

The first fat buck of all the season's sent,
And keeper takes no fee in compliment :
The dotage of some Englishmen is such, 5
To fawn on those who ruin them—the Dutch.
They shall have all, rather than make a war
With those who of the same religion are.

The Straits, the Guinea trade, the herrings too,
Nay, to keep friendship, they shall pickle you. 10
Some are resolv'd not to find out the cheat,
But, cuckold like, love him who does the feat :
What injuries foe'er upon us fall,
Yet, still, 'The same religion, answers all :
Religion wheedled you to civil war, 15
Drew English blood, and Dutchmen's now
would spare :

Be gull'd no longer, for you'll find it true,
They have no more religion, faith—than you ;

Interest's the god they worship in their state ;
And you, I take it, have not much of that. 20
Well, monarchies may own religion's name,
But states are atheists in their very frame.
They share a sin, and such proportions fall,
That, like a stink, 'tis nothing to them all.
How they love England, you shall see this day ;
No map shews Holland truer than our play : 26
Their pictures and inscriptions well we know ;
We may be bold one medal sure to show.
View then their falsehoods, rapine, cruelty ;
And think what once they were, they still would
be : 30

But hope not either language, plot, or art ;
'Twas writ in haste, but with an English heart :
And least hope wit ; in Dutchmen that would be
As much improper, as would honesty.

EPILOGUE

TO

AMBOYNA.

A POET once the Spartans led to fight,
And made them conquer in the muse's right ;
So would our poet lead you on this day,
Showing your tortur'd fathers in his play.
To one well-born the affront is worse, and more,
When he's abus'd, and baffled by a boor : 6
With an ill grace the Dutch their mischiefs do,
They've both ill-nature and ill-manners too.
Well may they boast themselves an ancient na-
tion,
For they were bred ere manners were in fashion ;
And their new commonwealth has fet them
free, 11
Only from honour and civility.
Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
Than did their lubber state mankind bestride ;
Their sway became them with as ill a mien, 15
As their own paunches swell above their chin :
Yet is their empire no true growth, but humour,
And only two kings' touch can cure the tumour.

As Cato did his Afric fruits display,
 So we before your eyes their Indies lay : 20
 All loyal English will, like him, conclude,
 Let Cæsar live, and Carthage be subdued !

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT

THE OPENING OF THE NEW HOUSE *,

MARCH 26, 1674.

A PLAIN built house, after so long a stay,
Will fend you half unsatisfy'd away ;
When, fall'n from your expected pomp, you find
A bare convenience only is design'd,
You, who each day can theatres behold, 5
Like Nero's palace, shining all with gold,
Our mean ungilded stage will scorn, we fear,
And, for the homely room, disdain the chear.
Yet now cheap druggets to a mode are grown,
And a plain suit, since we can make but one, 10
Is better than to be by tarnish'd gawdry }
known, }

* This prologue must certainly have been written for the King's company, which I suppose at this time might have opened their house in Drury-lane. The reflection cast upon the taste of the town in these three lines,

“ 'Twere folly now a stately pile to raise,

“ To build a playhouse while you throw down plays,

“ While scenes, machines, and empty operas reign:”

is certainly levelled at the Duke's company, who had exhibited the Siege of Rhodes, and other expensive operas, and who now were getting up Psyche, Circe, &c,

DERRICK.

They, who are by your favours wealthy made,
 With mighty fums may carry on the trade :
 We, broken bankers, half destroy'd by fire,
 With our small stock to humble roofs retire : 15 }
 Pity our loss, while you their pomp admire.
 For fame and honour we no longer strive,
 We yield in both, and only beg to live :
 Unable to support their vast expence,
 Who build and treat with such magnificence ; 20
 That, like the ambitious monarchs of the age,
 They give the law to our provincial stage.
 Great neighbours enviously promote excess,
 While they impose their splendor on the less.
 But only fools, and they of vast estate, 25 }
 The extremity of modes will imitate,
 The dangling knee-fringe, and the bib-cravat.
 Yet if some pride with want may be allow'd,
 We in our plainness may be justly proud :
 Our royal master will'd it should be so ; 30
 Whate'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no
 show :

Ver. 30. *Our royal master*] It is to be lamented, that after the fire of London, a magnificent theatre had not been built at the expence of the public, or of the King. Few princes have so much encouraged theatrical spectacles as Leo the Tenth. He ordered a magnificent stage to be erected, and actors to be brought from Florence to Rome, to act the *Mandragola* of Machiavel, though a most licentious drama, and abounding in the most severe ridicule on the popish ceremonies, particularly in Act V. Scene I. and Act III. Scene V.; yet this same pope, with that inconsistency that is to be found in almost all human

That sacred name gives ornament and grace,
 And, like his stamp, makes basest metals pass.
 'Twere folly now a stately pile to raise,
 To build a playhouse while you throw down
 plays, 35
 While scenes, machines, and empty operas
 reign,
 And for the pencil you the pen disdain:
 While troops of famish'd Frenchmen hither
 drive,
 And laugh at those upon whose alms they
 live:
 Old English authors vanish, and give place 40
 To these new conquerors of the Norman race.
 More tamely than your fathers you submit;
 You're now grown vassals to them in your wit.
 Mark, when they play, how our fine fops ad-
 vance,
 The mighty merits of their men of France, 45
 Keep time, cry Bon, and humour the ca-
 dence. }
 Well, please yourselves; but sure 'tis under-
 stood,
 That French machines have ne'er done Eng-
 land good.

characters, addressed a solemn brief to Sannazarius, thanking
 him for his famous poem, *De Partu Virginis*, and also Provi-
 dence, for raising up such a champion, at a time when the Holy
 Church was so violently attacked, and in such danger.

Dr. J. WARTON.

I would not prophesy our house's fate :
 But while vain shows and scenes you over-rate,
 'Tis to be fear'd—— 51
 That as a fire the former house o'erthrew,
 Machines and tempests will destroy the new.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1674.

SPOKEN BY MR. HART*.

POETS, your subjects, have their parts assign'd
To unbend, and to divert their sovereign's
mind :

When tir'd with following nature, you think fit
To seek repose in the cool shades of wit,
And, from the sweet retreat, with joy survey
What rests, and what is conquer'd, of the way.
Here, free yourselves from envy, care, and
strife,

You view the various turns of human life :

* Several gentlemen, who had adhered to their principles of loyalty during the usurpation of Cromwell, and the exile of the Royal Family, being left unprovided for at the Restoration, they applied themselves to different occupations for a livelihood : among them was Mr. Hart, the speaker of this prologue, who had served his Majesty as a captain in the civil war, and was now an actor in a capital cast, and in great estimation. DERRICK.

Safe in our scene, through dangerous courts
you go,

And, undebauch'd, the vice of cities know. 10

Your theories are here to practice brought,

As in mechanic operations wrought ;

And man, the little world, before you set,

As once the sphere of chrystal shew'd the
great.

Blest fure are you above all mortal kind, 15

If to your fortunes you can suit your mind :

Content to see, and shun, those ills we show,

And crimes on theatres alone to know.

With joy we bring what our dead authors writ,

And beg from you the value of their wit : 20

That Shakspeare's, Fletcher's, and great Jon-
son's claim,

May be renew'd from those who gave them
fame.

None of our living poets dare appear ;

For muses so severe are worshipp'd here,

That, conscious of their faults, they shun the
eye, 25

And, as prophane, from sacred places fly,

Rather than see the offended God, and die. }

We bring no imperfections, but our own ;

Such faults as made are by the makers shown :

And you have been so kind, that we may boast,

The greatest judges still can pardon most. 31

Poets must stoop, when they would please our
pit,

Debas'd even to the level of their wit ;

Disdaining that, which yet they know will take,
Hating themselves what their applause must
make. 35

But when to praise from you they would aspire,
Though they like eagles mount, your Jove is
higher.

So far your knowledge all their power tran-
scends,

As what should be beyond what is extends.

PROLOGUE

TO

CIRCE*.

[BY DR. DAVENANT, 1675.]

WERE you but half so wise as you're severe,
Our youthful poet should not need to fear:
To his green years your censures you would suit,
Not blast the bloffom, but expect the fruit.
The sex, that best does pleasure understand, 5
Will always choose to err on t'other hand.
They check him not that's aukward in delight,
But clap the young rogue's cheek, and set him
right.

Thus hearten'd well, and flesh'd upon his prey,
The youth may prove a man another day. 10
Your Ben and Fletcher, in their first young
flight,
Did no Volpone, nor no Arbaces write;

* Circe was an Opera. Tragedy among the ancients was throughout accompanied with music.

Dr. J. WARTON.

But hopp'd about, and short excursions made }
 From bough to bough, as if they were afraid, }
 And each was guilty of some Slighted Maid. 15 }
 Shakspeare's own muse her Pericles first bore ;
 The prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor :
 'Tis miracle to see a first good play ;
 All hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day.
 A slender poet must have time to grow, 20
 And spread and burnish as his brothers do.
 Who still looks lean, sure with some pox is curst ;
 But no man can be Falstaff-fat at first.
 Then damn not, but indulge his rude essays,
 Encourage him, and bloat him up with praise, 25
 That he may get more bulk before he dies :
 He's not yet fed enough for sacrifice.
 Perhaps, if now your grace you will not grudge,
 He may grow up to write, and you to judge.

EPILOGUE,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY

THE LADY HEN. MAR. WENTWORTH,

WHEN CALISTO WAS ACTED AT COURT.

AS Jupiter I made my court in vain;
I'll now assume my native shape again.
I'm weary to be so unkindly us'd,
And would not be a god, to be refus'd.
State grows uneasy when it hinders love; 5
A glorious burden, which the wise remove.
Now, as a nymph, I need not sue, nor try
The force of any lightning but the eye.
Beauty and youth more than a god command;
No Jove could e'er the force of these with-
stand. 10

'Tis here that fovereign power admits dispute;
Beauty sometimes is justly absolute.
Our fullen Cato's, whatsoe'er they say,
Even while they frown and dictate laws, obey.

Ver. 1. *As Jupiter*] It was a sister of the Dutchess of Marlborough, a maid of honour, and afterwards Dutchess of Tirconel, celebrated by Grammont, that acted in the Masque of Calisto at court, 1675.

Dr. J. WARTON.

You, mighty fir, our bonds more easy make, 15
 And gracefully, what all must suffer, take :
 Above those forms the grave affect to wear ;
 For 'tis not to be wise to be severe.

True wisdom may some gallantry admit,
 And soften business with the charms of wit. 20
 These peaceful triumphs with your cares you
 bought,

And from the midst of fighting nations brought.
 You only hear it thunder from afar,
 And sit in peace the arbiter of war :
 Peace, the loath'd manna, which hot brains de-
 spise, 25

You knew its worth, and made it early prize :
 And in its happy leisure sit and see
 The promises of more felicity :
 Two glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,
 Whose morning rays like noontide strike and
 shine : 30

Whom you to suppliant monarchs shall dispose,
 To bind your friends, and to disarm your foes.

PROLOGUE

TO

AURENGEZEBE.

OUR author, by experience, finds it true,
'Tis much more hard to please himself than you ;
And out of no feigned modesty, this day
Damns his laborious trifle of a play :
Not that it's worse than what before he writ, 5
But he has now another taste of wit ;
And, to confess a truth, though out of time,
Grows weary of his long-lov'd mistrefs, Rhime.
Passion's too fierce to be in fetters bound,
And nature flies him like enchanted ground : 10
What verse can do, he has performed in this,
Which he presumes the most correct of his ;
But spite of all his pride, a secret shame
Invades his breast at Shakspeare's sacred name :
Aw'd when he hears his godlike Romans rage, 15
He, in a just despair, would quit the stage ;
And to an age less polish'd, more unskill'd,
Does, with disdain, the foremost honours yield.
As with the greater dead he dares not strive,
He would not match his verse with those who
live :

Let him retire, betwixt two ages cast,
The first of this, and hindmost of the last.
A losing gamester, let him sneak away ;
He bears no ready money from the play.
The fate, which governs poets, thought it fit 25
He should not raise his fortunes by his wit.
The clergy thrive, and the litigious bar ;
Dull heroes fatten with the spoils of war :
All southern vices, heaven be praised, are here ;
But wit's a luxury you think too dear. 30
When you to cultivate the plant are loth,
'Tis a shrewd sign 'twas never of your growth ;
And wit in northern climates will not blow,
Except, like orange-trees, 'tis hous'd from snow.
There needs no care to put a playhouse down, 35
'Tis the most desert place of all the town :
We and our neighbours, to speak proudly, are,
Like monarchs, ruined with expensive war ;
While, like wise English, unconcern'd you sit,
And see us play the tragedy of wit. 40

EPILOGUE

TO THE

MAN OF MODE; OR, SIR FOPLING FLUTTER.

[BY SIR GEORGE ETHERIDGE, 1676.]

MOST modern wits such monstrous fools
have shown,

They seem not of heaven's making, but their
own.

Those nauseous harlequins in farce may pass;
But there goes more to a substantial ass:
Something of man must be expos'd to view, 5
That, gallants, they may more resemble you.
Sir Fopling is a fool so nicely writ,
The ladies would mistake him for a wit;
And, when he sings, talks loud, and cocks,
would cry,

I vow, methinks, he's pretty company: 10
So brisk, so gay, so travell'd, so refin'd,
As he took pains to graff upon his kind.
True fops help nature's work, and go to school,
To file and finish God Almighty's fool.

Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call ; 15
 He's knight o' the shire, and represents ye all.
 From each he meets he culls whate'er he can ;
 Legion's his name, a people in a man.

His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
 And, rolling o'er you, like a snow-ball grows. 20
 His various modes from various fathers follow ;
 One taught the tofs, and one the new French
 wallow :

His sword-knot this, his cravat that design'd ;
 And this, the yard-long snake he twirls behind.
 From one the sacred periwig he gain'd, 25
 Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat pro-
 phan'd.

Another's diving bow he did adore,
 Which with a shog casts all the hair before,
 Till he with full decorum brings it back,
 And rises with a water-spaniel shake. 30

As for his songs, the ladies dear delight,
 These sure he took from most of you who write.
 Yet every man is safe from what he fear'd ;
 For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.
Let none but Fopling him, or him can call;
His Knight of the Shire, and Repentant ye all.
From each he meets he calls whatever he can;
Region's his name, and he's a man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o'er you, like a snow-ball grows.
His various modes from various fathers follow;
One borrows the fops, and one the new French
Heaven wallow;

EPILOGUE

TO
ALL FOR LOVE.

POETS, like disputants, when reasons fail,
Have one sure refuge left—and that's to rail.
Fop, coxcomb, fool, are thunder'd through the
pit;

And this is all their equipage of wit.
We wonder how the devil this difference grows, 5
Betwixt our fools in verse, and your's in prose:
For, 'faith, the quarrel rightly understood,
'Tis civil war with their own flesh and blood,
The thread-bare author hates the gaudy coat;
And swears at the gilt coach, but swear's a-foot:
For 'tis observ'd of every scribbling man, 11
He grows a fop as fast as e'er he can;
Prunes up, and asks his oracle, the glass,
If pink and purple best become his face.
For our poor wretch, he neither rails nor
prays;

Nor likes your wit just as you like his plays;
He has not yet so much of Mr. Bayes.

He does his best ; and if he cannot please,
Would quietly sue out his *writ of ease*.
Yet, if he might his own grand jury call, 20
By the fair sex he begs to stand or fall.
Let Cæsar's power the men's ambition move,
But grace you him who lost the world for love !
Yet if some antiquated lady say,
The last age is not copied in his play ; 25
Heaven help the man who for that face must
drudge,
Which only has the wrinkles of a judge.
Let not the young and beauteous join with
those ;
For should you raise such numerous hosts of
foes,
Young wits and sparks he to his aid must call ; 30
'Tis more than one man's work to please you all.

PROLOGUE

TO

LIMBERHAM.

TRUE wit has seen its best days long ago ;
It ne'er look'd up, since we were dipt in shew ;
When sense in doggrel rhimes and clouds was
lost,
And dulness flourish'd at the actor's cost.
Nor stopt it here ; when tragedy was done, 5
Satire and humour the same fate have run,
And comedy is sunk to trick and pun.
Now our machining lumber will not sell,
And you no longer care for heaven or hell ;
What stuff can please you next, the Lord can
tell. 10

Let them, who the rebellion first began
To wit, restore the monarch, if they can ;
Our author dares not be the first bold man.
He, like the prudent citizen, takes care,
To keep for better marts his staple ware ; 15
His toys are good enough for Sturbridge fair.

Tricks were the fashion ; if it now be spent,
'Tis time enough at Easter to invent ;
No man will make up a new suit for Lent.
If now and then he takes a small pretence, 20
To forage for a little wit and sense,
Pray pardon him, he meant you no offence.
Next summer, Nostradamus tells, they say,
That all the critics shall be shipped away,
And not enow be left to damn a play. 25
To every fail beside, good heaven, be kind ;
But drive away that swarm with such a wind,
That not one locust may be left behind !

EPILOGUE

TO

MITHRIDATES, KING OF PONTUS.

BY MR. N. LEE, 1678.

YOU'VE seen a pair of faithful lovers die:
And much you care; for most of you will
cry,
'Twas a just judgment on their constancy.
For, heaven be thank'd, we live in such an age,
When no man dies for love, but on the stage: 5

Ver. 5. *When no man dies for love,*] One of the most remarkable differences betwixt ancient and modern tragedy arises from the prevailing custom of describing only those distresses that are occasioned by the passion of love: a passion, which from the universality of its dominion, may justly claim a large share in representations of human life: but which, by totally engrossing the theatre, hath contributed to degrade that noble school of virtue into an academy of effeminacy. When Racine persuaded the celebrated Arnauld to read his *Phædra*, "Why," said that severe critic to his friend, "have you falsified the manners of Hippolitus, and represented him in love?" "Alas!" replied the poet, "without that circumstance, how would the ladies and the beaux have received my piece?" And it may well be imagined, that to gratify so considerable and important a part of his audience, was the powerful motive that induced Corneille to enervate even the matchless and affecting story of *Œdipus*, by the frigid and impertinent episode of Theseus's passion for Dirce. Shakspeare has shewn us, by his *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Cæsar*, and above all by his *Lear*, that very interesting tragedies may be

And e'en those martyrs are but rare in plays ;
 A curst sign how much true faith decays.
 Love is no more a violent desire ;
 'Tis a meer metaphor, a painted fire.
 In all our sex, the name examin'd well, 10
 'Tis pride to gain, and vanity to tell.
 In woman, 'tis of subtle interest made :
 Curse on the punk that made it first a trade !
 She first did wit's prerogative remove,
 And made a fool presume to prate of love. 15
 Let honour and preferment go for gold ;
 But glorious beauty is not to be sold ;
 Or, if it be, 'tis at a rate so high,
 That nothing but adoring it should buy.
 Yet the rich cullies may their boasting spare ;
 They purchase but sophisticated ware. 21
 'Tis prodigality that buys deceit,
 Where both the giver and the taker cheat.
 Men but refine on the old half-crown way ; 24
 And women fight, like Swissers, for their pay.

written, that are not founded on gallantry and love ; and that Boileau was mistaken, when he affirmed——

—— de l'amour la sensible peinture,
 Est pour aller au cœur la route la plus sûre.

The finest pictures of love in all antiquity are the Phædra, Medea, Simætha, second Idyllium of Theocritus, and the Dido of Virgil ; all of these pictures are of the effects of love in women ; no description of it in men, so capital and so striking, has been given. The tenth eclogue of Virgil is but feeble in comparison of these mentioned above.

Dr. J. WARTON.

PROLOGUE

TO

ŒDIPUS.

WHEN Athens all the Grecian state did
guide,
And Greece gave laws to all the world beside;
Then Sophocles with Socrates did sit,
Supreme in wisdom one, and one in wit:
And wit from wisdom differed not in those, 5
But as 'twas sung in verse, or said in prose,
Then, Œdipus, on crowded theatres,
Drew all admiring eyes and list'ning ears:
The pleased spectator shouted every line,
The noblest, manliest, and the best design! 10
And every critic of each learned age,
By this just model has reform'd the stage.
Now, should it fail, (as heaven avert our fear)
Damn it in silence, lest the world should hear.
For were it known this poem did not please, 15
You might set up for perfect savages:
Your neighbours would not look on you as men,
But think the nation all turned Picts again.
Faith, as you manage matters, 'tis not fit 19
You should suspect yourselves of too much wit:

Drive not the jest too far, but spare this piece;
And, for this once, be not more wise than
Greece.

See twice! do not pell-mell to damning fall,
Like true-born Britons, who ne'er think at all:
Pray be advised; and though at Mons you won,
On pointed cannon do not always run. 26

With some respect to ancient wit proceed;
You take the four first councils for your creed.
But, when you lay tradition wholly by,
And on the private spirit alone rely, 30
You turn fanatics in your poetry.

If, notwithstanding all that we can say,
You needs will have your penn'orths of the
play,

And come resolved to damn, because you pay,
Record it, in memorial of the fact, 35
The first play buried since the woollen act.

EPILOGUE

TO

ŒDIPUS.

WHAT Sophocles could undertake alone,
Our poets found a work for more than one ;
And therefore two lay tugging at the piece,
With all their force, to draw the ponderous
 mass from Greece ;
A weight that bent even Seneca's strong muse, 5
And which Corneille's shoulders did refuse.
So hard it is the Athenian harp to string !
So much two consuls yield to one just king.
Terror and pity this whole poem sway ;
The mightiest machines that can mount a play.
How heavy will those vulgar souls be found, 11
Whom two such engines cannot move from
 ground !
When Greece and Rome have smil'd upon this
 birth,
You can but damn for one poor spot of earth :
And when your children find your judgment
 such, 15
They'll scorn their fires, and wish themselves
 born Dutch ;

Each haughty poet will infer with ease,
How much his wit must under-write to please.
As some strong churl would, brandishing, ad-
vance

19

The monumental sword that conquer'd France;
So you, by judging this, your judgment teach,
Thus far you like, that is, thus far you reach.
Since then the vote of full two thousand years
Has crown'd this plot, and all the dead are
theirs,

Think it a debt you pay, not alms you give, 25
And, in your own defence, let this Play live.
Think them not vain, when Sophocles is shown,
To praise his worth they humbly doubt their
own.

Yet as weak states each other's power assure,
Weak poets by conjunction are secure. 30
Their treat is what your palates relish most,
Charm! song! and show! a murder and a
ghost!

We know not what you can desire or hope,
To please you more, but burning of a Pope.

PROLOGUE

TO

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON,

REPRESENTING THE GHOST OF SHAKESPEARE.

SEE, my lov'd Britons, see your Shakespeare
rise,

An awful ghost confes'd to human eyes !

Unnam'd, methinks, distinguish'd I had been

From other shades, by this eternal green,

About whose wreaths the vulgar poets strive, 5

And with a touch, their wither'd bays revive.

Untaught, unpractis'd, in a barbarous age,

I found not, but created first the stage.

And, if I drain'd no Greek or Latin store,

'Twas, that my own abundance gave me more.

On foreign trade I needed not rely,

Like fruitful Britain, rich without supply.

In this my rough-drawn play you shall behold

Some master-strokes, so manly and so bold,

That he who meant to alter, found 'em such, 15

He shook, and thought it sacrilege to touch.

Now, where are the successors to my name?
 What bring they to fill out a poet's fame?
 Weak, short-liv'd issues of a feeble age;
 Scarce living to be christen'd on the stage! 20
 For humour farce, for love they rhyme dispense,
 That tolls the knell for their departed sense.
 Dulness might thrive in any trade but this:
 'Twould recommend to some fat benefice.
 Dulness, that in a playhouse meets disgrace, 25
 Might meet with reverence in its proper place.
 The fulsome clench, that nauseates the town,
 Would from a judge or alderman go down,
 Such virtue is there in a robe and gown!
 And that insipid stuff which here you hate, 30
 Might somewhere else be called a grave de-
 bate;
 Dulness is decent in the church and state.
 But I forget that still 'tis understood,
 Bad plays are best decried by showing good.
 Sit silent then, that my pleas'd soul may see 35
 A judging audience once, and worthy me;
 My faithful scene from true records shall tell,
 How Trojan valour did the Greek excell;
 Your great forefathers shall their fame regain,
 And Homer's angry ghost repine in vain. 40

PROLOGUE

TO

CÆSAR BORGIA.

[BY MR. N. LEE, 1680.]

THE unhappy man, who once has trail'd a
pen,

Lives not to please himself, but other men ;
Is always drudging, wastes his life and blood,
Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.

What praise foe'er the poetry deserve, 5

Yet every fool can bid the poet starve.

That fumbling letcher to revenge is bent,
Because he thinks himself or whore is meant :

Name but a cuckold, all the city swarms ;

From Leadenhall to Ludgate is in arms : 10

Ver. 1. *The unhappy man,*] Lee had so melodious a voice, and such pathetic elocution, that reading one of his own scenes to Major Mohun at a rehearsal, Mohun in the warmth of his admiration, threw down his part, and exclaimed, " Unless I were able to play it as well as you read it, to what purpose should I undertake it." Yet it is a very remarkable circumstance, that Lee failed as an actor in attempting to perform the character of Duncan in *Macbeth*, 1672. As did Otway in a play of Mrs. Afra Behn, entitled the *Jealous Bridegroom*. After this failure, the first wrote his *Alcibiades*, and the last mentioned author his *Nero*.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Were there no fear of Antichrist, or France,
 In the blest time poor poets live by chance.
 Either you come not here, or, as you grace }
 Some old acquaintance, drop into the place, }
 Careless and qualmish with a yawning face : 15 }
 You sleep o'er wit, and by my troth you may ;
 Most of your talents lie another way.
 You love to hear of some prodigious tale,
 The bell that toll'd alone, or Irish whale.
 News is your food, and you enough provide, 20
 Both for yourselves, and all the world beside.
 One theatre there is of vast resort,
 Which whilome of Requests was called the
 Court ;
 But now the great Exchange of News 'tis
 hight,
 And full of hum and buz from noon 'till night.
 Up stairs and down you run, as for a race, 26
 And each man wears three nations in his face.
 So big you look, though claret you retrench,
 That, arm'd with bottled ale, you huff the
 French.
 But all your entertainment still is fed 30
 By villains in your own dull island bred.
 Would you return to us, we dare engage
 To shew you better rogues upon the stage.
 You know no poison but plain ratbane here ;
 Death's more refin'd, and better bred else-
 where. 35

They have a civil way in Italy,
By smelling a perfume to make you die;
A trick would make you lay your snuff-box by.
Murder's a trade, so known and practis'd there,
That 'tis infallible as is the chair. 40
But, mark their feast, you shall behold such
pranks;
The pope says grace, but 'tis the devil gives
thanks.

PROLOGUE

TO

SOPHONISBA, AT OXFORD, 1680.

THESPIS, the first professor of our art,
At country wakes, sung ballads from a cart.
To prove this true, if Latin be no trespass,
“Dicitur et plaustris vexisse Poemata Thes-
pis.”

But Æschylus, says * Horace in some page, 5
Was the first mountebank that trod the stage:

* Successit vetus his Comoedia, etc. i. e. Comedy began to be cultivated and improved from the time that tragedy had obtained its end, ἔσχε τὴν ἑαυτῆς φύσιν, under Æschylus. There is no reason to suppose, with some critics, that Horace meant to date its origin from hence. The supposition is, in truth, contradicted by *experience* and the *order of things*. For, as a celebrated French writer observes, “*Le talent d’imiter, qui nous est naturel, nous porte plutôt à la comédie, qui roule sur des choses de notre connoissance, qu’ à la Tragedie, qui prend des sujets plus éloignés de l’usage commun; et en effect, en Grèce aussi bien qu’en France, la Comedie est l’aînée de la tragedie.*” [Hist. du Theat. Franc. par M. de Fontenelle.] The latter part of this assertion is clear from the piece referred to; and the other, which respects Greece, seems countenanced by Aristotle himself [περ’ ποιητ. κ. ε.] ’Tis true, comedy, though its rise be every where, at least, as early as that of tragedy, is perfected much later. Menander, we know, appeared long after Æschylus. And, though the French tragedy, to speak with Aristotle, ἔσχε τὴν ἑαυτῆς φύσιν in the hands of Corneille, this cannot be said of their comedy, which was forced to wait for a Moliere, before it arrived at that pitch of perfection. But then this is owing to

Yet Athens never knew your learned sport
 Of tossing poets in a tennis-court.
 But 'tis the talent of our English nation,
 Still to be plotting some new reformation: 10
 And few years hence, if anarchy goes on,
 Jack Presbyter shall here erect his throne,
 Knock out a tub with preaching once a day,
 And every prayer be longer than a play.
 Then all your heathen wits shall go to pot, 15
 For disbelieving of a Popish-plot:

the superior difficulty of the comic drama. Nor is it any objection that the contrary of this happened at Rome. For the Romans, when they applied themselves in earnest to the stage, had not to invent, but to imitate, or rather *translate*, the perfect models of Greece. And it chanced, for reasons which I shall not stay to deduce, that their poets had better success in copying their *comedy* than *tragedy*.

The two happiest subjects, said Fontenelle, for tragedy, and comedy among the moderns, are the Cid, and l'Ecole des Femmes. But unluckily, the respective authors that wrote on each, were not arrived at the full force of their geniuses when they treated these subjects. Events that have actually happened, are, after all, the properest subjects for poetry. The best eclogue of Virgil †, the best ode of Horace ‡, are founded on real incidents. If we briefly cast our eyes over the most interesting and affecting stories, ancient or modern, we shall find that they are such, as however adorned and a little diversified, are yet grounded on true history, and on real matters of fact. Such, for instance, among the ancients, are the stories of Joseph, of Œdipus, the Trojan war, and its consequences, of Virginia and the Horatii; such, among the moderns, are the stories of King Lear, the Cid, Romeo and Juliet, and Oronooko. The series of events contained in these stories, seem far to surpass the utmost powers of human imagination. In the best conducted fiction, some mark of improbability and incoherence will still appear.

Dr. J. WARTON.

† The First.

‡ Ode xiii. lib. ii.

Your poets shall be us'd like infidels,
And worst, the author of the Oxford bells:
Nor should we 'scape the sentence, to depart,
E'en in our first original, a cart. 20
No zealous brother there would want a stone,
To maul us cardinals, and pelt pope Joan:
Religion, learning, wit, would be suppress'd,
Rags of the whore, and trappings of the beast:
Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, must go down, 25
As chief supporters of the triple crown;
And Aristotle's for destruction ripe;
Some say, he call'd the soul an organ-pipe,
Which, by some little help of derivation,
Shall then be prov'd a pipe of inspiration. 30

A PROLOGUE.

IF yet there be a few that take delight
In that which reasonable men should write ;
To them alone we dedicate this night. }
The rest may satisfy their curious itch,
With city-gazettes, or some factious speech, 5
Or whate'er libel, for the public good,
Stirs up the shrove-tide crew to fire and blood.
Remove your benches, you apostate pit,
And take, above, twelve pennyworth of wit ;
Go back to your dear dancing on the rope, 10
Or see what's worse, the devil and the pope.
The plays that take on our corrupted stage,
Methinks, resemble the distracted age ;
Noise, madness, all unreasonable things,
That strike at sense, as rebels do at kings. 15
The style of forty-one our poets write,
And you are grown to judge like forty-eight.
Such censures our mistaking audience make,
That 'tis almost grown scandalous to take.
They talk of fevers that infect the brains ; 20
But nonsense is the new disease that reigns.
Weak stomachs, with a long disease oppress'd,
Cannot the cordials of strong wit digest.

Therefore thin nourishment of farce ye choose,
Decoctions of a barley-water muse : 25

A meal of tragedy would make ye sick,
Unless it were a very tender chick.

Some scenes in fippets would be worth our time ;
Those would go down ; some love that's poach'd
in rhyme ;

If these should fail— 30

We must lie down, and, after all our cost,
Keep holiday, like watermen in frost ;

While you turn players on the world's great
stage,

And act yourselves the farce of your own age.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1681.

THE fam'd Italian muse, whose rhimes advance

Orlando and the Paladins of France,
Records, that, when our wit and sense is flown,
'Tis lodg'd within the circle of the moon,
In earthen jars, which one, who thither soar'd, 5
Set to his nose, snuff'd up, and was restor'd.
Whate'er the story be, the moral's true;
The wit we lost in town, we find in you.
Our poets their fled parts may draw from hence,
And fill their windy heads with sober sense. 10
When London votes with Southwark's disagree,
Here may they find their long-lost loyalty.
Here busy senates, to the old cause inclin'd,
May snuff the votes their fellows left behind:
Your country neighbours, when their grain
grows dear, 15
May come, and find their last provision here:

Whereas we cannot much lament our loss,
 Who neither carry'd back, nor brought one
 cross.

We look'd what representatives would bring ;
 But they help'd us, just as they did the king.
 Yet we despair not ; for we now lay forth 21
 The Sibyl's books to those who know their
 worth ;

And though the first was sacrific'd before,
 These volumes doubly will the price restore.
 Our poet bade us hope this grace to find, 25
 To whom by long prescription you are kind.
 He, whose undaunted Muse, with loyal rage,
 Has never spar'd the vices of the age,
 Here finding nothing that his spleen can raise,
 Is forc'd to turn his satire into praise. 30

PROLOGUE

TO HIS

ROYAL HIGHNESS,

UPON HIS

FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE DUKE'S THEATRE,

AFTER HIS

RETURN FROM SCOTLAND, 1682.

IN those cold regions which no summers chear,
Where brooding darkness covers half the year,
To hollow caves the shivering natives go;
Bears range abroad, and hunt in tracks of
snow :

But when the tedious twilight wears away, 5
And stars grow paler at the approach of day,
The longing crowds to frozen mountains run;
Happy who first can see the glimmering sun:
The furly savage offspring disappear,
And curse the bright successor of the year. 10
Yet, though rough bears in covert seek de-
fence,
White foxes stay, with seeming innocence:
That crafty kind with day-light can dispense. }

Still we are throng'd so full with Reynard's
race,

That loyal subjects scarce can find a place : 15

Thus modest truth is cast behind the croud :

Truth speaks too low ; Hypocrisy too loud.

Let them be first to flatter in success ;

Duty can stay, but guilt has need to press.

Once, when true zeal the sons of God did call,

To make their solemn shew at heaven's White-
hall, 21

The fawning devil appear'd among the rest,

And made as good a courtier as the best.

The friends of Job, who rail'd at him before,

Came cap in hand when he had three times
more. 25

Yet late repentance may, perhaps, be true ;

Kings can forgive, if rebels can but sue :

A tyrant's power in rigor is express ;

The father yearns in the true prince's breast.

We grant, an o'ergrown Whig no grace can
mend ; 30

But most are babes, that know not they offend.

The croud to restless motion still inclin'd,

Are clouds, that tack according to the wind.

Driven by their chiefs they storms of hailstones
pour ;

Then mourn, and soften to a silent shower. 35

O welcome to this much-offending land,

The prince that brings forgiveness in his hand !

Thus angels on glad messages appear :
 Their first salute commands us not to fear :
 Thus Heaven, that could constrain us to
 obey, 40
 (With reverence if we might presume to say)
 Seems to relax the rights of sovereign sway :
 Permits to man the choice of good and ill,
 And makes us happy by our own free-will.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

EARL OF ESSEX.

[BY MR. J. BANKS, 1682.]

SPOKEN TO THE KING AND THE QUEEN AT THEIR
COMING TO THE HOUSE.

WHEN first the ark was landed on the shore,
And Heaven had vow'd to curse the ground
no more ;

When tops of hills the longing patriarch saw,
And the new scene of earth began to draw ;
The dove was sent to view the waves decrease,
And first brought back to man the pledge of
peace. 6

'Tis needless to apply, when those appear,
Who bring the olive, and who plant it here.
We have before our eyes the royal dove,
Still innocent, as harbinger of love : 10

The ark is open'd to dismiss the train,
And people with a better race the plain.

Tell me, ye powers, why should vain man
 pursue,
 With endless toil, each object that is new, ¹⁴
 And for the seeming substance leave the true?
 Why should he quit for hopes his certain good,
 And loath the manna of his daily food?
 Must England still the scene of changes be,
 Toft and tempestuous, like our ambient sea?
 Must still our weather and our wills agree? ²⁰
 Without our blood our liberties we have:
 Who that is free would fight to be a slave?
 Or, what can wars to after-times assure,
 Of which our present age is not fecure?
 All that our monarch would for us ordain, ²⁵
 Is but to enjoy the blessings of his reign.
 Our land's an Eden, and the main's our fence,
 While we preserve our state of innocence:
 That lost, then beasts their brutal force em-
 ploy,
 And first their lord, and then themselves de-
 stroy. ³⁰
 What civil broils have cost, we know too well;
 Oh! let it be enough that once we fell!
 And every heart conspire, and every tongue,
 Still to have such a king, and this king long.

AN
EPILOGUE

FOR THE
KING'S HOUSE.

WE act by fits and starts, like drowning
men,

But just peep up, and then pop down again.

Let those who call us wicked change their sense;

For never men liv'd more on Providence.

Not lottery cavaliers are half so poor, 5

Nor broken cits, nor a vacation whore.

Not courts, nor courtiers living on the rents

Of the three last ungiving parliaments:

So wretched, that, if Pharaoh could divine,

He might have spar'd his dream of seven lean
kine, 10

And chang'd his vision for the Muses nine.

The comet, that, they say, portends a dearth,

Was but a vapour drawn from play-house
earth:

Pent there since our last fire, and, Lilly says,

Foreshews our change of state, and thin third-
days. 15

'Tis not our want of wit that keeps us poor ;
For then the printer's preſs would ſuffer more.
Their pamphleteers each day their venom ſpit ;
They thrive by treaſon, and we ſtarve by wit.
Confeſs the truth, which of you has not laid 20
Four farthings out to buy the Hatfield maid ?
Or, which is duller yet, and more would ſpite
us,

Democritus his wars with Heraclitus ?

Such are the authors, who have run us down,
And exercis'd you critics of the town. 25

Yet theſe are pearls to your lampooning rhimes,
Y' abuſe yourſelves more dully than the times.
Scandal, the glory of the Engliſh nation,
Is worn to rags, and ſcribbled out of faſhion.
Such harmleſs thruſts, as if, like fencers wiſe, 30
They had agreed their play before their prize.
Faith, they may hang their harps upon the
willows ;

'Tis juſt like children when they box with pil-
lows.

Then put an end to civil wars for ſhame ;

Let each knight-errant, who has wrong'd a
dame, 35

Throw down his pen, and give her, as he can,
The ſatiſfaction of a gentleman,

PROLOGUE

TO THE

LOYAL BROTHER*:

OR,

THE PERSIAN PRINCE.

[BY MR. SOUTHERNE, 1682.]

POETS, like lawful monarchs, rul'd the
stage,
Till critics, like damn'd Whigs, debauch'd our
age.

Mark how they jump: critics would regulate
Our theatres, and Whigs reform our state:
Both pretend love, and both (plague rot
them!) hate. 5

The critic humbly seems advice to bring;
The fawning Whig petitions to the king:

* The Loyal Brother, or the Persian Prince, Mr. Southerne's first play, was acted at Drury-lane in 1682; a time in which the Tory interest, after long struggles, carried all before it. The character of the Loyal Brother was a compliment intended for the Duke of York. This prologue is a continued invective against the Whigs.

But one's advice into a satire slides ;
 T' other's petition a remonstrance hides.
 These will no taxes give, and those no pence ; 10
 Critics would starve the poet, Whigs the prince.
 The critic all our troops of friends discards ;
 Just so the Whig would fain pull down the
 guards.

Guards are illegal, that drive foes away,
 As watchful shepherds, that fright beasts of
 prey. 15

Kings, who disband such needless aids as these,
 Are safe—as long as e'er their subjects please :
 And that would be till next queen Bess's night :
 Which thus grave penny chroniclers indite.

Ver. 18. ——— *queen Bess's night :*] At the King's-head tavern, the corner of Chancery-lane, and opposite the Inner-Temple-gate, the principal opponents to the court-measures and the chiefs of the Whig party assembled, under the name of the King's-head Club, and afterwards the Green-ribbon Club, from ribbons of that colour which they wore in their hats. Here they subscribed a guinea a-piece for a bonfire, in which the effigies of the pope was to be burnt on the 17th of November, being the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's birth, with more than ordinary pomp ; for it was heretofore an annual ceremony, usually made without any remarkable parade. The procession now consisted of one representing the dead body of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, carried on a horse, with a person preceding it ringing a bell, to remind people of his murder : then followed a mob of fellows, dressed like carmelites, jesuits, bishops, cardinals, &c. and several boys with incense-pots surrounding an image of the pope, with that of the devil just behind him,

“ Like thief and parson in a Tyburn cart.”

In this manner they marched from Bishopsgate to the corner of Chancery-lane, where they committed the inoffensive effigies to the flames ; while the balconies and windows of the King's-head were filled with people of consequence, who countenanced

Sir Edmondbury first, in woful wife, 20
Leads up the show, and milks their maudlin
eyes.

There's not a butcher's wife but dribs her part,
And pities the poor pageant from her heart ;
Who, to provoke revenge, rides round the fire,
And, with a civil congé, does retire : 25

But guiltless blood to ground must never fall ;
There's Antichrist behind, to pay for all.

The punk of Babylon in pomp appears,
A lewd old gentleman of seventy years :
Whose age in vain our mercy would implore ; 30
For few take pity on an old cast whore.

The devil, who brought him to the shame,
takes part ;

Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his
heart ;

Like thief and parson in a Tyburn-cart.

The word is given, and with a loud huzza 35

The mitred poppet from his chair they draw :

On the slain corpse contending nations fall :

Alas ! what's one poor pope among them all !

the tumult ; which, the Hon. Roger North says, struck a terror upon people's spirits. The year of acting the play, to which we have here a prologue, great additions, alterations, and expensive improvements, were intended to be made in this procession, which was prevented entirely by the loyalty and vigilance of the sheriffs of the city ; Sir Dudley North and Sir Peter Rich, who paraded the streets all day and the best part of the night.

DERRICK.

He burns ; now all true hearts your triumphs
ring :

And next, for fashion, cry, God save the king.

A needful cry in midst of such alarms, 41

When forty thousand men are up in arms.

But after he's once sav'd, to make amends,
In each succeeding health they damn his
friends :

So God begins, but still the devil ends. 45

What if some one, inspir'd with zeal, should
call,

Come, let's go cry, God save him, at White-
hall ?

His best friends would not like this over-care,

Or think him ere the safer for this prayer.

Five praying faints are by an act allow'd ; 50

But not the whole church-militant in croud.

Yet, should Heaven all the true petitions drain
Of Presbyterians, who would kings maintain,
Of forty thousand, five would scarce remain. }

PROLOGUE

TO THE

KING AND QUEEN,

UPON THE

UNION OF THE TWO COMPANIES IN 1682.

SINCE faction ebbs, and rogues grow out of
fashion,

Their penny scribes take care to inform the na-
tion,

How well men thrive in this or that plantation:

How Pennsylvania's air agrees with Quakers,
And Carolina's with Affociators : 5

Both e'en too good for madmen and for traitors.

Truth is, our land with faints is so run o'er,
And every age produces such a store,
That now there's need of two New-Englands
more. 9

What's this, you'll say, to us and our vocation?
Only thus much, that we have left our station,
And made this theatre our new plantation.

The factious natives never could agree ;
 But aiming, as they call'd it, to be free,
 Those play-house Whigs set up for property. 15

Some say, they no obedience paid of late ;
 But would new fears and jealousies create ;
 Till topsy-turvy they had turn'd the state.

Plain sense, without the talent of foretelling,
 Might guess 'twould end in downright knocks
 and quelling : 20

For seldom comes there better of rebelling.

When men will, needlessly, their freedom bar-
 ter

For lawless power, sometimes they catch a Tar-
 tar ;

'There's a damn'd word that rhimes to this,
 call'd Charter.

But, since the victory with us remains, 25
 You shall be call'd to twelve in all our gains ;
 If you'll not think us faucy for our pains.

Old men shall have good old plays to delight
 'em :

And you, fair ladies and gallants, that flight
 'em,

We'll treat with good new plays ; if our new
 wits can write 'em. 30

We'll take no blundering verse, no fustian tumour,

No dribbling love, from this or that presumer;
No dull fat fool sham'd on the stage for humour.

For, faith, some of 'em such vile stuff have made,
As none but fools or fairies ever play'd; 35
But 'twas, as shopmen say, to force a trade.

We've given you Tragedies, all sense defying,
And singing men, in woful metre dying;
This 'tis when heavy lubbers will be flying.

All these disasters we well hope to weather; 40
We bring you none of our old lumber hither:
Whig poets and Whig sheriffs may hang together.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

SPOKEN BY MR. HART, AT THE ACTING OF THE SILENT
WOMAN.

WHAT Greece*, when learning flourish'd,
only knew,
Athenian judges, you this day renew.
Here too are annual rites to Pallas done,
And here poetic prizes lost or won.
Methinks I see you, crown'd with olives, sit, 5
And strike a sacred horror from the pit.
A day of doom is this of your decree,
Where even the best are but by mercy free :
A day, which none but Jonson durst have }
wish'd to see. }
Here they, who long have known the useful
stage, 10
Come to be taught themselves to teach the age.

* Plato sent a copy of the *Plutus* of Aristophanes to Dionysius the king of Sicily, telling him that from this play and the other comedies of Aristophanes, he might learn the nature of the Athenian republic.

As your commissioners our poets go,
 To cultivate the virtue which you sow;
 In your Lycæum first themselves refin'd,
 And delegated thence to human-kind. 15
 But as ambassadors, when long from home,
 For new instructions to their princes come;
 So poets, who your precepts have forgot,
 Return, and beg they may be better taught:
 Follies and faults elsewhere by them are shown,
 But by your manners they correct their own. 21
 The illiterate writer, empiric-like, applies
 To minds diseas'd, unsafe, chance, remedies:
 The learned in schools, where knowledge first
 began,
 Studies with care the anatomy of man; 25
 Sees virtue, vice, and passions in their cause,
 And fame from science, not from fortune,
 draws.
 So Poetry, which is in Oxford made
 An art, in London only is a trade.
 There haughty dunces, whose unlearned pen 30
 Could ne'er spell grammar, would be reading
 men.

Ver. 25 *Studies with care the anatomy of man*;] “Créer un sujet; inventer un nœud et un dénouement; donner à chaque personnage son caractère, et le soutenir; faire en sorte qu’aucun d’eux ne paraisse et ne sorte sans une raison sentie de tous les spectateurs; ne laisser jamais le theatre vuide; faire dire à chacun ce qu’il doit dire; avec noblesse sans enflure, avec simplicité sans bassesse; faire de beaux vers qui ne sentent point le poete, et tels que le personnage aurait dû en faire, s’il parlait en vers; c’est-là une partie des devoirs que tout auteur d’une tragedie doit remplir.”

Dr. J. WARTON.

Such build their poems the Lucretian way ;
So many huddled atoms make a play ;
And if they hit in order by some chance,
They call that nature, which is ignorance. 35
To such a fame let mere town-wits aspire,
And their gay nonsense their own cits admire.
Our poet, could he find forgiveness here,
Would wish it rather than a plaudit there.
He owns no crown from those Prætorian bands,
But knows that right is in the senate's hands, 41
Not impudent enough to hope your praise,
Low at the Muses' feet his wreath he lays,
And, where he took it up, resigns his bays. }
Kings make their poets whom themselves think
fit, 45
But 'tis your suffrage makes authentic wit.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY THE SAME.

NO poor Dutch peasant, wing'd with all his
fear,

Flies with more haste, when the French arms
draw near,

Than we with our poetic train come down,

For refuge hither, from the infected town :

Heaven for our sins this summer has thought
fit

To visit us with all the plagues of wit.

A French *troop first swept all things in its way ;

But those hot Monfieurs were too quick to
stay :

Yet, to our cost, in that short time, we find

They left their itch of novelty behind. 10

* In a very old French mystery acted at Paris, 1490, in order to render the character of Judas more detestable, the author affirms, that before he became acquainted with Christ, he had assassinated the son of his king, had afterwards murdered his father, and married his mother.

Dr. J. WARTON.

The Italian merry-andrews took their place,
And quite debauch'd the stage with lewd grimace :

Instead of wit, and humours, your delight
Was there to see two hobby-horses fight ;
Stout Scaramoucha with rush lance rode in, 15
And ran a tilt at centaur Arlequin.

For love you heard how amorous asses bray'd,
And cats in gutters gave their serenade.

Nature was out of countenance, and each day
Some new-born monster shewn you for a play.
But when all fail'd, to strike the stage quite
dumb, 21

Those wicked engines call'd machines are
come.

Thunder and lightning now for wit are play'd,
And shortly scenes in Lapland will be laid :

Art magic is for poetry profess ; 25

And cats and dogs, and each obscener beast,
To which Ægyptian dotards once did bow,
Upon our English stage are worshipp'd now.

Witchcraft reigns there, and raises to renown
Macbeth and Simon Magus of the town, 30

Ver. 11. *The Italian*] Apostolo Zeno had made a collection of four thousand old Italian tragedies and comedies. I Similimi of Trissino, wrote in his old age, is an imitation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus. See Trissino's fine letter in blank verse prefixed to *Sophonisba* addressed to Leo X.

Dr J. WARTON.

Fletcher's despis'd, your Jonson's out of fa-
shion,

And wit the only drug in all the nation.

In this low ebb our wares to you are shown ;
By you those staple authors' worth is known ;
For wit's a manufacture of your own. 35

When you, who only can, their scenes have
prais'd,

We'll boldly back, and say, their price is rais'd.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN AT OXFORD,

BY MRS. MARSHALL.

OFT has our poet wish'd, this happy feat
Might prove his fading Muse's last retreat:
I wonder'd at his wish, but now I find
He fought for quiet, and content of mind;
Which noiseful towns, and courts can never
know, 5

And only in the shades like laurels grow.
Youth, ere it sees the world, here studies rest,
And age returning thence concludes it best.
What wonder if we court that happiness
Yearly to share, which hourly you possess. 10
Teaching e'en you, while the next world we
show,

Your peace to value more, and better know?
'Tis all we can return for favours past,
Whose holy memory shall ever last,
For patronage from him whose care presides 15
O'er every noble art, and every science guides:

Bathurst, a name the learn'd with reverence
know,

And scarcely more to his own Virgil owe ;
Whose age enjoys but what his youth deserv'd,
To rule those Muses whom before he serv'd. 20

His learning, and untainted manners too,

We find, Athenians, are deriv'd to you :

Such antient hospitality there rests

In yours, as dwelt in the first Grecian breasts, }

Whose kindness was religion to their guests. 25 }

Such modesty did to our sex appear,

As, had there been no laws, we need not fear, }

Since each of you was our protector here. }

Converse so chaste, and so strict virtue shown,

As might Apollo with the Muses own. 30

Till our return, we must despair to find

Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

DISCORD and plots, which have undone
our age,

With the same ruin have o'erwhelm'd the stage.

Our house has suffer'd in the common woe,

We have been troubled with Scotch rebels too.

Our brethren are from Thames to Tweed de-
parted,

And of our sisters, all the kinder-hearted,
To Edinburgh gone, or coach'd, or carted.

With bonny bluecap there they act all night

For Scotch half-crown, in English three-pence
hight.

One nymph, to whom fat Sir John Falstaff's
lean,

There with her single person fills the scene.

Another, with long use and age decay'd,

Div'd here old woman, and rose there a maid.

Our trusty door-keepers of former time

There strut and swagger in heroic rhyme.

Tack but a copper-lace to drugget fuit,
And there's a hero made without dispute :
And that, which was a capon's tail before,
Becomes a plume for Indian emperor.
But all his subjects, to exprefs the care 20
Of imitation, go, like Indians, bare :
Lac'd linen there would be a dangerous
thing ;
It might perhaps a new rebellion bring ;
The Scot, who wore it, would be chosen king. }
But why should I thefe renegades describe, 25
When you yourfelves have feen a lewder tribe ?
Teague has been here, and, to this learned pit,
With Irish action flander'd English wit :
You have beheld fuch barbarous Macs appear,
As merited a fecond maffacre : 30
Such as, like Cain, were branded with dif-
grace,
And had their country ftamp'd upon their
face.
When ftrollers durft prefume to pick your purfe,
We humbly thought our broken troop not
worfe.
How ill foe'er our action may deferue, 35
Oxford's a place where wit can never ftarve.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

THOUGH actors cannot much of learning
boast,
Of all who want it, we admire it most:
We love the praises of a learned pit,
As we remotely are ally'd to wit.
We speak our poet's wit, and trade in ore, 5
Like those, who touch upon the golden shore:
Betwixt our judges can distinction make,
Discern how much, and why, our poems take:

Ver. 8. ——— *why, our poems take :*] The pleasure properly to be expected from a good tragedy is “the pleasure that arises from pity and terror.” Has Pope in the first lines of his famous prologue to *Cato* touched on this pleasure? or made this the essential business of tragedy? It is observable that in Greece the Drama was perfected in half a century; in Europe it took up 400 years to bring it to any perfection. Aristotle in the *poetics*, complains of the effeminacy of the Athenian taste, in forcing their poets to soften some of their most striking catastrophes, and diminishing the terror and *το φοβερον* of their pieces. In the *Trachiniæ* of Sophocles, Deianira utters a sentiment that was Solon's years *before* Solon lived. Sophocles also uses the word *ὑπερφύλαξις*, long before it was framed at Athens. But the description of the chariot race at the Isthmian games is the greatest anachronism.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Mark if the fools, or men of sense, rejoice;
 Whether the applause be only sound or voice.
 When our fop gallants, or our city folly 11
 Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy:
 We doubt that scene which does their wonder
 raise,

And, for their ignorance, condemn their praise.
 Judge then, if we who act, and they who
 write, 15

Should not be proud of giving you delight.
 London likes grossly; but this nicer pit
 Examines, fathoms all the depths of wit;
 The ready finger lays on every blot;
 Knows what should justly please, and what
 should not. 20

Nature herself lies open to your view;
 You judge by her, what draught of her is true,
 Where outlines false, and colours seem too
 faint,
 Where bunglers dawb, and where true poets
 paint.

But, by the sacred genius of this place, 25
 By every Muse, by each domestic grace,
 Be kind to wit, which but endeavours well,
 And, where you judge, presumes not to excel.
 Our poets hither for adoption come,
 As nations sued to be made free of Rome: 30
 Not in the suffragating tribes to stand,
 But in your utmost, last, provincial band.

If his ambition may those hopes pursue,
Who with religion loves your arts and you,
Oxford to him a dearer name shall be, 35
Than his own mother-university.
Thebes did his green, unknowing, youth en-
gage;

He chooses Athens in his riper age.

PROLOGUE

TO

ALBION AND ALBANIUS.

FULL twenty years and more, our labouring
stage

Has lost, on this incorrigible age:

Our poets, the John Ketches of the nation,
Have seem'd to lash ye, even to excoriation; 4

But still no sign remains; which plainly notes,
You bore like heroes, or you bribed like Oates.

What can we do, when mimicking a fop,

Like beating nut-trees, makes a larger crop?

'Faith, we'll e'en spare our pains! and, to con-
tent you,

Will fairly leave you what your Maker meant
you. 10

Satire was once your phyfic, wit your food;

One nourish'd not, and t'other drew no blood:

We now prescribe, like doctors in despair,

The diet your weak appetites can bear.

Since hearty beef and mutton will not do, 15

Here's julep-dance, ptisan of song and show:

Give you strong sense, the liquor is too heady;
 You're come to farce,—that's asses milk,—al-
 ready.

Some hopeful youths there are, of callow wit,
 Who one day may be men, if heaven think fit;
 Sound may serve such, ere they to sense are
 grown, 21

Like leading-strings, till they can walk alone.
 But yet, to keep our friends in countenance,
 know,

The wise Italians first invented show;
 Thence into France the noble pageant past: 25
 'Tis England's credit to be cozen'd last.

Freedom and zeal have chous'd you o'er and
 o'er;

Pray give us leave to bubble you once more;
 You never were so cheaply fool'd before:

We bring you change, to humour your dis-
 ease; 30

Change for the worse has ever used to please:
 Then, 'tis the mode of France; without whose
 rules,

None must presume to set up here for fools.
 In France, the oldest man is always young,
 Sees operas daily, learns the tunes so long,
 Till foot, hand, head, keep time with every
 song: 36

Each sings his part, echoing from pit and box,
 With his hoarse voice, half harmony, half pox.

Le plus grand roi du monde is always ringing,
 They show themselves good subjects by their
 singing : 40

On that condition, set up every throat ;
 You whigs may sing, for you have chang'd your
 note.

Cits and citeffes, raise a joyful strain,
 'Tis a good omen to begin a reign ;
 Voices may help your charter to restoring, 45
 And get by singing, what you lost by roaring.

EPILOGUE

TO

ALBION AND ALBANIUS.

AFTER our Æsop's fable shown to-day,
I come to give the moral of the play.
Feign'd Zeal, you saw, set out the speedier
pace ;

But the last heat, Plain Dealing won the race:
Plain Dealing for a jewel has been known ; 5
But ne'er till now the jewel of a crown.

When heaven made man, to show the work di-
vine,

Truth was his image, stamped upon the coin :
And when a king is to a god refined,
On all he says and does he stamps his mind : 10
This proves a soul without alloy, and pure ;
Kings, like their gold, should every touch en-
dure.

To dare in fields is valour ; but how few
Dare be so thoroughly valiant,—to be true !
The name of great, let other kings affect : 15
He's great indeed, the prince that is direct.

His subjects know him now, and trust him
more

Than all their kings, and all their laws before.

What safety could their public acts afford?

Those he can break; but cannot break his
word.

20

So great a trust to him alone was due;

Well have they trusted whom so well they knew.

The faint, who walked on waves, securely trod,

While he believed the beck'ning of his God;

But when his faith no longer bore him out, 25

Began to sink, as he began to doubt.

Let us our native character maintain;

'Tis of our growth, to be sincerely plain.

To excel in truth we loyally may strive,

Set privilege against prerogative: 30

He plights his faith, and we believe him just;

His honour is to promise, ours to trust.

Thus Britain's basis on a word is laid,

As by a word the world itself was made.

PROLOGUE

TO

* ARVIRAGUS AND PHILICIA REVIVED:

[BY LODOWICK CARLELL, ESQ;]

SPOKEN BY MR. HART.

WITH sickly actors and an old house too,
We're match'd with glorious theatres and new,
And with our alehouse scenes, and cloaths bare
worn,
Can neither raise old plays, nor new adorn.
If all these ills could not undo us quite, 5
A brisk French troop is grown your dear de-
light †;
Who with broad bloody bills call you each day,
To laugh and break your buttons at their play;

* This tragedy was first acted at Blackfryars in 1639, and re-
vived with success in 1690. DERRICK.

† The story of Moliere reading his plays to his old servant (Le Furet) to see what effect they would have on her, is well known. But it is not so much known, that when he read over a new piece to the comedians, he used to desire them to bring their children with them, that he might see how they looked, and what notice they took of any passages.

The famous naturalist Rohault, was the person from whom Moliere drew the character of the philosopher he has introduced

Or see some serious piece, which we presume
Is fall'n from some incomparable plume ; 10
And therefore, Messieurs, if you'll do us grace,
Send lacquies early to preserve your place.
We dare not on your privilege intrench,
Or ask you why you like them? they are
French.

Therefore some go with courtesy exceeding, 15
Neither to hear nor see, but show their breeding:
ing:

Each lady striving to out-laugh the rest ;
To make it seem they understood the jest.
Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
To teach us English were to clap the play : 20
Civil, egad ! our hospitable land
Bears all the charge, for them to understand :
Mean time we languish, and neglected lie,
Like wives, while you keep better company ;
And wish for your own sakes, without a satire,
You'd less good breeding, or had more good-
nature. 26

in his *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. Moliere was intimately acquainted with him. Moliere even borrowed the hat that Rohault commonly wore, and which was of an uncommon size, and intended to produce it upon the stage, but his friend discovered his design, and took it out of his hands. Ben Jonson is said to have known personally a man who could not bear any noise, from whom he exactly copied his character of Morose.

Dr. J. WARTON.

PROLOGUE

TO

DON SEBASTIAN.

SPOKEN BY A WOMAN.

THE judge remov'd, though he's no more
my lord,

May plead at bar, or at the council-board :

So may cast poets write ; there's no pretension
To argue loss of wit, from loss of pension.

Your looks are chearful ; and in all this place 5
I see not one that wears a damning face.

The British nation is too brave, to show
Ignoble vengeance on a vanquish'd foe.

At last be civil to the wretch imploring ;

And lay your paws upon him, without roaring.

Suppose our poet was your foe before, 11

Yet now, the business of the field is o'er ;

'Tis time to let your civil wars alone,

When troops are into winter-quarters gone.

Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian ; 15

And you well know, a play's of no religion.

Take good advice, and please yourselves this
day;

No matter from what hands you have the play.
Among good fellows every health will pass,
That serves to carry round another glass: 20
When with full bowls of Burgundy you dine,
Though at the mighty monarch you repine,
You grant him still Most Christian in his wine. }

Thus far the poet; but his brains grow addle,
And all the rest is purely from this noddle. 25
You have seen young ladies at the senate-door
Prefer petitions, and your grace implore;
However grave the legislators were,
Their cause went ne'er the worse for being fair.
Reasons as weak as theirs, perhaps, I bring; 30
But I could bribe you with as good a thing.
I heard him make advances of good nature;
That he, for once, would sheath his cutting sa-
tire.

Sign but his peace, he vows he'll ne'er again
The sacred names of fops and beaus profane. 35
Strike up the bargain quickly; for I swear,
As times go now, he offers very fair,
Be not too hard on him with statutes neither;
Be kind; and do not set your teeth together,
To stretch the laws, as cobblers do their lea-
ther. 40

Horses by Papists are not to be ridden,
But sure the Muses' horse was ne'er forbidden;

For in no rate-book it was ever found
 That Pegafus was valued at five pound;
 Fine him to daily drudging and inditing: 45
 And let him pay his taxes out in writing.

*PROLOGUE

TO THE

PROPHETESS.

BY BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

REVIVED BY MR. DRYDEN.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

WHAT Nostradame, with all his art can
guess

The fate of our approaching Prophetess?

* The Prophetess, or the History of Dioclesian, was revived in 1690, with alterations and additions, after the manner of an opera, by Mr. Betterton, and not by Dryden, as Langbaine, who is generally pretty exact, asserts. Our author only wrote the prologue, and that was forbid by the Earl of Dorset, then Lord Chamberlain, after the first day of its being spoken. King William was at this time prosecuting the war in Ireland, which is alluded to in these lines :

“Till rich from vanquish'd rebels you return ;

“And the fat spoils of Teague in triumph draw,

“His firkin butter, and his usquebaugh.”

“This prologue,” says Colley Cibber in his Apology, “had some familiar metaphorical sneers at the Revolution itself ; and as the poetry of it was good, the offence of it was less pardonable.

“Go conquerors of your male and female foes,

“Men without hearts, and women without hose.”

DERRICK.

A play, which, like a perspective set right,
Presents our vast expences close to fight;
But turn the tube, and there we sadly view 5
Our distant gains; and those uncertain too:
A sweeping tax, which on ourselves we raise,
And all, like you, in hopes of better days.
When will our losses warn us to be wise?
Our wealth decreases, and our charges rise. 10
Money, the sweet allurer of our hopes,
Ebbs out in oceans, and comes in by drops.
We raise new objects to provoke delight;
But you grow fated, ere the second fight.
False men, e'en so you serve your mistresses: 15
They rise three stories in their towering drefs;
And, after all, you love not long enough
To pay the rigging, ere you leave them off.
Never content with what you had before,
But true to change, and Englishmen all o'er. 20
Now honour calls you hence; and all your care
Is to provide the horrid pomp of war.
In plume and scarf, jack-boots, and Bilbo
blade,
Your silver goes, that should support our trade.
Go, unkind heroes, leave our stage to mourn;
'Till rich from vanquish'd rebels you return; 26
And the fat spoils of Teague in triumph draw,
His firkin-butter, and his usquebaugh.
Go, conquerors of your male and female foes;
Men without hearts, and women without hose.

Each bring his love a Bogland captive home; 31
 Such proper pages will long trains become;
 With copper collars, and with brawny backs,
 Quite to put down the fashion of our blacks.
 Then shall the pious Muses pay their vows, 35
 And furnish all their laurels for your brows;
 Their tuneful voice shall raise for your delights;
 We want not poets fit to sing your flights.
 But you, bright beauties, for whose only sake
 Those doughty knights such dangers undertake,
 When they with happy gales are gone away,
 With your propitious presence grace our play;
 And with a sigh their empty seats survey:
 Then think, on that bare bench my servant sat;
 I see him ogle still, and hear him chat; 45
 Selling facetious bargains, and propounding
 That witty recreation, call'd dum-founding.
 Their loss with patience we will try to bear;
 And would do more, to see you often here:
 That our dead stage, reviv'd by your fair eyes,
 Under a female regency may rise. 51

PROLOGUE

TO THE

* MISTAKES.

ENTER MR. BRIGHT.

GENTLEMEN, we must beg your pardon; here's no Prologue to be had to-day; our new play is like to come on, without a frontispiece; as bald as one of you young beaux, without your periwig. I left our young poet, snivelling and sobbing behind the scenes, and cursing somebody that has deceived him.

ENTER MR. BOWEN.

HOLD your prating to the audience: here's honest Mr. Williams, just come in, half mellow, from the Rose-Tavern. He swears he is inspired with claret, and will come on, and that extempore too, either with a prologue of his own or something like one: O here he comes

* The Mistakes, or False Reports, was not written, but, according to G. Jacob, spoiled by Joseph Harris, a comedian, who dedicated it to Mr. afterwards Sir Godfrey Kneller. It was acted in 1690.

DERRICK.

to his tryal, at all adventures; for my part I
wish him a good deliverance.

[*Exeunt Mr. Bright and Mr. Bowen.*]

ENTER MR. WILLIAMS.

SAVE ye, firs, fave ye! I am in a hopeful
way.

I should speak something, in rhyme, now,
for the play:

But the deuce take me, if I know what to say.
I'll stick to my friend the author, that I can
tell ye,

To the last drop of claret, in my belly. 5

So far I'm sure 'tis rhyme—that needs no
granting:

And, if my verses' feet stumble—you see my
own are wanting.

Our young poet has brought a piece of work,
In which, though much of art there does not
lurk,

It may hold out three days—and that's as
long as Cork. 10

But, for this play—(which till I have done, we
show not)

What may be its fortune—by the Lord—I
know not.

This I dare swear, no malice here is writ:

'Tis innocent of all things; even of wit.

He's no high-flyer ; he makes no fky-rockets,
 His squibs are only levell'd at your pockets. 16
 And if his crackers light among your pelf,
 You are blown up ; if not, then he's blown up
 himself.

By this time, I'm something recover'd of my
 fluster'd madnefs :

And now a word or two in sober sadnefs. 20

Ours is a common play ; and you pay down
 A common harlot's price ; just half a crown.

You'll say, I play the pimp, on my friend's
 fcore ;

But fince 'tis for a friend, your gibes give
 o'er :

For many a mother has done that before. 25

How's this, you cry ? an aëtor write ? we know
 it ;

But Shakspeare was an aëtor, and a poet.

Has not great Jonfon's learning often fail'd ?

But Shakspeare's greater genius ftill prevail'd.

Have not fome writing aëtors, in this age, 30

Deferv'd and found fuccefs upon the ftage ?

To tell the truth, when our old wits are tir'd,

Not one of us but means to be inspir'd.

Let your kind prefence grace our homely
 cheer ;

Peace and the butt is all our bufinefs here: 35

So much for that ; and the devil take fmall
 beer.

PROLOGUE

TO

KING ARTHUR,

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

SURE there's a dearth of wit in this dull
town,

When silly plays so favourily go down ;
As, when clipt money passes, 'tis a sign
A nation is not over-stock'd with coin.
Happy is he, who, in his own defence, 5
Can write just level to your humble sense ;
Who higher than your pitch can never go ;
And, doubtless, he must creep, who writes be-
low.

So have I seen, in hall of knight, or lord,
A weak arm throw on a long shovel-board ; 10
He barely lays his piece, bar rubs and knocks,
Secur'd by weakness not to reach the box.
A feeble poet will his business do,
Who, straining all he can, comes up to you : }
For, if you like yourselves, you like him too. }

An ape his own dear image will embrace ; 16
 An ugly beau adores a hatchet face :
 So, some of you, on pure instinct of nature,
 Are led, by kind, to admire your fellow crea-
 ture.

In fear of which, our house has sent this day,
 To insure our new-built vessel, call'd a play ; 21
 No sooner nam'd, than one cries out,—These
 flagers

Come in good time, to make more work for
 wagers.

The town divides, if it will take or no ;
 The courtiers bet, the cits, the merchants too ; }
 A sign they have but little else to do. 26 }
 Bets, at the first, were fool-traps ; where the
 wife,

Like spiders, lay in ambush for the flies :
 But now they're grown a common trade for }
 all, 29 }
 And actions by the new-book rise and fall ;
 Wits, cheats, and fops, are free of wager-hall. }

One policy as far as Lyons carries ;
 Another, nearer home, sets up for Paris.
 Our bets, at last, would even to Rome extend,
 But that the pope has prov'd our trusty friend.
 Indeed, it were a bargain worth our money, 36
 Could we insure another Ottoboni.

Among the rest there are a sharpening set,
 That pray for us, and yet against us bet.

Sure heaven itself is at a loss to know 40
 If these would have their prayers be heard, or
 no :

For, in great stakes, we piously suppose,
 Men pray but very faintly they may lose.
 Leave off these wagers ; for, in conscience
 speaking,

The city needs not your new tricks for break-
 ing : 45

And if you gallants lose, to all appearing,
 You'll want an equipage for volunteering ;
 While thus, no spark of honour left within ye,
 When you should draw the sword, you draw the
 guinea.

EPILOGUE

TO

HENRY II.

[BY MR. MOUNTFORT, 1693.]

SPOKEN BY MRS. BRACEGIRDLE.

THUS you the sad catastrophe have seen,
Occasion'd by a mistress and a queen.
Queen Eleanor the proud was French, they
say ;
But English manufacture got the day.
Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver : 5
Fair Rosamond was but her Nom de guerre.
Now tell me, gallants, would you lead your life
With such a mistress, or with such a wife ?
If one must be your choice, which d'ye approve,
The curtain lecture, or the curtain love ? 10
Would ye be godly with perpetual strife,
Still drudging on with homely Joan your wife ;
Or take your pleasure in a wicked way,
Like honest whoring Harry in the play ?

I guess your minds: the mistress would be
taken, 15

And nauseous matrimony sent a packing.
The devil's in you all; mankind's a rogue;
You love the bride, but you detest the clog.
After a year, poor spouse is left i' th' lurch,
And you, like Haynes, return to mother-church.
Or, if the name of Church comes cross your
mind, 21

Chapels of ease behind our scenes you find.
The playhouse is a kind of market-place;
One chaffers for a voice, another for a face:
Nay, some of you, I dare not say how many, 25
Would buy of me a pen'worth for your penny.
E'en this poor face, which with my fan I hide,
Would make a shift my portion to provide, }
With some small perquisites I have beside. }
Though for your love, perhaps, I should not
care, 30

I could not hate a man that bids me fair.
What might ensue, 'tis hard for me to tell; }
But I was drench'd to-day for loving well, }
And fear the poison that would make me }
swell. }

Ver. 15. ——— *the mistress would be taken,
And nauseous matrimony sent a packing.*]

The incident of Lady Easy's throwing her handkerchief over
Sir Charles's head, whilst he was sleeping, seems to have been
taken from the Memoirs of Bassompierre, concerning a Count
d'Orgevillier and his mistress, tom. ii. p. 6. 1728. at Amsterdam.

Dr. J. WARTON.

PROLOGUE

TO

ALBUMAZAR.

TO say, this comedy pleas'd long ago,
Is not enough to make it pass you now.
Yet, gentlemen, your ancestors had wit ;
When few men censur'd, and when fewer writ.
And Jonson, of those few the best, chose this, 5
As the best model of his master-piece.
Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
That Alchymist by this Astrologer ;
Here he was fashion'd, and we may suppose
He lik'd the fashion well, who wore the clothes.
But Ben made nobly his what he did mould ; 11
What was another's lead, becomes his gold :
Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns,
Yet rules that well, which he unjustly gains.
But this our age such authors does afford, 15
As make whole plays, and yet scarce write one
word :
Who, in this anarchy of wit, rob all,
And what's their plunder, their possession call :

Who, like bold padders, scorn by night to prey,
 But rob by sun-shine, in the face of day : 20
 Nay scarce the common ceremony use
 Of, Stand, Sir, and deliver up your Muse ;
 But knock the Poet down, and, with a grace,
 Mount Pegasus before the author's face.
 Faith, if you have such country Toms abroad, 25
 'Tis time for all true men to leave that road.
 Yet it were modest, could it but be said,
 They strip the living, but these rob the dead ;
 Dare with the mummies of the Muses play,
 And make love to them the Ægyptian way ; 30
 Or, as a rhiming author would have said,
 Join the dead living to the living dead.
 Such men in Poetry may claim some part :
 They have the license, though they want the art ;
 And might, where theft was prais'd, for Lau-
 reats stand, 35
 Poets, not of the head, but of the hand.
 They make the benefits of others studying,
 Much like the meals of politic Jack-Pudding,
 Whose dish to challenge no man has the cou-
 rage ;
 'Tis all his own, when once he has spit i' the
 porridge. 40
 But, gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this ;
 You are in fault for what they do amiss :
 For they their thefts still undiscover'd think,
 And durst not steal, unless you please to wink.

Perhaps, you may award by your decree, 45
They should refund ; but that can never be.
For should you letters of reprisal seal,
These men write that which no man else would
steal.

AN EPILOGUE.

YOU saw our wife was chaste, yet thoroughly
try'd,

And, without doubt, you're hugely edify'd ;

For, like our hero, whom we shew'd to-day,

You think no woman true, but in a play.

Love once did make a pretty kind of show : 5

Esteem and kindness in one breast would

grow :

But 'twas Heaven knows how many years ago.

Now some small chat, and guinea expectation,

Gets all the pretty creatures in the nation :

In comedy your little selves you meet ; 10

'Tis Covent Garden drawn in Bridges-street.

Smile on our author then, if he has shown

A jolly nut-brown bastard of your own.

Ah ! happy you, with ease and with delight,

Who act those follies, Poets toil to write ! 15

The sweating Muse does almost leave the chace ;

She puffs, and hardly keeps your Protean vices

pace.

Pinch you but in one vice, away you fly

To some new frisk of contrariety.

You roll like snow-balls, gathering as you run,
And get seven devils, when dispossest'd of one. 21
Your Venus once was a Platonic queen;
Nothing of love beside the face was seen;
But every inch of her you now uncase,
And clap a vizard-mask upon the face. 25
For fins like these, the zealous of the land,
With little hair, and little or no band,
Declare how circulating pestilences
Watch, every twenty years, to snap offences.
Saturn, e'en now, takes doctoral degrees; 30
He'll do your work this summer without fees.
Let all the boxes, Phœbus, find thy grace,
And, ah, preserve the eighteen-penny place!
But for the pit confounders, let 'em go,
And find as little mercy as they show: 35
The Actors thus, and thus thy Poets pray:
For every critic fav'd, thou damn'st a play.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD*.

LIKE some raw fopbifter that mounts the
pulpit,

So trembles a young Poet at a full pit.

Unus'd to crowds, the Parson quakes for fear,
And wonders how the devil he durst come
there ;

Wanting three talents needful for the place, 5
Some beard, fome learning, and fome little
grace :

Nor is the puny Poet void of care ;

For authors, fuch as our new authors are,

Have not much learning, nor much wit to
spare :

And as for grace, to tell the truth, there's
fcarce one, 10

But has as little as the very Parson :

* This comedy was written by John Dryden, jun. our author's
fecond fon. It was acted at the theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields
in 1696.

DERRICK.

Both say, they preach and write for your instruction :

But 'tis for a third day, and for induction.

The difference is, that though you like the play,
The poet's gain is ne'er beyond his day. 15

But with the Parson 'tis another case,

He, without holiness, may rise to grace ;

The Poet has one disadvantage more,

That if his play be dull, he's damn'd all o'er,

Not only a damn'd blockhead, but damn'd
poor. 20

But dulness well becomes the fable garment ;

I warrant that ne'er spoil'd a Priest's preferment :

Wit's not his business, and as wit now goes,

Sirs, 'tis not so much yours as you suppose,

For you like nothing now but nauseous
beaux. 25

Ver. 15. *The poet's gain is ne'er beyond his day.*] Dryden did not receive for his plays from the bookseller above 25l. The third night brought about 70l. The Dedication five or ten guineas perhaps. Tonson paid Sir Richard Steele for Addison's Drummer, 50l. 1715. And Dr. Young received 50l. for his Revenge, 1721. Southerne, for his Spartan Dame, in 1722, had 120l. and now it is 100l. and 150l. There were plays on Sundays till the third year of Charles the First's reign. Otway had but one benefit for a play. Southerne was the first who had two benefits from a new representation. Farquhar had three for Constant Couple in 1700. Three of Ben Johnson's plays, Sejanus, Catiline, and the New Inn, and two of Beaumont and Fletcher's, viz. The Faithful Shepherdess, and the Knight of the Burning Pestle, were damned the first night. Even the Silent Woman had like to have been condemned. Dr. J. WARTON,

You laugh not, gallants, as by proof appears,
 At what his beauship says, but what he wears;
 So 'tis your eyes are tickled, not your ears :
 The taylor and the furrier find the stuff,
 The wit lies in the dress, and monstrous muff. 30
 The truth on' t is, the payment of the pit
 Is like for like, clipt money for clipt wit.
 You cannot from our absent author hope,
 He should equip the stage with such a fop :
 Fools change in England, and new fools arise,
 For though the immortal species never dies, 36
 Yet every year new maggots make new flies.
 But where he lives abroad, he scarce can find
 One fool, for million that he left behind.

PROLOGUE

TO THE
PILGRIM*.

REVIVED FOR OUR AUTHOR'S BENEFIT, ANNO 1700.

HOW wretched is the fate of those who write!
Brought muzzled to the stage, for fear they bite.
Where, like Tom Dove, they stand the com-
mon foe;

Lugg'd by the critic, baited by the beau.
Yet worse, their brother Poets damn the Play, 5
And roar the loudest, though they never pay.
The fops are proud of scandal, for they cry,
At every lewd, low character—That's I.
He, who writes letters to himself, would swear,
The world forgot him, if he was not there. 10

* This play, with alterations by Sir John Vanbrugh, and a secular masque, together with this prologue and an epilogue written by our author, was revived for his benefit in 1700, his fortune being at that time in as declining a state as his health: they were both spoken by Mr. Cibber, then a very young actor, much to Dryden's satisfaction.

DERRICK.

What should a Poet do? 'Tis hard for one
To pleasure all the fools that would be shown: }
And yet not two in ten will pass the town. }
Most coxcombs are not of the laughing kind;
More goes to make a fop, than fops can find. 15

Quack Maurus, though he never took degrees
In either of our universities;
Yet to be shown by some kind wit he looks,
Because he play'd the fool, and writ three books.
But, if he would be worth a Poet's pen, 20
He must be more a fool, and write again:
For all the former fustian stuff he wrote,
Was dead-born doggrel, or is quite forgot;
His man of Uz, stript of his Hebrew robe,
Is just the proverb, and As poor as Job. 25
One would have thought he could no longer
jog;

But Arthur was a level, Job's a bog.
There, though he crept, yet still he kept in sight;
But here, he founders in, and sinks down right.
Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by rule, 30
Tobit had first been turn'd to ridicule:
But our bold Briton, without fear or awe,
O'erleaps at once the whole Apocrypha;
Invades the Psalms with rhymes, and leaves no
room

For any Vandal Hopkins yet to come. 35

But when, if after all, this godly geer
Is not so senseless as it would appear;

Our mountebank has laid a deeper train,
 His cant, like Merry Andrew's noble vein,
 Cat-calls the sects to draw 'em in again. 40

At leifure hours, in epic song he deals,
 Writes to the rumbling of his coach's wheels,
 Prescribes in haste, and feldom kills by rule,
 But rides triumphant between stool and stool.

Well, let him go ; 'tis yet too early day, 45
 To get himself a place in farce or play.

We know not by what name we should arraign
 him,

For no one category can contain him ;
 A pedant, canting preacher, and a quack,
 Are load enough to break one afs's back : 50

At last grown wanton, he presum'd to write,
 Traduc'd two kings, their kindness to requite ;
 One made the doctor, and one dubb'd the
 knight.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

PILGRIM*.

PERHAPS the parson stretch'd a point too
far,

When with our Theatres he wag'd a war.

He tells you, that this very moral age

Receiv'd the first infection from the stage.

But sure, a banish'd court, with lewdness fraught,

The feeds of open vice, returning, brought. 6

Thus lodg'd (as vice by great example thrives)

It first debauch'd the daughters and the wives.

London, a fruitful soil, yet never bore

So plentiful a crop of horns before. 10

The Poets, who must live by courts, or starve,

Were proud so good a government to serve ;

* Dryden in this epilogue labours to throw the fault of the licentiousness of dramatic writers, which had been so severely censured by the Rev. Jeremy Collier, upon the example of a court returned from banishment, accompanied by all the vices and follies of foreign climates ; and whom to please was the poet's business, as he wrote to eat. DERRICK.

And, mixing with buffoons and pimps prophane,
Tainted the Stage, for some small snip of gain.

For they, like harlots, under bawds profeſt, 15
Took all the ungodly pains, and got the leaſt.

Thus did the thriving malady prevail,

The court, its head, the Poets but the tail.

The ſin was of our native growth, 'tis true ;

The ſcandal of the ſin was wholly new. 20

Miſſes they were, but modeſtly conceal'd ;

Whitehall the naked Venus firſt reveal'd.

Who ſtanding as at Cyprus, in her ſhrine,

The ſtrumpet was ador'd with rites divine.

'Ere this, if faints had any ſecret motion, 25

'Twas chamber-practice all, and cloſe devotion.

I paſs the peccadillos of their time ;

Nothing but open lewdneſs was a crime.

A monarch's blood was venial to the nation,

Compar'd with one foul act of fornication. 30

Now, they would ſilence us, and ſhut the door,

That let in all the barefac'd vice before.

As for reforming us, which ſome pretend,

'That work in England is without an end :

Well may we change, but we ſhall never
mend. 35

Yet, if you can but bear the preſent Stage,

We hope much better of the coming age.

What would you ſay, if we ſhould firſt begin

To ſtop the trade of love behind the ſcene :

Where actreſſes make bold with married men ?

For while abroad so prodigal the dolt is, 41
 Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.
 In short, we'll grow as moral as we can,
 Save here and there a woman or a man :
 But neither you, nor we, with all our pains, 45
 Can make clean work ; there will be some re-
 mains,
 While you have still your Oates, and we our
 Hains.

THEOCRITUS, LUCRETIUS,

HORACE.

PREFACE

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THEOCRITUS, LUCRETIVS,

AND

HORACE.

PREFACE

TRANSLATIONS

THEOCRITUS, LUCRETIVS,

HORACE.

PREFACE

TO THE

SECOND MISCELLANY.

FOR this last half year I have been troubled with the disease (as I may call it) of translation. The cold prose fits of it, which are always the most tedious with me, were spent in THE HISTORY OF THE LEAGUE; the hot, which succeeded them, in this volume of Verse Miscellanies. The truth is, I fancied to myself, a kind of ease in the change of the paroxysm; never suspecting but the humour would have wasted itself in two or three pastorals of Theocritus, and as many odes of Horace. But finding, or at least thinking I found, something that was more pleasing in them than my ordinary productions, I encouraged myself to renew my old acquaintance with Lucretius and Virgil; and immediately fixed upon some parts of them, which had most affected me in the reading. These were my natural impulses for the undertaking; but there was an accidental motive which was full as forcible, and God forgive him who was the occasion of it. It was my Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse; which made me uneasy till I tried whether or no I was ca-

pable of following his rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice. For many a fair precept in Poetry is like a seeming demonstration in the Mathematics, very specious in the diagram, but failing in the mechanic operation. I think I have generally observed his instructions; I am sure my reason is sufficiently convinced both of their truth and usefulness; which, in other words, is to confess no less a vanity, than to pretend that I have at least in some places made examples to his rules. Yet, withal, I must acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my commission; for I have both added and omitted, and even sometimes very boldly made such expositions of my authors, as no Dutch commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in such particular passages, I have thought that I discovered some beauty yet undiscovered by those pedants, which none but a Poet could have found. Where I have taken away some of their expressions, and cut them shorter, it may possibly be on this consideration, that what was beautiful in the Greek or Latin, would not appear so shining in the English; and where I have enlarged them, I desire the false critics would not always think, that those thoughts are wholly mine, but that either they are secretly in the Poet, or may be fairly deduced from him; or at least, if both those considerations should fail, that my own is of a piece with his, and that if he were living, and an Englishman, they are such as he would probably have written.

For, after all, a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike

himself. Translation is a kind of drawing after the life, where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without some indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original. Much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their faces, by a botching interpreter. What English readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other man, when we commend those authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same Poets, whom our Ogilbys have translated? But I dare assure them, that a good Poet is no more like himself, in a dull translation, than his carcase would be to his living body. There are many, who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few: 'tis impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them, without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust, which he contracted, while he was

laying in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cry'd-up English Poet for their model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subjects, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious.

Thus it appears necessary, that a man should be a nice critic in his mother-tongue, before he attempts to translate a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient, that he be able to judge of words and style; but he must be a master of them too: he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own. So that, to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers: for, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder task; and 'tis a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet, whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but

the style and versification of Virgil and Ovid, are very different: yet I see, even in our best poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and, by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter*, that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. And this happened to him, because he always studied himself, more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet, yet there is as great distinction to be made in sweetness, as in that of sugar, and that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my translations out of four several poets in this volume—Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a succinct, grave, and majestic writer; one who weighed not only every thought, but every word and syllable: who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires (I may almost say) a grammar apart to construe him. His verse is every

* Sir P. Lely.

where founding the very thing in your ears, whose sense it bears: yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the reader; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of music in their verses. All the versification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the same tenour; perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and that verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of numbers and sound as he: he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet-ground. He avoids, like the other, all Synalæphas, or cutting off one vowel when it comes before another, in the following word; so that minding only smoothness, he wants both variety and majesty. But to return to Virgil: though he is smooth where smoothness is required, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it; frequently makes use of Synalæphas, and concludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He is every where above conceits of epigrammatic wit, and gross hyperboles; he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition, (which is the vice of Lucan.) I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular consideration of him: for propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and, where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows

of necessity, as the effect does the cause ; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded, as a great part of his character ; but must confess, to my shame, that I have not been able to translate any part of him so well, as to make him appear wholly like himself. For where the original is close, no version can reach it in the same compass. Hannibal Caro's, in the Italian, is the nearest, the most poetical, and the most sonorous of any translation of the *Æneids* : yet, though he takes the advantage of blank verse, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his sense. Tasso tells us, in his letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian wit, who was his contemporary, observed of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin orator endeavoured to imitate the copiousness of Homer, the Greek poet ; and that the Latin poet made it his business to reach the conciseness of Demosthenes, the Greek orator. Virgil therefore, being so very sparing of his words, and leaving so much to be imagined by the reader, can never be translated as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious, is to alter his character ; and to translate him line for line is impossible ; because the Latin is naturally a more succinct language than either the Italian, Spanish, French, or even than the English, which, by reason of its monosyllables, is far the most compendious of them. Virgil is much the closest of any Roman poet, and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the English heroic.

Besides all this, an author has the choice of his own thoughts and words, which a translator has not ; he is confined by the sense of the inventor to those expres-

sions which are the nearest to it: so that Virgil, studying brevity, and having the command of his own language, could bring those words into a narrow compass, which a translator cannot render without circumlocutions. In short, they, who have called him the torture of grammarians, might also have called him the plague of translators; for he seems to have studied not to be translated. I own that, endeavouring to turn his Nisus and Euryalus as close as I was able, I have performed that Episode too literally; that, giving more scope to Mezentius and Lausus, that version, which has more of the majesty of Virgil, has less of his conciseness; and all that I can promise for myself, is only that I have done both better than Ogilby, and perhaps as well as Caro. So that, methinks, I come like a malefactor, to make a speech upon the gallows, and to warn all other poets, by my sad example, from the sacrilege of translating Virgil. Yet, by considering him so carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made some faint resemblance of him; and, had I taken more time, might possibly have succeeded better; but never so well, as to have satisfied myself.

He who excels all other poets in his own language, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our tongue; which, as my Lord Roscommon justly observes, approaches nearest to the Roman in its majesty: nearest indeed, but with a vast interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in them principally consists that beauty, which gives so inexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force. This diction of his, I must once again say, is never to be copied; and,

since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best translation. The turns of his verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated, as the poverty of our language, and the hastiness of my performance, would allow. I may seem sometimes to have varied from his sense; but I think the greatest variations may be fairly deduced from him; and where I leave his commentators, it may be I understand him better: at least I writ without consulting them in many places. But two particular lines in Mezentius and Lausus I cannot so easily excuse. They are indeed remotely allied to Virgil's sense; but they are too like the tenderness of Ovid, and were printed before I had considered them enough to alter them. The first of them I have forgotten, and cannot easily retrieve, because the copy is at the press; the second is this;

When Lausus died, I was already slain.

This appears pretty enough at first sight; but I am convinced for many reasons, that the expression is too bold; that Virgil would not have said it, though Ovid would. The reader may pardon it, if he please, for the freeness of the confession; and instead of that, and the former, admit these two lines, which are more according to the author;

Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design;

As I had us'd my fortune, use thou thine.

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have in the next place to consider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have translated more happily in those parts

of him which I undertook. If he was not of the best age of Roman Poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it; and he himself refined it to that degree of perfection, both in the language and the thoughts, that he left an easy task to Virgil; who as he succeeded him in time, so he copied his excellencies: for the method of the Georgics is plainly derived from him. Lucretius had chosen a subject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorned it with poetical descriptions, and precepts of morality, in the beginning and ending of his books, which you see Virgil has imitated with great success, in those four books, which in my opinion are more perfect in their kind than even his divine Æneids. The turn of his verse he has likewise followed, in those places which Lucretius has most laboured, and some of his very lines he has transplanted into his own works, without much variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing character of Lucretius (I mean of his soul and genius) is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his opinions. He is every where confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command, not only over his vulgar reader, but even his patron Memmius. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the rod over him, and using a magisterial authority, while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him, as our Poet and Philosopher of Malmesbury. This is that perpetual dictatorship, which is exercised by Lucretius; who, though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal *bonâ fide* with his reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks: in which plain sincerity, I believe, he

differs from our Hobbes, who could not but be convinced, or at least doubt of some eternal truths, which he has opposed. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is before-hand with his antagonists; urging for them, whatever he imagined they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection for the future: all this too, with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assured of the triumph, before he entered into the lists. From this sublime and daring genius of his, it must of necessity come to pass, that his thoughts must be masculine, full of argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his verse, where the barrenness of his subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he could have been every where as poetical, as he is in his descriptions, and in the moral part of his Philosophy, if he had not aimed more to instruct, in his System of Nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a materialist, and teaching him to defy an invisible power. In short, he was so much an atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a poet. These are the considerations, which I had of that author, before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly I laid by my natural diffidence and scepticism for a while, to take up that dogmatical way of his, which, as I said, is so much his character, as to make him that individual Poet. As for his opinions concerning the mortality of the soul, they are so absurd,

that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future state demonstrable even by natural arguments; at least, to take away rewards and punishments, is only a pleasing prospect to a man, who resolves before-hand not to live morally. But on the other side, the thought of being nothing after death is a burthen insupportable to a virtuous man, even though a heathen. We naturally aim at happiness, and cannot bear to have it confined to the shortness of our present being, especially when we consider, that virtue is generally unhappy in this world, and vice fortunate: so that 'tis hope of futurity alone, that makes this life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who would not commit all the excesses, to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with security while he is alive, and be incapable of punishment after he is dead? If he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the laws, there is no band of morality to restrain him: for fame and reputation are weak ties: many men have not the least sense of them: powerful men are only awed by them, as they conduce to their interest, and that not always, when a passion is predominant: and no man will be contained within the bounds of duty, when he may safely transgress them. These are my thoughts abstractedly, and without entering into the notions of our Christian faith, which is the proper business of divines.

But there are other arguments in this poem (which I have turned into English) not belonging to the mortality of the soul, which are strong enough to a reasonable man, to make him less in love with life, and

consequently in less apprehensions of death. Such as are the natural satiety proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the same things; the inconveniences of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleasures; the decay of understanding and memory, which render him contemptible, and useless to others. These, and many other reasons, so pathetically urged, so beautifully expressed, so adorned with examples, and so admirably raised by the *Prosopopeia* of Nature, who is brought in speaking to her children, with so much authority and vigour, deserve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unsuccessful, or unworthy of my author: at least I must take the liberty to own, that I was pleased with my own endeavours, which but rarely happens to me; and that I am not dissatisfied upon the review of any thing I have done in this author.

It is true, there is something, and that of some moment, to be objected against my englishing the * Nature of Love, from the fourth book of Lucretius: and I can less easily answer why I translated it, than why I thus translated it. The objection arises from the obscenity of the subject; which is aggravated by the too lively and alluring delicacy of the verses. In the first place, without the least formality of an excuse, I own it pleased me: and let my enemies make the worst they can of this confession: I am not yet so secure from that passion, but that I want my author's antidotes against it. He

* Omitted in the present edition.

has given the truest and most philosophical account both of the disease and remedy, which I ever found in any author: for which reasons I translated him. But it will be asked why I turned him into this luscious English? for I will not give it a worse word. Instead of an answer, I would ask again of my supercilious adversaries, whether I am not bound, when I translate an author, to do him all the right I can, and to translate him to the best advantage? If, to mince his meaning, which I am satisfied was honest and instructive, I had either omitted some part of what he said, or taken from the strength of his expression, I certainly had wronged him; and that freeness of thought and words being thus cashiered in my hands, he had no longer been Lucretius. If nothing of this kind be to be read, physicians must not study nature, anatomies must not be seen, and somewhat I could say of particular passages in books, which, to avoid profaneness, I do not name. But the intention qualifies the act; and both mine and my author's were to instruct as well as please. It is most certain that barefaced bawdry is the poorest pretence to wit imaginable. If I should say otherwise, I should have two great authorities against me. The one is the Essay on Poetry, which I publicly valued before I knew the author of it, and with the commendation of which my Lord Roscommon so happily begins his Essay on Translated Verse: the other is no less than our admired Cowley, who says the same thing in other words: for in his Ode concerning Wit, he writes thus of it:

Much less can that have any place,
At which a virgin hides her face :
Such dross the fire must purge away ; 'tis just
The author blush, there, where the reader must.

Here indeed Mr. Cowley goes farther than the Essay ; for he asserts plainly, that obscenity has no place in wit : the other only says, 'tis a poor pretence to it, or an ill sort of wit, which has nothing more to support it than bare-faced ribaldry ; which is both unmannerly in itself, and fulsome to the reader. But neither of these will reach my case : for in the first place, I am only the translator, not the inventor ; so that the heaviest part of the censure falls upon Lucretius, before it reaches me ; in the next place, neither he nor I have used the grossest words, but the cleanest metaphors we could find, to palliate the broadness of the meaning ; and, to conclude, have carried the poetical part no farther, than the philosophical exacted.

There are a sort of blundering half-witted people, who make a great deal of noise about a verbal slip ; though Horace would instruct them better in true criticism :

—— non ego paucis

Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,

Aut humana parum cavit natura.

True judgment in poetry, like that in painting, takes a view of the whole together, whether it be good or not ; and where the beauties are more than the faults, concludes for the poet against the little

judge. It is a sign that malice is hard driven, when it is forced to lay hold on a word or syllable : to arraign a man is one thing, and to cavil at him is another. In the midst of an ill-natured generation of scribblers, there is always justice enough left in mankind, to protect good writers : and they too are obliged, both by humanity and interest, to espouse each other's cause against false critics, who are the common enemies.

This last consideration puts me in mind of what I owe to the ingenious and learned translator of Lucretius. I have not here designed to rob him of any part of that commendation which he has so justly acquired by the whole author, whose fragments only fall to my portion. What I have now performed, is no more than I intended above twenty years ago. The ways of our translation are very different ; he follows him more closely than I have done, which became an interpreter of the whole Poem : I take more liberty, because it best suited with my design, which was to make him as pleasing as I could. He had been too voluminous, had he used my method in so long a work ; and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my business to translate the whole. The preference then is justly his ; and I join with Mr. Evelyn in the confession of it, with this additional advantage to him, that his reputation is already established in this Poet, mine is to make its fortune in the world. If I have been any where obscure, in following our common author, or if Lucretius himself is to be condemned, I refer myself to his excel-

lent annotations, which I have often read, and always with some new pleasure.

My preface begins already to swell upon me, and looks as if I were afraid of my reader, by so tedious a bespeaking of him: and yet I have Horace and Theocritus upon my hands; but the Greek gentleman shall quickly be dispatched, because I have more business with the Roman.

That which distinguishes Theocritus from all other Poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raises him even above Virgil in his Eclogues, is the inimitable tenderness of his passions, and the natural expression of them in words so becoming of a pastoral. A simplicity shines through all he writes: he shews his art and learning by disguising both. His shepherds never rise above their country education in their complaints of love. There is the same difference betwixt him and Virgil, as there is betwixt Tasso's Aminta and the Pastor Fido of Guarini. Virgil's shepherds are too well read in the Philosophy of Epicurus and of Plato; and Guarini's seem to have been bred in courts: but Theocritus and Tasso have taken theirs from cottages and plains. It was said of Tasso, in relation to his similitudes, *mai esce del bosco*; that he never departed from the woods, that is, all his comparisons were taken from the country. The same may be said of our Theocritus. He is softer than Ovid; he touches the passions more delicately, and performs all this out of his own fund, without diving into the arts and sciences for a supply. Even his Doric dialect has an incomparable sweetness in its clownishness, like a fair shepherdess in her country

ruffet, talking in a Yorkshire tone. This was impossible for Virgil to imitate; because the severity of the Roman Language denied him that advantage. Spenser has endeavoured it in his Shepherd's Calendar; but neither will it succeed in English; for which reason I forbore to attempt it. For Theocritus writ to Sicilians, who spoke that dialect; and I direct this part of my translations to our ladies, who neither understand nor will take pleasure in such homely expressions.

I proceed to Horace. Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be considered in his three different talents, as he was a Critic, a Satirist, and a Writer of Odes. His morals are uniform, and run through all of them: for let his Dutch commentators say what they will, his philosophy was Epicurean; and he made use of gods and providence, only to serve a turn in Poetry. But since neither his Criticisms, which are the most instructive of any that are written in this art, nor his Satires, which are incomparably beyond Juvenal's, (if to laugh and rally is to be preferred to railing and declaiming,) are no part of my present undertaking, I confine myself wholly to his Odes. These are also of several sorts: some of them are panegyrical, others moral, the rest jovial, or (if I may so call them) Bacchanalian. As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to imitate Pindar, yet, in his most elevated flights, and in the sudden changes of his subject with almost imperceptible connexions, that Theban Poet is his master. But Horace is of the more bounded fancy, and confines himself strictly to one sort of verse, or stanza, in every Ode. That which

will distinguish his style from all other Poets, is the elegance of his words, and the numerousness of his verse. There is nothing so delicately turned in all the Roman language. There appears in every part of his diction, or, to speak English, in all his expressions, a kind of noble and bold purity. His words are chosen with as much exactness as Virgil's; but there seems to be a greater spirit in them. There is a secret happiness attends his choice, which in Petronius is called *Curiosa Felicitas*, and which I suppose he had from the *feliciter audere* of Horace himself. But the most distinguishing part of all his character seems to me to be, his briskness, his jollity, and his good humour; and those I have chiefly endeavoured to copy. His other excellencies, I confess, are above my imitation. One Ode, which infinitely pleased me in the reading, I have attempted to translate in Pindaric Verse: it is that, which is inscribed to the present Earl of Rochester, to whom I have particular obligations, which this small testimony of my gratitude can never pay. It is his darling in the Latin, and I have taken some pains to make it my master-piece in English: for which reason I took this kind of verse, which allows more latitude than any other. Every one knows it was introduced into our language, in this age, by the happy genius of Mr. Cowley. The seeming easiness of it has made it spread: but it has not been considered enough, to be so well cultivated. It languishes in almost every hand but his, and some very few, whom, to keep the rest in countenance, I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near perfection as was

possible in so short a time. But if I may be allowed to speak my mind modestly, and without injury to his sacred ashes, somewhat of the purity of the English, somewhat of more equal thoughts, somewhat of sweetness in the numbers, in one word, somewhat of a finer turn, and more Lyrical Verse, is yet wanting. As for the soul of it, which consists in the warmth and vigour of fancy, the masterly figures, and the copiousness of imagination, he has excelled all others in this kind. Yet, if the kind itself be capable of more perfection, though rather in the ornamental parts of it, than the essential, what rules of morality or respect have I broken, in naming the defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few Poets who deserve to be models in all they write. Milton's Paradise Lost is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no flats amongst his elevations, when 'tis evident he creeps along sometimes, for above an hundred lines together? Cannot I admire the height of his invention, and the strength of his expression, without defending his antiquated words, and the perpetual harshness of their sound? It is as much commendation as a man can bear, to own him excellent; all beyond it is idolatry.

Since Pindar was the prince of Lyric Poets, let me have leave to say, that, in imitating him, our numbers should, for the most part, be Lyrical. For variety, or rather where the majesty of thought requires it, they may be stretched to the English Heroic of five feet, and to the French Alexandrine of

fix. But the ear must preside, and direct the judgment to the choice of numbers. Without the nicety of this, the harmony of Pindaric Verse can never be complete: the cadency of one line must be a rule to that of the next; and the sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows; without leaping from one extreme into another. It must be done like the shadowings of a picture, which fall by degrees into a darker colour. I shall be glad, if I have so explained myself as to be understood; but if I have not, *quod nequeo dicere, et sentio tantum*, must be my excuse.

There remains much more to be said on this subject; but, to avoid envy, I will be silent. What I have said is the general opinion of the best judges, and in a manner has been forced from me, by seeing a noble sort of Poetry so happily restored by one man, and so grossly copied by almost all the rest. A musical ear, and a great genius, if another Mr. Cowley could arise, in another age may bring it to perfection. In the mean time,

— Fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exfors ipsa secandi.

I hope it will not be expected from me that I should say any thing of my fellow undertakers in this Miscellany. Some of them are too nearly related to me, to be commended without suspicion of partiality: others, I am sure, need it not; and the rest I have not perused.

To conclude, I am sensible that I have written this too hastily and too loosely: I fear I have been

tedious, and, which is worse, it comes out from the first draught, and uncorrected. This I grant is no excuse; for it may be reasonably urged, why he did not write with more leisure, or, if he had it not (which was certainly my case) why did he attempt to write on so nice a subject? The objection is unanswerable; but, in part of recompence, let me assure the reader, that, in hasty productions, he is sure to meet with an author's present sense, which cooler thoughts would possibly have disguised. There is undoubtedly more of spirit, though not of judgment, in these uncorrected Essays, and consequently, though my hazard be the greater, yet the reader's pleasure is not the less.

JOHN DRYDEN.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THEOCRITUS.

AMARYLLIS:

OR, THE

THIRD IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS,

PARAPHRASED.

TO Amaryllis love compels my way,
My browsing goats upon the mountains stray :
O Tityrus, tend them well, and see them fed }
In pastures fresh, and to their watering led ; }
And 'ware the ridgling with his budding }
head. 5

Ah, beauteous nymph ! can you forget your
love,

The conscious grottos, and the shady grove ;
Where stretch'd at ease your tender limbs were
laid,

Your nameless beauties nakedly display'd ?
Then I was call'd your darling, your desire, 10
With kisses such as set my soul on fire :
But you are chang'd, yet I am still the same ;
My heart maintains for both a double flame ;
Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your
scorn:

So faithful I, and you so much forsworn ! 15

I die, and death will finish all my pain ;
 Yet, ere I die, behold me once again :
 Am I so much deform'd, so chang'd of late ?
 What partial judges are our love and hate !
 Ten wildings have I gather'd for my dear ; 20
 How ruddy like your lips their streaks appear !
 Far-off you view'd them with a longing eye
 Upon the topmost branch (the tree was high):
 Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I swerv'd,
 And for to-morrow have ten more reserv'd. 25
 Look on me kindly, and some pity shew,
 Or give me leave at least to look on you.
 Some god transform me by his heavenly power
 Ev'n to a bee to buzz within your bower,
 The winding ivy-chaplet to invade, 30
 And folded fern, that your fair forehead shade.
 Now to my cost the force of love I find ;
 The heavy hand it bears on human kind.
 The milk of tigers was his infant food,
 Taught from his tender years the taste of
 blood ; 35
 His brother whelps and he ran wild about the
 wood.
 Ah nymph, train'd up in his tyrannic court,
 To make the sufferings of your slaves your
 sport !
 Unheeded ruin ! treacherous delight !
 O polish'd hardness, soften'd to the fight ! 40

Whose radiant eyes your ebon brows adorn,
Like midnight those, and these like break of
morn !

Smile once again, revive me with your charms ;
And let me die contented in your arms.

I would not ask to live another day, 45

Might I but sweetly kiss my soul away.

Ah, why am I from empty joys debarr'd ?

For kisses are but empty when compar'd.

I rave, and in my raging fit shall tear

The garland, which I wove for you to wear, 50

Of parsley, with a wreath of ivy bound,

And border'd with a rosy edging round.

What pangs I feel, unpity'd and unheard !

Since I must die, why is my fate deferr'd !

I strip my body of my shepherd's frock : 55

Behold that dreadful downfall of a rock,

Where yon old fisher views the waves from
high !

'Tis that convenient leap I mean to try.

You would be pleas'd to see me plunge to shore,

But better pleas'd if I should rise no more. 60

I might have read my fortune long ago,

When, seeking my success in love to know,

I try'd the infallible prophetic way,

A poppy-leaf upon my palm to lay :

Ver. 42. ——— and these like break of morn !] “ And
those eyes the *break of day*.” Shakspeare. JOHN WARTON.

I struck, and yet no lucky crack did follow ; 65
 Yet I struck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow :
 And, which was worse, if any worse could prove,
 The withering leaf foresnew'd your withering
 love.

Yet farther (ah, how far a lover dares !)
 My last recourse I had to sieve and sheers ; 70
 And told the witch Agreo my disease :

(Agreo, that in harvest us'd to lease :
 But harvest done, to chare-work did aspire ;
 Meat, drink, and two-pence was her daily hire,)
 To work she went, her charms she mutter'd
 o'er, 75

And yet the resty sieve wagg'd ne'er the more ;
 I wept for woe, the testy beldame swore,
 And, foaming with her god, foretold my fate ;
 That I was doom'd to love, and you to hate.

A milk-white goat for you I did provide ; 80
 Two milk-white kids run frisking by her side,
 For which the nut-brown lads, Erithacis,
 Full often offer'd many a savoury kifs.

Hers they shall be, since you refuse the price :
 What madman would o'erstand his market
 twice ! 85

My right eye itches, some good luck is near,
 Perhaps my Amaryllis may appear ;
 I'll set up such a note as she shall hear.

What nymph but my melodious voice would
 move ?

She must be flint, if she refuse my love. 90

Hippomenes, who ran with noble strife
 To win his lady, or to lose his life,
 (What shift some men will make to get a
 wife?)

Threw down a golden apple in her way ;
 For all her haste she could not choose but stay :
 Renown said, Run ; the glittering bribe cry'd,
 Hold ; 96
 The man might have been hang'd, but for his
 gold.

Yet some suppose 'twas love (some few indeed)
 That stopt the fatal fury of her speed :
 She saw, she sigh'd ; her nimble feet refuse 100
 Their wonted speed, and she took pains to lose.
 A Prophet some, and some a Poet cry,
 (No matter which, so neither of them lye)
 From steepy Othrys' top to Pylus drove
 His herd ; and for his pains enjoy'd his love :
 If such another wager should be laid, 106
 I'll find the man, if you can find the maid.

Why name I men, when Love extended finds
 His power on high, and in celestial minds ?
 Venus the shepherd's homely habit took, 110
 And manag'd something else besides the crook ;
 Nay, when Adonis dy'd, was heard to roar,
 And never from her heart forgave the boar.
 How blest was fair Endymion with his moon,
 Who sleeps on Latmos' top from night to noon !
 What Jason from Medea's love possest, 116
 You shall not hear, but know 'tis like the rest.

My aking head can scarce support the pain ;
This curfed love will surely turn my brain :
Feel how it fhoots, and yet you take no pity ;
Nay then 'tis time to end my doleful ditty. 21
A clammy fweat does o'er my temples creep ;
My heavy eyes are urg'd with iron fleep :
I lay me down to gasp my lateft breath,
The wolves will get a breakfast by my death ; 25
Yet scarce enough their hunger to fupply,
For love has made me carrion ere I die.

THE
EPITHALAMIUM
OF
HELEN AND MENELAUS.

FROM THE
EIGHTEENTH IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

TWELVE Spartan virgins, noble, young,
and fair,

With violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing hair ;
And to the pompous palace did resort,
Where Menelaus kept his royal court.

There hand in hand a comely choir they led ;
To sing a blessing to his nuptial bed, 6
With curious needles wrought, and painted
flowers bespread.

Jove's beauteous daughter now his bride must
be,

And Jove himself was less a god than he :

For this their artful hands instruct the lute to
found, 10

Their feet assist their hands, and justly beat
the ground.

This was their song: Why, happy bridegroom,
why,

Ere yet the stars are kindled in the sky,

Ere twilight shades, or evening dews are shed,

Why dost thou steal so soon away to bed? 15

Has Somnus brush'd thy eye-lids with his rod,

Or do thy legs refuse to bear their load,

With flowing bowls of a more generous god? }

If gentle slumber on thy temples creep,

(But, naughty man, thou dost not mean to
sleep) 20

Betake thee to thy bed, thou drowzy drone,

Sleep by thyself, and leave thy bride alone:

Go, leave her with her maiden mates to play

At sports more harmless till the break of day:

Give us this evening; thou hast morn and
night, 25

And all the year before thee, for delight.

O happy youth! to thee, among the crowd

Of rival princes, Cupid sneez'd aloud;

And every lucky omen sent before,

To meet thee landing on the Spartan shore. 30

Of all our heroes thou canst boast alone,

That Jove, whene'er he thunders, calls thee
son:

Betwixt two sheets thou shalt enjoy her bare, }
 With whom no Grecian virgin can compare ; }
 So soft, so sweet, so balmy and so fair. 35 }
 A boy, like thee, would make a kingly line :
 But oh, a girl like her must be divine.
 Her equals, we, in years, but not in face,
 Twelve score viragos of the Spartan race,
 While naked to Eurotas' banks we bend, 40
 And there in manly exercise contend,
 When she appears, are all eclips'd and lost,
 And hide the beauties that we made our boast.
 So, when the night and winter disappear,
 The purple morning, rising with the year, 45
 Salutes the spring, as her celestial eyes
 Adorn the world, and brighten all the skies :
 So beauteous Helen shines among the rest,
 Tall, slender, straight, with all the Graces
 blest.

As pines the mountains, or as fields the corn, 50
 Or as Theffalian steeds the race adorn ;
 So rosy-colour'd Helen is the pride
 Of Lacedæmon, and of Greece beside.

Like her no nymph can willing offers bend
 In basket-works, which painted streaks com- }
 mend : 55 }

With Pallas in the loom she may contend.
 But none, ah ! none can animate the lyre,
 And the mute strings with vocal souls inspire :

Whether the learn'd Minerva be her theme,
 Or chaste Diana bathing in the stream ; 60
 None can record their heavenly praise so well
 As Helen, in whose eyes ten thousand Cupids
 dwell.

O fair, O graceful ! yet with maids inroll'd,
 But whom to-morrow's sun a matron shall be-
 hold !

Yet ere to-morrow's sun shall shew his head, }
 The dewy paths of meadows we will tread, }
 For crowns and chaplets to adorn thy head. }
 Where all shall weep, and wish for thy return,
 As bleating lambs their absent mother mourn.
 Our noblest maids shall to thy name bequeath
 The boughs of Lotos, form'd into a wreath. 71
 This monument, thy maiden beauties' due,
 High on a plane-tree shall be hung to view:
 On the smooth rind the passenger shall see
 Thy name engrav'd, and worship Helen's tree:
 Balm, from a silver box distill'd around, 76
 Shall all bedew the roots, and scent the sacred
 ground.

The balm, 'tis true, can aged plants prolong,
 But Helen's name will keep it ever young.
 Hail bride, hail bridegroom, son-in-law to
 Jove ! 80

With fruitful joys Latona blest your love !
 Let Venus furnish you with full desires,
 Add vigour to your wills, and fuel to your fires !

Almighty Jove augment your wealthy store,
Give much to you, and to his grandsons more !
From generous loins a generous race will spring,
Each girl, like her, a queen ; each boy, like
you, a king.

Now sleep, if sleep you can ; but while you rest,
Sleep close, with folded arms, and breast to
breast :

Rise in the morn ; but oh ! before you rise, go
Forget not to perform your morning sacrifice.
We will be with you ere the crowing cock
Salutes the light, and struts before his feather'd
flock.

Hymen, oh Hymen, to thy triumphs run,
And view the mighty spoils thou hast in battle
won.

95

THE
DESPAIRING LOVER.

FROM THE
TWENTY-THIRD IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

WITH inauspicious love, a wretched swain
Pursu'd the fairest nymph of all the plain ;
Fairest indeed, but prouder far than fair,
She plung'd him hopeless in a deep despair :
Her heavenly form too haughtily she priz'd, 5
His person hated, and his gifts despis'd ;
Nor knew the force of Cupid's cruel darts,
Nor fear'd his awful power on human hearts ;
But either from her hopeless lover fled,
Or with disdainful glances shot him dead. 10
No kiss, no look, to cheer the drooping boy ;
No word she spoke, she scorn'd even to deny.
But, as a hunted panther casts about
Her glaring eyes, and pricks her listening ears
to scout,
So she, to shun his toils, her cares employ'd, 15
And fiercely in her savage freedom joy'd.

Her mouth she writh'd, her forehead taught to
frown,

Her eyes to sparkle fires to love unknown :
Her fallow cheeks her envious mind did shew,
And every feature spoke aloud the curstness of
a shrew. 20

Yet could not he his obvious fate escape ;
His love still dress'd her in a pleasing shape ;
And every fullen frown, and bitter scorn,
But fann'd the fuel that too fast did burn.
Long time, unequal to his mighty pain, 25
He strove to curb it, but he strove in vain :
At last his woes broke out, and begg'd relief
With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief :
With tears so tender, as adorn'd his love,
And any heart, but only her's, would move. 30
Trembling before her bolted doors he stood,
And there pour'd out the unprofitable flood ;
Staring his eyes, and haggard was his look ;
Then, kissing first the threshold, thus he spoke.

Ah nymph, more cruel than of human
race !

Thy tigress heart belies thy angel face : 36
Too well thou shew'st thy pedigree from stone :
Thy grandame's was the first by Pyrrha
thrown :

Unworthy thou to be so long desir'd ;
But so my love, and so my fate requir'd. 40

I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live ;
But take this gift, the last that I can give.
This friendly cord shall soon decide the strife
Betwixt my lingering love and loathsome life :
'This moment puts an end to all my pain ; 45
I shall no more despair, nor thou disdain.
Farewel, ungrateful and unkind ! I go
Condemn'd by thee to those sad shades below.
I go the extremest remedy to prove,
'To drink oblivion, and to drench my love : 50
There happily to lose my long desires :
But ah ! what draught so deep to quench my
fires ?

Farewel, ye never-opening gates, ye stones,
And threshold guilty of my midnight moans !
What I have suffer'd here ye know too well ; 55
What I shall do the gods and I can tell.
The rose is fragrant, but it fades in time ;
'The violet sweet, but quickly past the prime ;
White lillies hang their heads, and soon decay,
And whiter snow in minutes melts away : 60
Such is your blooming youth, and withering
so :
The time will come, it will, when you shall
know
The rage of love ; your haughty heart shall
burn
In flames like mine, and meet a like return.

Obdurate as you are, oh ! hear at least 65

My dying prayers, and grant my last request.

When first you ope your doors, and, passing

by,

The sad ill-omen'd object meets your eye,

Think it not lost, a moment if you stay ;

The breathless wretch, so made by you, sur-

vey : 70

Some cruel pleasure will from thence arise,

To view the mighty ravage of your eyes.

I wish (but oh ! my wish is vain, I fear)

The kind oblation of a falling tear :

Then loose the knot, and take me from the

place, 75

And spread your mantle o'er my grizly face ;

Upon my livid lips bestow a kiss :

O envy not the dead, they feel not blifs !

Nor fear your kisses can restore my breath ;

E'en you are not more pityless than death. 80

Then for my corpse a homely grave provide,

Which love and me from public scorn may

hide,

Thrice call upon my name, thrice beat your

breast,

And hail me thrice to everlasting rest :

Last let my tomb this sad inscription bear : 85

A wretch whom love has kill'd lies buried

here ;

O passengers, Aminta's eyes beware.

Thus having said, and furious with his love,
He heav'd with more than human force to
move

A weighty stone (the labour of a team) 90
And rais'd from thence he reach'd the neigh-
bouring beam:

Around its bulk a sliding knot he throws,
And fitted to his neck the fatal noose:
Then spurning backward, took a swing, till
death

Crept up, and stopt the passage of his breath.
The bounce burst ope the door; the scornful
fair 96

Relentless look'd, and saw him beat his quiver-
ing feet in air;

Nor wept his fate, nor cast a pitying eye,
Nor took him down, but brush'd regardless
by:

And, as she past, her chance of fate was such,
Her garments touch'd the dead, polluted by
the touch: 101

Next to the dance, thence to the bath did
move;

The bath was sacred to the god of Love;
Whose injur'd image, with a wrathful eye,
Stood threatening from a pedestal on high: 105
Nodding awhile, and watchful of his blow,
He fell; and falling crush'd the ungrateful
nymph below;

Her gushing blood the pavement all besmear'd;
And this her last expiring voice was heard;
Lovers, farewell, revenge has reach'd my
scorn;

110

Thus warn'd, be wise, and love for love return.

Her galling blood the pavement all besmear'd;
 And thus her last expiring voice was heard;
 Flowers, fountains, revenge, has reach'd my
 doom; a to reach'd with love return.
 Thus warn'd, he wiles, and love for love return.

TRANSFORMATION

Unwilling to appear, yet soon his form
 Inhuman, yet more than human, form

Behold him stand, and how his form

Now gazing, now averted, now
 His eyes, his lips, his breath, his form

And now, as if to scorn, he stood
 His form, his face, his form, his form

Next to the door, he stood, and then
 His form, his face, his form, his form

The door was open to the god of Love;
 Whole nations, whole nations, whole nations

Stood there, and then, and then, and then
 He stood, and then, and then, and then

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

LUCRETIUS.

THE FIRST BOOK
OF THE

TRANSLATIONS

LUCRETIVS.

THE BEGINNING OF
THE FIRST BOOK

OF
LUCRETII.

DELIGHT of human kind, and gods above,
Parent of Rome, propitious Queen of Love,
Whose vital power, air, earth, and sea supplies,
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rolling
skies:

For every kind, by thy prolific might, 5
Springs, and beholds the regions of the light.
Thee, goddess, thee the clouds and tempests
fear,

And at thy pleasing presence disappear:

For thee the land in fragrant flowers is drest;
For thee the ocean smiles, and smooths her
wavy breast; 10

And heaven itself with more serene and purer
light is blest.

For when the rising spring adorns the mead,
And a new scene of nature stands display'd,

When teeming buds, and chearful greens appear,

And western gales unlock the lazy year: 15

The joyous birds thy welcome first express,

Whose native songs thy genial fire confess;

Then savage beasts bound o'er their flighted food,

Struck with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood.

All nature is thy gift; earth, air, and sea: 20

Of all that breathes, the various progeny,

Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee. }

O'er barren mountains, o'er the flowery plain, }

The leafy forest, and the liquid main, }

Extends thy uncontrol'd and boundless reign. }

Through all the living regions dost thou move, 26

And scatter'st, where thou go'st, the kindly feeds
of love.

Since then the race of every living thing

Obeys thy power; since nothing new can spring

Without thy warmth, without thy influence
bear, 30

Or beautiful, or lovesome can appear;

Be thou my aid, my tuneful song inspire,

And kindle with thy own productive fire;

While all thy province, Nature, I survey,

And sing to Memmius an immortal lay 35

Of heaven and earth, and every where thy
wondrous power display: }

To Memmius, under thy sweet influence born,
Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces dost
adorn.

The rather then assist my Muse and me,
Infusing verses worthy him and thee. 40

Meantime on land and sea let barbarous discord cease,

And lull the listning world in universal peace.

To thee mankind their soft repose must owe ;

For thou alone that blessing canst bestow ;

Because the brutal business of the war 45

Is manag'd by thy dreadful servant's care ;

Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove

The pleasing pains of thy eternal love ;

And, panting on thy breast, supinely lies,

While with thy heavenly form he feeds his famish'd eyes ; 50

Sucks in with open lips thy balmy breath,

By turns restor'd to life, and plung'd in pleasing death.

There while thy curling limbs about him move,

Involv'd and fetter'd in the links of love,

When, wishing all, he nothing can deny, 55

Thy charms in that auspicious moment try ;

With winning eloquence our peace implore,

And quiet to the weary world restore.

THE BEGINNING OF
 THE SECOND BOOK
 OF
 LUCRETIUS.

'TIS pleasant, safely to behold from shore
 The rolling ship, and hear the tempest roar :
 Not that another's pain is our delight ;
 But pains unfelt produce the pleasing fight.
 'Tis pleasant also to behold from far 5
 The moving legions mingled in the war.
 But much more sweet thy labouring steps to
 guide
 To virtue's heights, with wisdom well sup-
 ply'd, }
 And all the magazines of learning fortify'd :
 From thence to look below on human kind, 10
 Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind :
 To see vain fools ambitiously contend
 For wit and power ; their last endeavours bend

To outshine each other, waste their time and
health

In search of honour, and pursuit of wealth. 15

O wretched man ! in what a mist of life,
Inclos'd with dangers and with noisy strife,
He spends his little span ; and overfeeds
His cramm'd desires, with more than nature
needs !

For nature wisely stints our appetite, 20
And craves no more than undisturb'd delight :
Which minds, unmix'd with cares and fears,
obtain ;

A soul serene, a body void of pain.
So little this corporeal frame requires ;
So bounded are our natural desires, 25
That wanting all, and setting pain aside,
With bare privation sense is satisfy'd.

If golden sconces hang not on the walls,
To light the costly suppers and the balls ;
If the proud palace shines not with the state 30
Of burnish'd bowls, and of reflected plate ;
If well-tun'd harps, nor the more pleasing sound
Of voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound ;

Yet on the grass, beneath a poplar shade,
By the cool stream our careless limbs are lay'd ;
With cheaper pleasures innocently blest, 36
When the warm spring with gaudy flowers is
drest.

Nor will the raging fever's fire abate,
With golden canopies and beds of state :
But the poor patient will as soon be found 40
On the hard mattresses, or the mother ground.
Then since our bodies are not eas'd the more
By birth, or power, or fortune's wealthy store,
'Tis plain, these useles toys of every kind
As little can relieve the labouring mind : 45
Unless we could suppose the dreadful fight
Of marshal'd legions moving to the fight,
Could, with their sound and terrible array,
Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of
death away.

But, since the supposition vain appears, 50
Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred fears,
Are not with sounds to be affrighted thence,
But in the midst of pomp pursue the prince,
Not aw'd by arms, but in the presence bold,
Without respect to purple, or to gold ; 55
Why should not we these pageantries despise ;
Whose worth but in our want of reason lies ?
For life is all in wandring errors led ;
And just as children are surpris'd with dread,
And tremble in the dark, so riper years 60
E'en in broad day-light are possess'd with
fears ;
And shake at shadows fanciful and vain,
As those which in the breasts of children reign,

These bugbears of the mind, this inward hell,
No rays of outward sunshine can dispel; 65
But nature and right reason must display
Their beams abroad, and bring the darksome
soul to-day.

THE LATTER PART OF
THE THIRD BOOK

OF

LUCRETIUS;

AGAINST THE FEAR OF DEATH.

WHAT has this bugbear death to frighten
men,

If souls can die, as well as bodies can?

For, as before our birth we felt no pain,

When Punic arms infested land and main,

When heaven and earth were in confusion
hurl'd,

5

For the debated empire of the world,

Which aw'd with dreadful expectation lay,

Sure to be slaves, uncertain who should sway:

So, when our mortal flame shall be disjoin'd,

The lifeless lump uncoupled from the mind,

10

From sense of grief and pain we shall be free;

We shall not *feel*, because we shall not *be*.

Though earth in seas, and seas in heaven were
lost,

We should not move, we only should be tost.

Nay, e'en suppose when we have suffer'd fate, 15
The soul could feel in her divided state,
What's that to us? for we are only *we*
While souls and bodies in one frame agree.
Nay, though our atoms should revolve by
chance,

And matter leap into the former dance; 20
Though time our life and motion could restore,
And make our bodies what they were before,
What gain to us would all this bustle bring?
The new-made man would be another thing.
When once an interrupting pause is made, 25
That individual being is decay'd.

We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no part
In all the pleasures, nor shall feel the smart,
Which to that other mortal shall accrue,
Whom of our matter time shall mould anew. 30
For backward if you look on that long space
Of ages past, and view the changing face
Of matter, tost and variously combin'd
In sundry shapes, 'tis easy for the mind
From thence to infer, that seeds of things have
been 35

In the same order as they now are seen:
Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,
Because a pause of life, a gaping space,
Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
And all the wandring motions from the sense
are fled. 40

For whoſoe'er ſhall in misfortunes live,
Muſt *be*, when thoſe misfortunes ſhall arrive;
And ſince the man who is not, feels not woe,
(For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,
Which we, the living, only feel and bear) 45
What is there left for us in death to fear?
When once that pauſe of life has come between,
'Tis juſt the ſame as we had never been.
And therefore if a man bemoan his lot,
That after death his mouldring limbs ſhall rot, 50
Or flames, or jaws of beaſts devour his maſs,
Know, he's an unſincere, unthinking aſs.
A ſecret ſting remains within his mind;
The fool is to his own caſt offals kind.
He boaſts no ſenſe can after death remain; 55
Yet makes himſelf a part of life again;
As if ſome other *He* could feel the pain.
If, while we live, this thought moleſt his head,
What wolf or vulture ſhall devour me dead?
He waſtes his days in idle grief, nor can 60
Diſtinguiſh 'twixt the body and the man;
But thinks himſelf can ſtill himſelf ſurvive;
And, what when dead he feels not, feels alive.
Then he repines that he was born to die,
Nor knows in death there is no other *He*, 65
No living *He* remains his grief to vent,
And o'er his ſenſeleſs carcaſe to lament.
If after death 'tis painful to be torn
By birds, and beaſts, then why not ſo to burn,

Or drench'd in floods of honey to be soak'd, 70
Imbalm'd to be at once preserv'd and choak'd ;
Or on an airy mountain's top to lie,
Expos'd to cold and heaven's inclemency ;
Or crowded in a tomb to be oppress'd
With monumental marble on thy breast ? 75
But to be snatch'd from all the household joys,
From thy chaste wife, and thy dear prattling
boys,
Whose little arms about thy legs are cast,
And climbing for a kiss prevent their mother's
haste,
Inspiring secret pleasure through thy breast ; 80
Ah ! these shall be no more : thy friends oppress'd
Thy care and courage now no more shall free ;
Ah ! wretch, thou cry'st, ah ! miserable me !
One woful day sweeps children, friends, and
wife,
And all the brittle blessings of my life ! 85
Add one thing more, and all thou say'st is true ;
Thy want and wish of them is vanish'd too :
Which, well consider'd, were a quick relief
To all thy vain imaginary grief.
For thou shalt sleep, and never wake again, 90
And, quitting life, shalt quit thy living pain.
But we, thy friends, shall all those sorrows find,
Which in forgetful death thou leav'st behind ;
No time shall dry our tears, nor drive thee
from our mind.

The worst that can befall thee, measur'd right, 95
Is a sound slumber, and a long good night.
Yet thus the fools, that would be thought the
wits,
Disturb their mirth with melancholy fits:
When healths go round, and kindly brimmers
flow,
Till the fresh garlands on their foreheads glow,
They whine, and cry, Let us make haste to
live, 101
Short are the joys that human life can give.
Eternal preachers, that corrupt the draught,
And pall the god, that never thinks, with
thought;
Idiots with all that thought, to whom the worst
Of death, is want of drink, and endless thirst, 106
Or any fond desire as vain as these.
For, ev'n in sleep, the body, wrapt in ease,
Supinely lies, as in the peaceful grave;
And, wanting nothing, nothing can it crave. 110
Were that sound sleep eternal, it were death;
Yet the first atoms then, the seeds of breath,
Are moving near to sense; we do but shake
And rouse that sense, and straight we are
awake.
Then death to us, and death's anxiety, 115
Is less than nothing, if a less could be.
For then our atoms, which in order lay,
Are scatter'd from their heap, and puff'd away,

And never can return into their place,
When once the pause of life has left an empty
space. 120

And last, suppose great Nature's voice should
call

To thee, or me, or any of us all,

“ What dost thou mean, ungrateful wretch,
thou vain,

Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,

And sigh and sob, that thou shalt be no
more? 125

For if thy life were pleasant heretofore,

If all the bounteous blessings, I could give,

Thou hast enjoy'd, if thou hast known to live,

And pleasure not leak'd through thee like a
sieve ;

Why dost thou not give thanks as at a plenteous
feast, 130

Cramm'd to the throat with life, and rise and
take thy rest ?

But if my blessings thou hast thrown away,

If indigested joys pass'd through, and would
not stay,

Why dost thou wish for more to squander still?

If life be grown a load, a real ill, 135

And I would all thy cares and labours end,

Lay down thy burden, fool, and know thy
friend.

To please thee, I have empty'd all my store,
I can invent, and can supply no more ;
But run the round again, the round I ran
before. 140

Suppose thou art not broken yet with years,
Yet still the self-same scene of things appears,
And would be ever, couldst thou ever live ;
For life is still but life, there's nothing new to
give."

What can we plead against so just a bill ? 145

We stand convicted, and our cause goes ill.

But if a wretch, a man oppress'd by fate,
Should beg of Nature to prolong his date,
She speaks aloud to him with more disdain,
" Be still, thou martyr fool, thou covetous of
pain." 150

But if an old decrepit sot lament ;

" What thou (she cries) who hast out-liv'd con-
tent !

Dost thou complain, who hast enjoy'd my store ?

But this is still the effect of wishing more.

Unsatisfy'd with all that Nature brings ; 155

Loathing the present, liking absent things ;

From hence it comes, thy vain desires, at strife

Within themselves, have tantaliz'd thy life.

And ghastly death appear'd before thy sight,

Ere thou hast gorg'd thy soul and senses with
delight. 160

Now leave those joys, unsuited to thy age,
To a fresh comer, and resign the stage;
Is Nature to be blam'd if thus she chide?
No sure; for 'tis her business to provide
Against this ever-changing frame's decay, 165
New things to come, and old to pass away.
One being, worn, another being makes;
Chang'd, but not lost; for Nature gives and
takes:

New matter must be found for things to come,
And these must waste like those, and follow
Nature's doom. 170

All things, like thee, have time to rise and rot;
And from each other's ruin are begot:
For life is not confin'd to him or thee:
'Tis given to all for use, to none for property.
Consider former ages past and gone, 175
Whose circles ended long ere thine begun,
Then tell me, fool, what part in them thou hast?
Thus may'st thou judge the future by the past.
What horror seest thou in that quiet state,
What bugbear dreams to fright thee after fate?
No ghost, no goblins, that still passage keep; 181
But all is there serene, in that eternal sleep.
For all the dismal tales, that Poets tell,
Are verify'd on earth, and not in hell.
No Tantalus looks up with fearful eye, 185
Or dreads the impending rock to crush him
from on high:

But fear of chance on earth disturbs our easy
hours,

Or vain imagin'd wrath of vain imagin'd powers.

No Tityus torn by vultures lies in hell ;

Nor could the lobes of his rank liver swell 190

To that prodigious mass, for their eternal

meal :

Not though his monstrous bulk had cover'd

o'er

Nine spreading acres, or nine thousand more ;

Not though the globe of earth had been the

giant's floor.

Nor in eternal torments could he lie ; 195

Nor could his corpse sufficient food supply.

But he's the Tityus, who by love oppress'd,

Or tyrant passion preying on his breast,

And ever anxious thoughts, is robb'd of rest. }

The Sisyphus is he, whom noise and strife 200

Seduce from all the soft retreats of life,

To vex the government, disturb the laws :

Drunk with the fumes of popular applause,

He courts the giddy crowd to make him great,

And sweats and toils in vain, to mount the sove-

reign feat. 205

For still to aim at power, and still to fail,

Ever to strive, and never to prevail,

What is it, but, in reason's true account,

To heave the stone against the rising mount?

Which urg'd, and labour'd, and forc'd up with
pain, 210

Recoils, and rolls impetuous down, and smokes
along the plain.

Then still to treat thy ever-craving mind

With every blessing, and of every kind,

Yet never fill thy ravening appetite ;

Though years and seasons vary thy delight, 215

Yet nothing to be seen of all the store,

But still the wolf within thee barks for more ;

This is the fable's moral, which they tell

Of fifty foolish virgins damn'd in hell

To leaky vessels, which the liquor spill ; 220

To vessels of their sex, which none could ever

fill.

As for the dog, the furies, and their snakes,

The gloomy caverns, and the burning lakes,

And all the vain infernal trumpery,

They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be. 225

But here on earth the guilty have in view

The mighty pains to mighty mischiefs due ;

Racks, prisons, poisons, the Tarpeian rock,

Stripes, hangmen, pitch, and suffocating smoke ;

And last, and most, if these were cast behind,

The avenging horror of a conscious mind, 231

Whose deadly fear anticipates the blow,

And sees no end of punishment and woe ;

But looks for more, at the last gasp of breath :

This makes an hell on earth, and life a death. 235

Meantime when thoughts of death disturb thy
head ;

Consider, Ancus, great and good, is dead ;

Ancus, thy better far, was born to die ;

And thou, dost thou bewail mortality ?

So many monarchs with their mighty state, 240

Who rul'd the world, were over-rul'd by fate.

That haughty king, who lorded o'er the main,

And whose stupendous bridge did the wild

waves restrain,

(In vain they foam'd, in vain they threatened

wreck,

While his proud legions march'd upon their

back :) 245

Him death, a greater monarch, overcame ;

Nor spar'd his guards the more, for their im-

mortal name.

The Roman chief, the Carthaginian dread,

Scipio, the thunderbolt of war, is dead,

And, like a common slave, by fate in triumph

led. 250

The founders of invented arts are lost ;

And wits, who made eternity their boast.

Where now is Homer, who possess'd the throne ?

The immortal work remains, the immortal au-

thor's gone.

Democritus, perceiving age invade, 255

His body weaken'd, and his mind decay'd,

Obey'd the summons with a chearful face;
 Made haste to welcome death, and met him
 half the race.

That stroke ev'n Epicurus could not bar,
 Though he in wit surpass'd mankind, as far 260
 As does the mid-day sun the mid-night star. }
 And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy breath,
 Whose very life is little more than death?
 More than one half by lazy sleep posselt;
 And when awake, thy soul but nods at best, }
 Day-dreams and sickly thoughts revolving in }
 thy breast. 266 }

Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,
 Whose cause and cure thou never hop'st to find;
 But still uncertain, with thyself at strife,
 Thou wanderest in the labyrinth of life. 270

O, if the foolish race of man, who find
 A weight of cares still pressing on their mind,
 Could find as well the cause of this unrest,
 And all this burden lodg'd within the breast;
 Sure they would change their course, nor live
 as now, 275

Uncertain what to wish, or what to vow.
 Uneasy both in country and in town,
 They search a place to lay their burden down.
 One, restless in his palace, walks abroad,
 And vainly thinks to leave behind the load: 280
 But straight returns; for he's as restless there;
 And finds there's no relief in open air.

Another to his villa would retire,
 And spurs as hard as if it were on fire ;
 No sooner enter'd at his country door, 285
 But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and
 snore ;
 Or seeks the city which he left before.
 Thus every man o'erworks his weary will,
 To shun himself, and to shake off his ill ;
 The shaking fit returns, and hangs upon him
 still. 290
 No prospect of repose, nor hope of ease ;
 The wretch is ignorant of his disease ;
 Which known would all his fruitless trouble
 spare ;
 For he would know the world not worth his
 care ;
 Then would he search more deeply for the
 cause ; 295
 And study Nature well, and Nature's laws :
 For in this moment lies not the debate,
 But on our future, fix'd, eternal state ;
 That never-changing state, which all must
 keep,
 Whom death has doom'd to everlasting sleep. 300
 Why are we then so fond of mortal life,
 Beset with dangers, and maintain'd with strife ?
 A life, which all our care can never save ;
 One fate attends us, and one common grave.

Besides, we tread but a perpetual round ; 305
 We ne'er strike out, but beat the former
 ground,
 And the same maukish joys in the same track
 are found.

For still we think an absent blessing best,
 Which cloy, and is no blessing when possess'd ;
 A new arising wish expels it from the breast. 310
 The feverish thirst of life increases still ;
 We call for more and more, and never have
 our fill ;

Yet know not what to-morrow we shall try,
 What dregs of life in the last draught may lie :
 Nor, by the longest life we can attain, 315
 One moment from the length of death we
 gain ;

For all behind belongs to his eternal reign.
 When once the fates have cut the mortal thread,
 The man as much to all intents is dead,
 Who dies to-day, and will as long be so, 320
 As he who dy'd a thousand years ago.

FROM
THE FIFTH BOOK

OF
LUCRETII.

TUM PORRÒ PUER, &c.

THUS, like a sailor by a tempest hurl'd
Ashore, the babe is shipwreck'd on the world :
Naked he lies, and ready to expire ;
Helpless of all that human wants require ;
Expos'd upon unhospitable earth, 5
From the first moment of his hapless birth.
Straight with foreboding cries he fills the room ;
Too true prefages of his future doom.
But flocks and herds, and every savage beast,
By more indulgent nature are increas'd. 10
They want no rattles for their froward mood,
Nor nurse to reconcile them to their food,
With broken words ; nor winter blasts they
fear,
Nor change their habits with the changing
year :

THE FIFTH BOOK OF LUCRETIVS. 577

Nor, for their safety, citadels prepare, 15
Nor forge the wicked instruments of war:
Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous treasure
grants,
And Nature's lavish hand supplies their common
wants.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

HORACE.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

HORACE

THE
THIRD ODE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK OF HORACE;

INSCRIBED TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON, ON HIS INTENDED
VOYAGE TO IRELAND.

SO may the auspicious Queen of Love,
And the Twin Stars, the seed of Jove,
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O sacred ship, be kind;
And gentle breezes fill thy sails, 5
Supplying soft Etesian gales:
As thou to whom the Muse commends
The best of poets and of friends,
Dost thy committed pledge restore,
And land him safely on the shore; 10
And save the better part of me,
From perishing with him at sea,
Sure he, who first the passage try'd,
In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of iron arm'd his side; 15

Or his at least, in hollow wood
Who tempted first the briny flood :
Nor fear'd the winds' contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the shore ;
Nor Hyades portending rain ; 20
Nor all the tyrants of the main.
What form of death could him affright,
Who unconcern'd, with stedfast sight,
Could view the surges mounting steep,
And monsters rolling in the deep ! 25
Could through the ranks of ruin go,
With storms above, and rocks below !
In vain did Nature's wise command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ships and men prophane 30
Invade the inviolable main ;
The eternal fences over-leap,
And pass at will the boundless deep.
No toil, no hardship can restrain
Ambitious man, inur'd to pain ; 35
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold Prometheus did aspire,
And stole from heaven the seeds of fire :
A train of ills, a ghastly crew, 40
The robber's blazing track pursue ;
Fierce Famine with her meagre face,
And Fevers of the fiery race,

In swarms the offending wretch furround,
All brooding on the blasted ground : 45
And limping Death, lash'd on by fate,
Comes up to shorten half our date.
This made not Dedalus beware,
With borrow'd wings to sail in air :
To hell Alcides forc'd his way, 50
Plung'd through the lake, and snatch'd the prey.
Nay scarce the gods, or heavenly climes,
Are safe from our audacious crimes ;
We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
And pull the unwilling thunder down. 55

In swarms the off'ending wretch surround;
All brooding on the blasted ground;
And limping Death, laid on by fate,
Comes up to shorten our date.

This made not Delia's power.

NINTH ODE

To hell Alcides forc'd his way,
Plung'd through the lake, and snatch'd the prey.
Nay, leave the gods, or heavenly chimes,
Aid late from our ambitious crimes;

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

And pull the unwilling chunder down.

I.

BEHOLD yon mountain's hoary height,
Made higher with new mounts of snow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppress the labouring woods below:
And streams, with icy fetters bound, 5
Benumb'd and crampt to solid ground.

II.

With well-heap'd logs dissolve the cold,
And feed the genial hearth with fires;
Produce the wine, that makes us bold,
And sprightly wit and love inspires: 10
For what hereafter shall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

III.

Let him alone, with what he made,
 To tofs and turn the world below ;
 At his command the ftorms invade ; 15
 The winds by his commiffion blow ;
 Till with a nod he bids 'em ceafe,
 And then the calm returns, and all is peace.

IV.

To-morrow and her works defy,
 Lay hold upon the prefent hour, 20
 And fnatch the pleasures paffing by,
 To put them out of fortune's power :
 Nor love, nor love's delights difdain ;
 Whate'er thou get'ft to-day, is gain.

V.

Secure thofe golden early joys, 25
 That youth unfour'd with forrow bears,
 Ere withering time the tafte deftroys,
 With ficknefs and unweildy years.
 For active fports, for pleafing reft,
 This is the time to be poffeft ; 30 }
 The beft is but in feafon beft. }

VI.

The appointed hour of promis'd blifs,
The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kifs,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark, 35
When the kind nymph would coynefs feign,
And hides but to be found again ;
Thefe, thefe are joys, the gods for youth or-
dain.

THE
TWENTY-NINTH ODE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK OF HORACE;

PARAPHRASED IN PINDARIC VERSE, AND INSCRIBED TO THE
RIGHT HON. LAURENCE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

I.

DESCENDED of an ancient line,
That long the Tuscan sceptre sway'd,
Make haste to meet the generous wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd :
The rosy wreath is ready made ; 5
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant Syrian oil, that shall perfume thy
hair.

II.

When the wine sparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd friend cries, Come
away ;
Make haste, and leave thy business and thy
care : 10
No mortal interest can be worth thy stay.

III.

Leave for a while thy costly country seat ;
 And, to be great indeed, forget
 The nauseous pleasures of the great :
 Make haste and come : 15
 Come, and forsake thy cloying store ;
 Thy turret that surveys, from high,
 The smoke, and wealth, and noise of Rome ;
 And all the busy pageantry
 That wise men scorn, and fools adore : 20
 Come, give thy soul a loose, and taste the pleasures
 of the poor.

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the rich to try
 A short vicissitude, and fit of poverty :
 A favoury dish, a homely treat,
 Where all is plain, where all is neat, 25
 Without the stately spacious room,
 The Persian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
 Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

V.

The sun is in the Lion mounted high ;
 The Syrian star, 30
 Barks from afar,
 And with his fultry breath infects the sky ;
 The ground below is parch'd, the heavens above
 us fry.

The shepherd drives his fainting flock
 Beneath the covert of a rock, 35
 And seeks refreshing rivulets nigh :
 The Sylvans to their shades retire,
 Those very shades and streams new shades and
 streams require,
 And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the
 raging fire.

VI.

Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor, 40
 And what the city factions dare,
 And what the Gallic arms will do,
 And what the quiver-bearing foe,
 Art anxiously inquisitive to know :
 But God has, wisely, hid from human sight 45
 The dark decrees of future fate,
 And sown their seeds in depth of night ;
 He laughs at all the giddy turns of state ;
 When mortals search too soon, and fear too
 late.

VII.

Enjoy the present smiling hour ; 50
 And put it out of fortune's power :
 The tide of business, like the running stream,
 Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
 A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,
 And always in extreme. 55

Now with a noiseless gentle course
 It keeps within the middle bed ;
 Anon it lifts aloft the head,
 And bears down all before it with impetuous
 force ;
 And trunks of trees come rolling down, 60
 Sheep and their folds together drown :
 Both house and homestead into seas are borne ;
 And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
 And woods, made thin with winds, their scat-
 ter'd honours mourn.

VIII.

Happy the man, and happy he alone, 65
 He, who can call to-day his own :
 He who, secure within, can say,
 To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd
 to-day.

Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
 The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate, are
 mine. 70

Not heaven itself upon the past has power ;
 But what has been, has been, and I have had
 my hour.

IX.

Fortune, that with malicious joy,
 Does man her slave oppress,
 Proud of her office to destroy, 75
 Is seldom pleas'd to bless :

Still various, and unconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life. 80
I can enjoy her while she's kind ;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes the wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away :
The little or the much she gave, is quietly re-
sign'd : 85
Content with poverty, my soul I arm ;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me
warm.

X.

What is't to me,
Who never fail in her unfaithful sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black ; 90
If the mast split, and threaten wreck ?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain ;
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear 95
His wealth into the main.
For me, secure from Fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the blustering roar ; 100

And running with a merry gale,
 With friendly stars my safety seek,
 Within some little winding creek ;
 And see the storm ashore.

THE

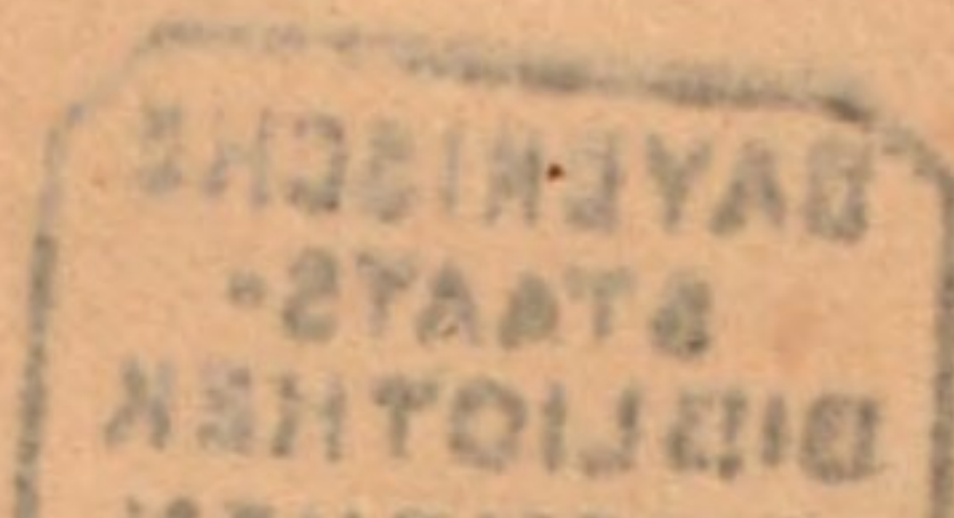
SECOND EPODE OF HORACE.

HOW happy in his low degree,
How rich in humble poverty, is he,
Who leads a quiet country life;
Discharg'd of business, void of strife,
And from the griping scrivener free! 5
Thus, ere the seeds of vice were sown,
Liv'd men in better ages born,
Who plow'd, with oxen of their own,
Their small paternal field of corn.
Nor trumpets summon him to war, 10
Nor drums disturb his morning sleep,
Nor knows he merchants' gainful care,
Nor fears the dangers of the deep.
The clamours of contentious law,
And court and state, he wisely shuns, 15
Nor brib'd with hopes, nor dar'd with awe,
To servile salutations runs;
But either to the clasping vine
Does the supporting poplar wed,
Or with his pruning-hook disjoin 20

Unbearing branches from their head,
 And grafts more happy in their stead :
 Or, climbing to a hilly steep,
 He views his herds in vales afar,
 Or sheers his overburden'd sheep, 25
 Or mead for cooling drink prepares,
 Of virgin honey in the jars.
 Or, in the now declining year,
 When bounteous Autumn rears his head,
 He joys to pull the ripen'd pear, 30
 And clustring grapes with purple spread.
 The fairest of his fruit he serves,
 Priapus, thy rewards :
 Sylvanus too his part deserves,
 Whose care the fences guards. 35
 Sometimes beneath an ancient oak,
 Or on the matted grafs he lies :
 No god of Sleep he need invoke ;
 The stream, that o'er the pebbles flies,
 With gentle slumber crowns his eyes. 40
 The wind, that whistles through the sprays,
 Maintains the comfort of the song ;
 And hidden birds, with native lays,
 The golden sleep prolong.
 But when the blast of winter blows, 45
 And hoary frost inverts the year,
 Into the naked woods he goes,
 And seeks the tusky boar to rear,
 With well-mouth'd hounds and pointed spear !

THE SECOND EPODE OF HORACE. 595

Or spreads his subtle nets from sight, 50
With twinkling glaffes, to betray
The larks that in the meshes light,
Or makes the fearful hare his prey.
Amidst his harmless easy joys
No anxious care invades his health, 55
Nor love his peace of mind destroys,
Nor wicked avarice of wealth.
But if a chaste and pleasing wife,
To ease the business of his life,
Divides with him his household care, 60
Such as the Sabine matrons were,
Such as the swift Apulian's bride,
Sun-burnt and swarthy though she be,
Will fire for winter nights provide,
And without noise will oversee 65
His children and his family ;
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty and overlabour'd, home ;
If she in pens his flocks will fold,
And then produce her dairy store, 70
With wine to drive away the cold,
And unbought dainties of the poor ;
Not oysters of the Lucrine lake
My sober appetite would wish,
Nor turbot, or the foreign fish 75
That rolling tempests overtake,
And hither waft the costly dish.



Not heathpout, or the rarer bird,
 Which Phasis or Ionia yields,
 More pleasing morsels would afford 80

Than the fat olives of my fields;
 Than shards or mallows for the pot,
 That keep the loosen'd body found,
 Or than the lamb, that falls by lot
 To the just guardian of my ground. 85

Amidst these feasts of happy swains,
 The jolly shepherd smiles to see
 His flock returning from the plains;

The farmer is as pleas'd as he,
 To view his oxen sweating smoke, 90
 Bear on their necks the loosen'd yoke:
 To look upon his menial crew,
 That sit around his chearful hearth,
 And bodies spent in toil renew

With wholesome food and country mirth. 95
 This Morecraft said within himself,
 Resolv'd to leave the wicked town:

And live retir'd upon his own,
 He call'd his money in;

But the prevailing love of pelf, 100
 Soon split him on the former shelf,
 He put it out again.







Dryden, John,

The poetical works of John Dryden containing original poems, tales, and translations, with notes

Bd.: 2

London (1811)

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